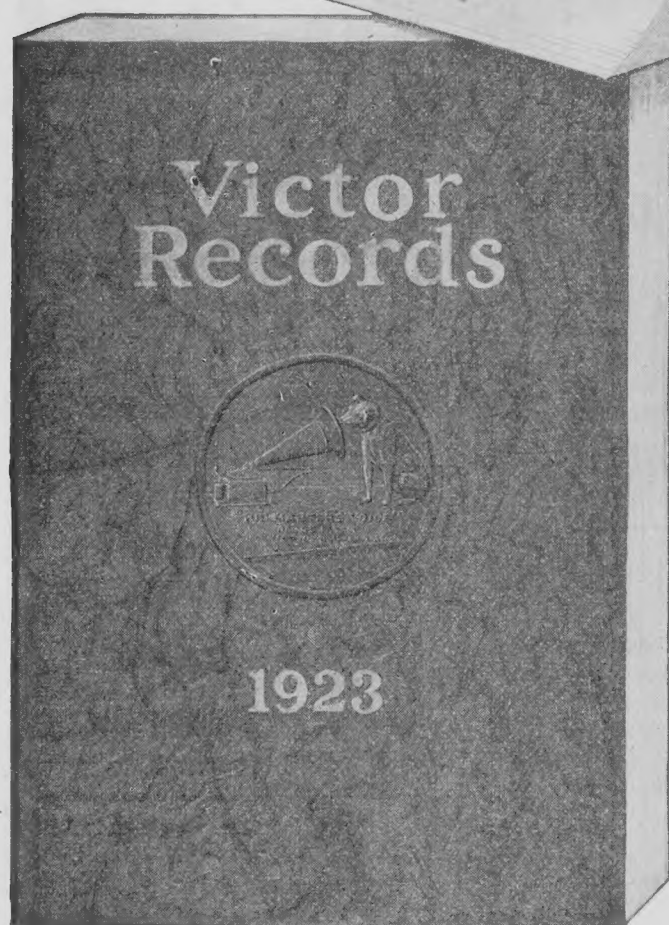




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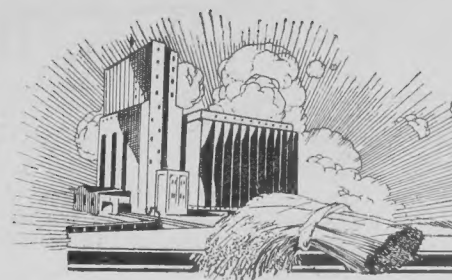
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EDITORIAL



PRISON REFORM

THOSE who attended the district schools of over fifty years ago, tell us about retired army officers who acted as teachers, and who by vigorous discipline brought the children into submission. It is different to-day. Those in charge are usually young ladies of from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, and they depend for results not upon artificial aids, but upon their own personal charms, and their power to develop self-government in their pupils. Of course there are to be found many who deplore what they term "the growing laxity of to-day," and who attribute it to the change in school-government, but the general consensus of opinion is that the discipline of the schools, as measured by its effect in developing kindness, free spirit and willing effort, is in everyway an improvement on the old. It is true now and it always will be true that love is a more potent force in the life than fear.

And what is true of schools is true of prisons. The effective governors are not those who have had experience in handling men in masses, but those who have known at first-hand the tribulations and trials of unfortunate men and women. Assuming that most of those in prison may be reformed, it is clear that moral suasion rather than brute force will bring about improvement. Hence one welcomes the advent of the prison governor of the new type, and the prison discipline of a new order.

Those who go to prisons should leave them better men and women. In the report of the English Commissioner for Prisons, 1922, Dr. Gordon says that the prison system as it has existed not only does not deter, but actually makes over the criminal to crime. "I have no doubt of its power to demoralize or of its cruelty. It appears to me not to belong to this age or civilization at all." Dr. Gordon believes the deferred sentence with the possibility of a smart punishment or a really effective scheme of probation by which a man or woman would remain at work and make reparation under supervision, better than the present system. As it is, prisons do not reform. A very large percentage of those liberated return to crime. And this will continue so long as prisons stand primarily for punishment rather than educational reform.

CANCER

IN Canada seven thousand people die each year from cancer, and the great majority of these contract the disease after they are forty years of age. A prominent physician states that thirteen per cent. of those over forty-five die from this most perplexing of all diseases. Others give a much higher figure. The saddest part of the story is that the death toll of so many is unnecessary. The disease, if located in a region open to treatment, may be successfully combated in the early stages, but it appears so quietly that its presence is unsuspected. A little irritation, the inflammation of a tissue or an organ may be the beginning of the trouble. But no matter what the cause of the disease, no matter how slowly or how quickly it develops, if it is neglected the end is certain death.

It differs from most diseases in that it cannot be attacked with serums or antitoxins. The only cure is the removal of the affected part by surgical treatment or by exposure to radium. In neither case, of course, can there be a guarantee of a permanent cure, unless the malady is detected early and eradication is completely effected. Therefore the warning of physicians should be heeded. Every sore that will not heal, every little hard lump that appears and persists should be reported as early as possible to a doctor skilled in examination, and all causes of irritation to the skin should be removed. Prevention is better than cure. Happiness and health are preferable to misery and prolonged agony.

WHERE HAS THE MONEY GONE?

IN tonight's paper is a statement showing that the twin cities, Port Arthur and Fort William, have this year shipped two hundred million bushels of wheat. This is but a portion of the Western yield. Even at the present low price of grain it means a great deal of money. "Where has the money gone?"

The merchants of Winnipeg and other Western cities say they are not getting much of it, even indirectly. The farmers say they are paying off old debts to the local storekeepers, the loan companies and the manufacturing concerns. If reports are true most of the money is finding its way to the East. Comparatively little is being held over as profit. In other words, Western farming under present conditions no longer pays. This is true in many districts. And when farming does not pay towns will

not thrive and cities will be homes of poverty and discontent.

What is the remedy? We cannot expect Providence to be more kind for 1922 was a most favorable season. But we can expect our relationship to the rest of the world to improve, and we can expect more equitable trade arrangements within the Dominion itself. The most foolish policy of all is to make it impossible for the farmer to succeed. Just as well starve the stomach and continue to spend money on decoration and dress. We need to read again the old fable of "The belly and the Members."

SPIRITUAL ANAEMIA

A GOSSIPY woman, with a malicious tongue, can do more harm with a telephone than she can without a telephone. With a radio phone she can do still more. An automobile adds to her evil influence. Every good thing in life, every addition to our efficiency has in it an element of danger.

These are wonderful days in which we are living. We are so clever and efficient. All our faculties have been extended. We can see the people moving, living, laughing, loving, fighting all around the world. We can talk to people a thousand miles away, and hear them when they speak to us. The Giant's "seven league boots" are ours if we own a Ford car.

Neither do we any longer envy the fairy godmothers, with their squads of working fairies who could be called out to clean, and wash and scrub. We use electricity; it's cheaper, cleaner and more reliable than fairies, and it does not talk back or have to be propitiated. It doesn't tell things out of the house, either.

Our senses, hearing, seeing, feeling, are intensified; our powers are multiplied—we are mighty people for good or evil. Our strength is as the strength of ten, but not necessarily for the reason given by the poet.

And yet with all our cleverness and our inventions, our easy ways of doing things, and our efficiency, we have not yet solved the problem of human happiness and contentment. Juvenile delinquency is not decreasing; drug addiction grows; the divorce courts grind out their yearly crop of matrimonial failures; the churches are not overflowing but the asylums are. Even yet, people talk of war as a possibility. "Many a knotty problem has been untied" says Omar, "but not the master knot of human fate."

The spiritual forces in our life have not kept pace with the material forces. We have forgotten to pray; we have forgotten to feed our souls, so we suffer from Spiritual Anaemia.

All of which was summarized long ago in one piercing question—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Nellie L. McClung.

A LIVING WAGE

IT is commonly assumed that every worker has a right to a living wage, but there is no agreement and cannot possibly be an agreement, as to what constitutes a living wage. Clearly it will not mean the same thing in one section of the country as in another, and will not, when measured in dollars, be the same to-day as two years ago.

"It is an obvious fact that no matter how much money the people have or receive and no matter how it is distributed, the people taken collectively cannot in the long run consume or enjoy more than

the aggregate amount of things produced by them or imported in exchange for other things produced by them." If production in a country increases, wages and standards of living will increase. If production per capita of population should decrease the standard of living would decrease likewise.

Artificial regulations of wages may benefit certain classes of the people but only at the expense of the majority. If the workers in any group are numerous and their wages be sensibly increased the whole people will feel it; similarly, if a great corporation takes to itself undue profits—wages to the shareholders—the general public must receive that much the less.

Of all the classes in Canada none has greater reason just now to complain than the man on the farm. There is not the slightest doubt but that many are receiving for their year's work less than nothing. Repeatedly stock raisers have taken their cattle to market to find that when freight, commission and other charges were paid there was nothing over and perhaps a debt to pay. Anybody can verify this. And to show that the condition does not apply alone to Alberta or Saskatchewan, here is a statement from a farmer in New York.

"The National Industrial Conference Board of New York suggested \$1,600, or thereabout, as the minimum sum on which a workman could bring up his family in comfort. The average net income of the small farmer, that is, the man owning his own farm of 100 acres or less, has been estimated as between \$500 and \$600. In order to manage his property to produce this income he must have at least one mature helper. Farm wages have not fallen in proportion to the price of farm produce. This year, in some sections, there is almost a complete crop failure of several important money crops, while in other places produce is wasting for want of market outlets. The farm owner must, out of his meagre income, pay his taxes, provide all clothing and buy such food as cannot be raised on the farm at practically the same price the city man pays; send his children to school and pay insurance and repairs on his buildings, this, together with his taxes, forming an item which offsets the rent of the city laborer.

The farmer's home is usually without the modern conveniences which common usage make necessary in town. His only luxury is the flivver in which he transports his lighter produce, milk, butter, eggs, pigs and poultry, as well as his family on occasion. Suppose, then, that the farmer also must pay interest on a mortgage out of this income. Does one wonder that he looks upon the laborer's demands, in view of his own situation, as somewhat farcical? The farmer, however, never thinks of going on strike for shorter hours or more pay. He simply stands the gaff and goes on producing at a loss in order that the favored city wage earner may purchase cheaper food.

Let the railroad man, the factory hand or mechanic put himself in the farmer's place for a time, facing loss from storms, insects, blight and other adverse conditions which constantly confront the farmer in addition to prices which do not cover the cost of production. Then, and then only, will he be able to appreciate the true meaning of a 'living wage.'

In 1913 the total income of the United States amounted to \$995 per person gainfully employed and in 1919 to \$1,690. Of course this rise in income was paralleled by a rise in the cost of living. The income in terms of 1913 prices was actually only \$951. These figures include income from all sources, such as wages, rents, professional services, products of farms consumed by those living on them, professional services, value of new constructions, of houses, factories and railroads for future production or distribution, and also the value taken at cost of natural and local governments. Leaving out all the income not available for consumption or enjoyment the figures given must be greatly reduced—say by one-third. All of this is quoted merely to show that it is impossible to live up to the expectations of some of those who are clamouring for a high living wage. The average is fixed by the country's ability to produce. Within this range if some fare well others must fare ill. That is the beginning and end of it.

And of what use is production unless it can be disposed of? And how can we dispose of it unless there is world trade? And how can there be world trade if nations have no money with which to buy? And how can it be all remedied unless we have peace? And how have peace until we abate our national jealousy and overcome our suspicions?

STRANGERS

By L. F. Ramsey

ANYTHING incongruous offenders. A blemish on an otherwise beautiful face, an ugly word from an innocent mouth, Nottingham lace in a mulioned window,—these things hurt.

Perhaps that was why the villagers of High Hesting, with their well-whitened cottages, their trim gardens and neat fences, resented the presence in their midst of 'them Rileys.' The Rileys' cottage stood in the very centre of the village, an eyesore to every passer-by. It was a six-roomed cottage, with great holes in the thatch, through which the water must have dripped on the inhabitants.

The walls, which had not been whitened for many years, had long green streaks all down them. Nearly every window was broken, the jagged panes stuffed up with rags or paper.

The garden was overgrown with noisome weeds, rank nettles and thistles that seeded over every one else's land.

Around the doorway, opposite which was the well, the ground was trodden hard, though littered everywhere with potato peelings and other house refuse.

The cottage itself was bad enough. But in the foreground were always swarms of Riley children, ill-kept, ragged and dirty. Outside the door, unless it was actually raining, stood an ancient perambulator, tenanted by a perennial baby, who, by all the laws of mothercraft should later have been cradled in a tiny coffin.

But none of the Riley children ever died. They lived and flourished in their dirt.

"Why don't Farmer Scoones turn 'em out?" people were wont to ask each other.

Farmer Scoones, riding by on his great white horse, or dashing past on his way to market in his newly-acquired car, would avert his glance from Riley's.

It was as much an eyesore to him as to the rest of the natives of High Hesting. But though Tom Riley was one of his labourers, the cottage itself was Riley's own. He had inherited it from his father, who had neglected it all his lifetime also. Hence its dilapidated condition.

"And if I get rid of Tom, he won't leave High Hesting," Farmer Scoones explained. "He'll get a job with another farmer, and I shall lose one of my best thatchers. Why don't some of the women get hold of Bessie Riley and get her to alter her dirty ways? She's at the bottom of all the trouble."

FARMER Scoones was a bachelor of upwards of forty. In High Hesting people marry young and he was the only unmarried farmer in the neighborhood. He was a fine upstanding figure of a man, with good features, ruddy cheeks and a firm, obstinate jaw. Folk said it was that jaw that had frightened many a girl off marriage with Scoones, for there is not a great surplus of women in High Hesting and the girls do not need to take the first man who proposes.

Rumour had, of course, often been busy linking Farmer Scoones' name with that of another. But there had been so many false reports that gossip had begun to die down.

Then, Farmer Scoones who had been away on a visit, had married a girl from the other side of the Downs. The news came as a thunderclap to those who thought they had the right to choose his bride for him.

"What a sweet little village!" exclaimed the bride as she drove home by the side of her husband. "The cottages are all so clean and the gardens so full of flowers—"

Then they turned the corner and she saw Riley's. It was like a sudden splash in the face from a muddy pool. And indeed, the slop of water as Mrs. Riley threw out a bucketful from her back door, regardless of hygiene and the nearness of the well, caused the young wife to start.

The car had slowed up to prevent running over one of the Riley children, who, as usual, was crawling about in the road.

Mrs. Riley, a big, full-bosomed woman, with shoes that flapped half off her feet as she walked, a skirt that drooped dolefully out of its gathers, and a blouse which apparently lacked all its fastenings from the way she gripped it together, was in no-wise disconcerted at the stopping of the car. With her other hand, she seized her offspring out of danger and then turned to stare boldly with her big, black eyes, at the bride.

"Wish you joy, ma'am!" she exclaimed. A grin overspread her features, revealing gaps among her unattractive-looking teeth. There was a leer on her face that caused young Mrs. Scoones to drop her eyes.

"If you don't look after those brats of yours, they'll be run over one of these days," exhorted Farmer Scoones, preparing to drive on.

He did not realize what it meant to a sensitive girl to be repelled and answered laughingly.

"Oh, it's only because you're a stranger. They're always like that with strangers. It'll be all right presently, you'll see."

THE backwardness of the other villagers was Bessie Riley's chance, and she was not slow to take advantage. One morning, a note was brought to Marion. It was written on a dirty scrap of paper.

"Who sent this?" demanded Marion, twisting it gingerly in her fingers.

"One of the Riley kids," answered the country girl contemptuously.

Marion unfolded the paper and read:

"Deer mam hev you sech a thing as an old skurt by you as you dont want and a old pare of Boots sose I kin go to the jumble Sale and obleedge your obence

Mrs Riley."



The cottage itself was bad enough. But in the foreground were always swarms of Riley children, ill-kept, ragged and dirty.

"No such luck!" called the woman after him. She laughed loudly at what she considered a joke.

"What a dreadful woman!" exclaimed the bride, shuddering, when they had driven away. "And what a terrible cottage!"

"You wouldn't think from the look of that roof that the man is one of my best thatchers, would you?" laughed her husband.

"One of your men, Jim? Then why don't you get rid of him? The cottage is a disgrace to the village."

Then the car turned into the avenue that led to the Crossways and the Rileys were forgotten in the delight of the approach of the bride's new home.

The Crossways stood among majestic elms, half farm, half manor house, its outbuildings in perfect order, its fences all in repair, its animals all having the cared-for appearance of those whose master's heart is in his work.

Marion Scoones was delighted with everything. It was like a fresh toy to her, and, absorbed in its contemplation, she did not notice the isolation of the life that now began for her.

In High Hesting it is a serious matter to marry out of the neighborhood. The people are slow to make friends. They have intermarried till there is scarcely a family that is not related in some way to the others.

Even the cottagers' wives replied in monosyllables to the timid greetings of the young mistress. When she tried to make friends with their children, they called them off as soon as they decently could, as if they feared the evil eye.

"Why won't they let me be friendly?" she asked her husband despairingly.

"Is there a jumble sale going to be held," enquired Marion of her servant.

"Yes'm. At the Vicarage. Everyone's helping. Ain't you takin' a table, mum? It's this afternoon."

There seemed to Marion a hint of insolence in the girl's tone. She flushed angrily as she rose from her seat.

"Tell the child to wait," she commanded.

Then she went upstairs. Her clothes were all much too good to give away, but she selected a skirt and a pair of boots, adding a blouse and a hat. These she made up into a parcel and herself handed it to Harry Riley, whose bold black eyes were like those of his mother.

"You didn't tell me there was a Jumble Sale in the village today," she observed to her husband, when he came in to mid-day dinner.

"Didn't I? By Jove. I never gave you that note the vicar gave me one day last week."

Farmer Scoones fumbled in his pockets and presently produced a friendly note from the vicar's wife, asking Mrs. Scoones to help at the sale.

"Well, it's too late now," commented Marion.

She yielded, however, to her husband's persuasion and consented to go to the sale and explain to the vicar's wife what had happened to her note.

As luck would have it, she turned in at the vicarage gate at the same moment as Mrs. Riley, resplendent in Marion's old clothes. She was wheeling the old perambulator with a baby at each end and a small child seated in the middle with his legs dangling over the side.

"Thank you kindly for the clo'es, ma'am," she greeted Marion. Then she paused to wipe the perspiration from her brow and to shake the toddler who

was trying to climb up the spokes of the perambulator wheel. "They fits me nicely, 'ceptin' the collar, as I've turned in with a pin to make a V."

She turned her eyes searchingly on Marion and continued:

"It'll be a godsend to have you at the Crossways, ma'am. Many's the time I've not known where to turn for help. But when I first set eyes on you, ma'am, I sez to myself: There's a angel from heaven, if ever there was one. An' I see as how I'm not goin' to be disappointed like."

The vicar's wife now came forward and shook hands with Marion. She listened politely to her explanation of the note and made room for Marion at her stall, where she gave her the enthralling occupation of selling secondhand boys' clothing.

During a lull in trade, she found the opportunity to whisper to Marion:

"I saw Mrs. Riley talking to you. You mustn't allow her to impose on you. A worthless woman. Home neglected. Children dirty. We can't even allow them to come to Sunday school."

"Why not?" asked Marion unexpectedly.

"My dear Mrs. Scoones, it would never do. The others wouldn't come. We have such well-dressed children in the Sunday school."

She turned away to attend to a customer and Marion said no more.

But during the next few months, Mrs. Riley became, as the villagers said, very thick at the Crossways. She soon found that to beg was to have, though in spite of it all, the cottage remained as dirty, the children and herself as untidy and neglected as before.

One or two of the other farmers protested feebly to Jim Scoones.

"You missus is pauperising those Rileys. And they're getting too big for their boots, in consequence. That young Harry shied a stone at my horse this morning and put his fingers to his nose when I threatened him."

"I only wish I could pack the whole lot of them out of the village, bag and baggage," grumbled Scoones.

When he spoke of the matter later to his wife, she astonished him with one of those sudden outbursts with which even loving and loved wives sometimes do surprise their husbands.

"It's all very well to go on at the poor woman," she cried, her eyes flashing. "Have you ever thought what her life is like? Think of it. She has eleven children under twelve and another on its way. And she must be cook and nurse, and sew and mend and wash and clean in one eternal round, never feeling perfectly fit. So she just does what you would do—what any man would do—slacks. And I for one, don't blame her."

Farmer Scoones shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh well, she's a gippo!" was all he could think of to say.

"Yes, that's it. She's a gipsy, an outsider," flashed back Marion. "So of course she isn't good enough for the folk of High Hesting. You people think your village is a sort of little ante-room to heaven and look down your noses if you come across a stranger. And if you're a woman, you pull your skirts aside, in case they should touch anything from the outside world."

All the pent-up bitterness of the past twelve months burst out in a torrent of words. Her husband, only half-comprehending was overwhelmed by the flood.

He tried endearments but she put him aside.

"After all, what have you done to help the Rileys?" she asked him. "You say Tom Riley's one of your best thatchers. Why don't you see that he mends his own roof? Bessie tells me it pours water through every hole when it rains."

The obstinate jaw was set. This was going outside her own domestic domain,

Continued on page 37

THE ACE OF HEARTS

By W. R. Gilbert

I WAS just starting my professional career, and it was necessary to secure a convenient office. I did not want anything pretentious—an office for myself and a small antechamber for the boy whom I had engaged as clerk of all work would amply suit my requirements. I had served my articles with an old-established firm of solicitors in the city, and had been accustomed to great rooms filled with calf-bound volumes and shelves of ancient parchment, and I laughed to think of the difference there must be between the little office I had in my mind's eye and the big place where I had learned my law. Nevertheless, I was well content to make a small beginning, and to trust to the future for bringing me an increase of business and of fortune.

Perhaps because I had two or three professional friends thereabouts, I selected Holborn as being a likely spot wherein to pitch my tent. After a good deal of looking about me, I decided to apply to an agent, with whom I went to inspect a place he recommended, a third floor of Parchment Buildings.

"Here you are, sir," said the agent, unlocking the door of the office on the third floor. "This is a sort of clerk's office; the principal room is beyond it, and looks out into Parchment Passage, as I told you. Nice situation this, ain't it?"

I walked in and inspected both rooms before answering him. As regarded size and situation they were certainly all that I wanted. The outer office would do very well for my boy-clerk, and the inner would suit me. Nevertheless it was evident that a good deal of cleaning would have to be done before anybody could tenant either room. Two years at least had passed since the rooms were placed in the agent's books.

I said that the rooms would suit me providing that the rent was not excessive. Therewith we fell a-bargaining, and eventually hit on terms which met my approval. A week later I was in full occupancy of my offices. My boy-clerk sat at a little desk in the outer office and pretended to work very hard, while I sat at a big desk in my own sanctum and read law. There was really little else to do in those early days. I sent in my own office appointments, and spent two or three days in seeing them put straight. Wanting some place in which to store a quantity of old books and papers, I had a cupboard cleared of a quantity of rubbish evidently left there by the last tenant. It contained a vast amount of old letters, invoices and papers, but these had been torn into small scraps and thrown into a corner. The woman who cleaned my rooms complained a good deal about the mess caused by these scraps of paper.

In reply to my inquiries, the woman told me that it would be about three years since the rooms had been occupied. Further interrogated, she said that she could not remember the last tenant's name; it was something foreign, and she did not know how to pronounce it. She did not know what his business was. He was always writing, she said, and sometimes had other foreigners to see him. His name was never painted upon the door of his rooms nor on the lintel down below, and it was her belief that he was no good because he kept himself so quiet. While the woman talked she was engaged in removing the mass of torn and scattered paper from the cupboard. Suddenly she detached something from the contents of her basket and handed it to me.

"He got that the very day he went away," said she. "For I remember going down and fetching his letters from the box in the hall below. The first thing he took out of 'em was that there card, and he laid it down on his desk and stared at it like as if he couldn't make it out. That's it, sure enough;

though I ain't never set eyes on it since. 'Spect he chucked it away with this here heap o' letters and papers."

I took the thing from her and looked at it. It was one of a pack of cards, the Ace of Hearts, and would have attracted no attention from anybody but for one slight fact. Through the crimson heart in the centre of the white card some hand had drawn a stiletto with scrupulous fidelity. I had to look at it narrowly to make sure that the stiletto had not been engraved with the red heart. Engraved, however, it had not been; the trace of the artist's pencil was clear enough.

I took possession of the card and put it aside. During the somewhat lazy time which followed I often looked at it and wondered what it signified. I could not help fancying that it had conveyed some sinister message to the man who had occupied my rooms three years previously. Certainly he had left his chambers hurriedly immediately after the receipt of it. I came to the conclusion that my predecessor in the offices in Parchment Passage had been engaged in some mysterious transactions of a not altogether safe nature, and had been warned to go elsewhere by the transfixed Ace of Hearts.

It was spring when I entered into occupancy of my office, and the year went by very quietly until winter set in. My practice had been remarkably limited at first, but as the months went by I obtained an increase of work, and had less time to spend in reading my calf-bound volumes. The first day of December brought me a case which promised to produce something considerable, and I remained late and went on reading until a slight sound on the landing outside made me look up, only to catch sight of the clock, which indicated a late hour of the evening.

Lifting the lamp from my desk I made my way to the door and suddenly flung it open. Then I started with amazement, for there on the landing before me, his face and figure clearly seen in the lamp-light, stood a man, tattered, sickly-looking, and more disconcerted than myself. A man of middle age apparently, and showing more than usual signs of wear and tear at that, for his dark hair was plentifully shot with gray, and his pallid face was deeply lined and seamed. My first glance at him showed me two things—that he was a foreigner and in want.

I was so much astonished at the sight of this unexpected visitor that I stood staring at him for a minute or two. He, on his part, stood staring at me. At last I found my tongue.

"Are you looking for some one?" said I, lamely enough. "I don't think you'll find any one in at this time."

He shook his head.

"No," he answered. "No—at least I was looking for you."

"For me? Why?"

"Will you let me come in for a moment?" he said. "Only for a moment, if you please. Oh, there's no need to be afraid for me. I'm not dangerous, though I daresay I look so."

I hesitated. He looked at me again, and added quietly:

"I used to live in these rooms."

"Oh," said I, dimly comprehending that the mysterious tenant stood before me. "Come in."

He followed me through the outer office into my own room. When he saw the cheery fire, the comfortable arm-chair by the hearth, and the supper tray laid on the side-table, he sighed. It struck me that perhaps he was both cold and hungry, and I invited him to eat. But at that he shook his head.

"I had better tell you what I want first," he said. "I have been on the stairs outside for more than an hour wondering whether you would allow me to enter this room. You see I used to

live here, and I left very suddenly about three years ago. I daresay," he added, "the other people wondered why I left so suddenly."

I quietly opened the drawer of my desk in which I had placed the mysterious Ace of Hearts, and drawing it forth, laid it before him.

"Had that anything to do with it?" I said.

He started to his feet as his eyes fell on the card, and I saw great beads of perspiration burst across his forehead under the shock which the sight of the mysterious emblem undoubtedly gave him. He looked from it to me, and from me to the card again, then he sighed heavily and sat down.

"Where did you get that?" he asked quietly.

"It was found amongst a heap of torn papers which you, I think, had thrown into the cupboard yonder. May I inquire what this means?" I said. "Is it some signal, or a warning, or a secret message? I suppose it had a meaning for you at the time you received it?"

"It had a meaning," he answered. "It meant that my life was not worth an hour's purchase—that I had been sentenced to death—that the executioners were on my track. I am a Russian, and familiar with the doings of conspirators from my youth. What I have just told you is true. I was the agent of a secret society here. I offended those in power. I was condemned; and that's the warning."

"So you fled?"

"More fool I! I fled—to come back at last as you see me. A beggar almost—starving, homeless."

Again I pressed him to eat. I was fascinated by his story, and wished to hear more.

"Not till I have told you why I came here to-night. I came to recover something that I left here when I fled. I left it because I knew it was safe in the hiding-place I had contrived for it. I was going I knew not whither—possibly into rough places and amongst desperate men. I came back here to London at last, and a great longing came over me to see it once more. That is why I came to your door to-night, resolved to ask you to admit me. The picture is here, and I shall find it."

HE rose, and crossing the room approached a corner of the floor and carefully removed the carpet which I had laid down. Lifting a loose board underneath, he presently withdrew from the cavity a parcel wrapped in many sheets of strong paper, and came forward to the light again.

"You did not know that you had this so near you," he said, blowing the dust away from the parcel and proceeding to unwind the various wrappings. "And now, look!"

An exclamation of wonder and delight burst from my lips. He held before me the portrait of a young and lovely woman, evidently the work of some great miniature painter, and framed heavily in gold and jewels. The frame must have been worth a small fortune in itself, and yet I scarcely noticed it, so beautiful was the face it contained.

"The stranger held the picture from him and looked steadily at it in the lamplight. Then he drew it nearer and kissed the face reverently.

"She is dead," he said. "And she died a martyr. She was born to all that the world calls good; and she died in exile and in poverty. She was my sister."

He restored the frame to its wrappings and fastened it up again, and rather against my recommendation placed it in its old hiding-place. He refused my offer of supper, and said he had no more to tell.



The trace of the artist's pencil was clear enough.

With that he bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and went out. I followed him to the head of the staircase and watched him descend. Then something prompted me to open the window and watch him leave the house by the front door. He came out and walked up the passage into Holborn. I was about to shut the window and return to my room, when I saw two men steal out of a neighboring doorway and follow my visitor. So swift and stealthy were their movements that I had no time to cry out before they had vanished.

I locked up my office and went home, much excited by the events of the evening. I had never had an adventure of such a startling description before, and had never expected to find that my little shabby office contained within it all the elements of a romance. I went to bed, and could not sleep for thinking of it. I was sorry by that time that I had allowed my strange visitor to leave the portrait in my room, and I determined to do something towards finding him and compelling him to remove it.

I went to my office next morning by way of Long Acre. Passing the corner of one of the squalid streets leading towards Drury Lane, I became aware of a small crowd of people gathered outside a house and doing their best to obtain an entry thereto, despite the presence of two or three burly policemen. I went up, and knowing one of the latter, inquired the reason of the commotion.

"It's a murder, sir," said he, "and a very rum murder it is, too. Foreign chap found in this here empty house, stabbed through the heart. Like to go in, sir? There's the coroner's officer and the superintendent inside just now. This way, sir. Now, then, make way, there: this here gentleman's an official."

I followed the man inside into a small room destitute of furniture. They had fetched a bench from somewhere and laid the dead man on it. Somehow I was not surprised when I saw him. I had felt certain from the first that I was going to see my strange visitor of the previous evening. And there he lay before me, dead for many hours, the doctor said, with a dagger driven into his heart through a card on which the Ace of Hearts was still recognizable in spite of the blood that had dyed it.

"A foreigner," said the doctor. "This is the work of some of those accursed secret societies."

I went on to my office. My boy met me at the foot of the stairs with a scared look on his face.

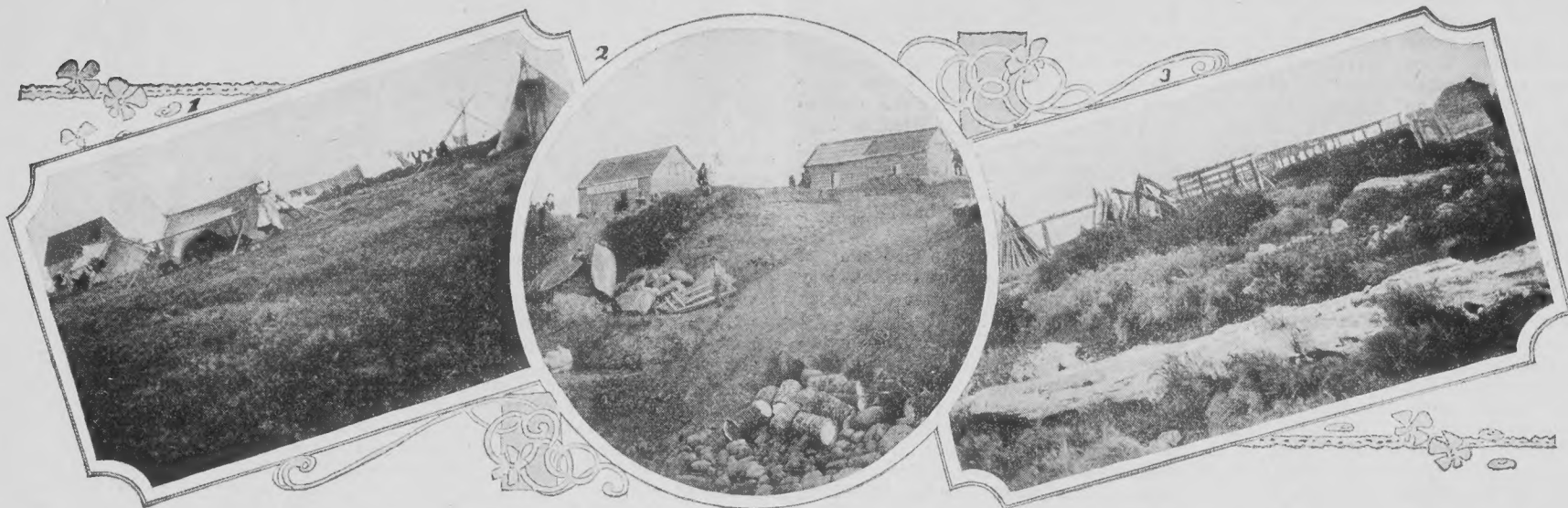
"If you please, sir," said he, "I think there's been thieves in. The door was burst open when I came with the key this morning."

I ran upstairs into my room. Everything was in order there. I went straight to the corner, and tore away the carpet and the loose board, and examined the cavity beneath. My hands met nothing. The portrait was gone!

Continued on page 39

SEMI-TROPICAL VALLEY IN CANADIAN SUB-ARCTIC

By A. de H. Smith



Upper Liard fur post in far northern B. C. where explorer called for his mail every few years!

Fort Grahame, on the Findlay river. Prospectors, outfitting here can obtain two spools of thread for a dollar, while flour is \$35 per 100 lbs.

Fish drying racks at Fort Nelson. The cured fish is placed on the racks out of the reach of the hordes of starving dogs.

AFTER 17 years lone prospecting in an immense unknown territory in far northern British Columbia, close to the Yukon frontier, Frank Perry, mining engineer and geologist of Vancouver has arrived in Edmonton, Alberta, via the Findlay and Peace River systems, bringing with him news of the discovery of an almost tropical valley in the far north, where game animals congregate by the thousands, where the land never freezes, during the most severe weather which the Arctic produces, and where trees and vegetation reach a size almost unbelievable. Travelling the blank spaces at the top of the map, Perry's only companions were two pack dogs who carried all his equipment; he lived off the country as he went, and evolved a system of existence from the raw materials at hand which he states supply all the necessities of civilization, in the way of food.

Following the tactics of the Indians, the lone traveller used deer meat exclusively, but unlike the aborigines he combined science with necessity, and from the moose he obtained all the food essentials required. After much experimentation, and many unsavory meals he finally discovered that salts and hydro-carbonates could be obtained from the bones by boiling in a certain manner, while from the flesh beef extract was made. The hide was cut into strips an inch wide and a foot long; this was roasted and from it the explorer got essential oils. On a diet of this description, the geologist states that he is able to travel for eleven hours without food and without feeling the necessity for it, while the Indians who do not use their meat scientifically, must eat often which makes for slow travelling.

With him Mr. Perry carries a light canvas shelter, and a large tin in which he mixes the moose concoctions. In addition to this equipment there is a rifle, ammunition, axe and very little besides except a copy of Shakespeare's works and a condensed treatise on geology. These books made a side load for one of the faithful dogs, but beyond these he sees no other printed matter for years at a time.

The engineer states that he is never lonely, however, and is always in the pink of condition except on his rare visits to civilization, and the fact that he seldom sees a newspaper or letter does not cause him much worry. These latter are addressed to him at the lonely fur trading outposts at Upper Liard River and Fort Grahame, these two dots on the map representing the headquarters which he visits on rare occasions. Once he derived considerable pleasure from the perusal of some newspapers which had been awaiting him at the

Liard fort for nine years, and although he is of necessity out of touch with civilization, he manages to keep in touch with the major events of world importance on his yearly visits to the Forts, but frankly admits that he never knows anything of the minor ones.

His abode, consisting of the light canvas tent, is made so with a purpose. In the winter the heat generated by his body and that of the two dogs penetrates the flimsy material and congeals on the surface, and in cold weather the canvas is covered with a coating of frost of from four to five inches thick, and the inmates are perfectly warm even though the weather outside may be 70 degrees below zero. The area of the terrain in which the engineer has been exploring for the past 17 years is roughly 700 miles north and south and 300 miles wide; it lies between the coastal range and the Liard and Fort Nelson rivers and contains many wonderful things hitherto unknown to Canadians.

DURING one winter the explorer was crossing one of the mountain ranges and reaching the crest prepared to descend into the next valley, which he was surprised to find was covered with a heavy fog, this being in the depth of the extreme cold of the north, he it remembered. Reaching the valley floor he was astonished to discover a condition prevailing of which he or no other white man had ever had the slightest idea existed.

Later explorations showed that the valley was approximately 200 miles long and about 40 broad, rivers of almost boiling water ran through it fed by hundreds of hot springs which bubbled out of the ground in all directions, the steam from these being condensed on rising and forming the fog which he had first seen from the range crest. Mr. Perry remained in this valley for a year, and never before in his experience of the north had he seen so many wild animals congregated together. These made the valley their habitat, due to the luxuriant vegetation made possible by the heat from the hot springs, and on the river flats were hundred after hundred of mountain sheep and goats, caribou and moose, as well as bears and other fur-bearing animals.

Due to the exceptionally good grazing in the valley and possibly, also, to the action of the minerals springs, the moose and deer looked like the pictures of the old Norman horses—almost square with fat—they could only move slowly, so much adipose tissue did they carry, and the explorer could almost touch them as they fed.

This valley is never visited by the Indians, due to the fact that the bones

of pre-historic animals have been uncovered by the action of the rivers eating away the banks, while the imprints of huge three-toed animals are to be seen in the shales and sandstone. Mr. Perry found what he believes to be the skeleton of a mammoth, the hip bones and portion of the spinal column being uncovered. The Siccani tribe once visited the valley, but the footprints of the million-year dead animals was enough for them; they are of the firm opinion that hairy behemoths still roam the territory, and though their traditions tell of the wonderful game country, none of the descendants of the original visitors can summon up enough courage to again penetrate the valley. More remarkable than the wild things, however, this valley possesses, the black top loam soil is from 60 to 70 feet deep, says Mr. Perry, while the tree growth is abnormal. The usual stunted wild rose bushes of the far north grow to tree-like size, with stems as thick as a man's forearm, and so dense that it is impossible to force a way through them. The willow bushes are enormous, with trunks fully one foot and a half through, and with branches along which it is possible to walk. The spruce trees are very large and birch, which usually does not attain a height of more than 20 feet, is found here 100 feet tall, but for some peculiar reason these trees bend over and almost touch the ground. Wild creepers grow to a length of 60 feet, while the nettles, ferns and other similar plants are also of gigantic proportions. Mr. Perry attributes this condition to the heat of the valley and perhaps to some chemical action on the growth from the mineral springs.

During the winter there was no frost in this valley, due to the boiling springs and the constant vapor, and to anyone who wishes a life of absolute ease, the explorer recommends the valley, provided always that the visitor does not object to residing alone for years on end and is content to live on a straight diet of deer meat.

FOR eight years Mr. Perry travelled the unknown north, making maps and taking directions before he felt ready to properly digest whatever the country had to offer in the way of minerals, which was his object in travelling the wilderness, and he states that, in addition to the animal and vegetable kingdoms the minerals in this terra incognita are quite their equal in their unusual proportions. In different formations, but close together, silver, gold and copper were found, some of the samples brought out and viewed by the writer in Edmonton being apparently very rich. In particular, he discovered three veins of the metals mentioned which were exceptionally

good. These were about 40 feet wide and 150 feet long, but there were hundreds of others, so he says. Coal there is too, with iron in close proximity; of the first named what practically amounts to a whole mountain was found, one seam measured 800 feet across the strike, while the largest iron seam met with ran to about 200 feet. In addition, oil formations were met with, and numerous seepages found, and though the explorer feels that his story will be regarded as a wonderful flight of imagination by many, he has interested big capitalists in his findings and will take in a party of the group's engineers who will invest their money after they have investigated and confirmed what is written here.

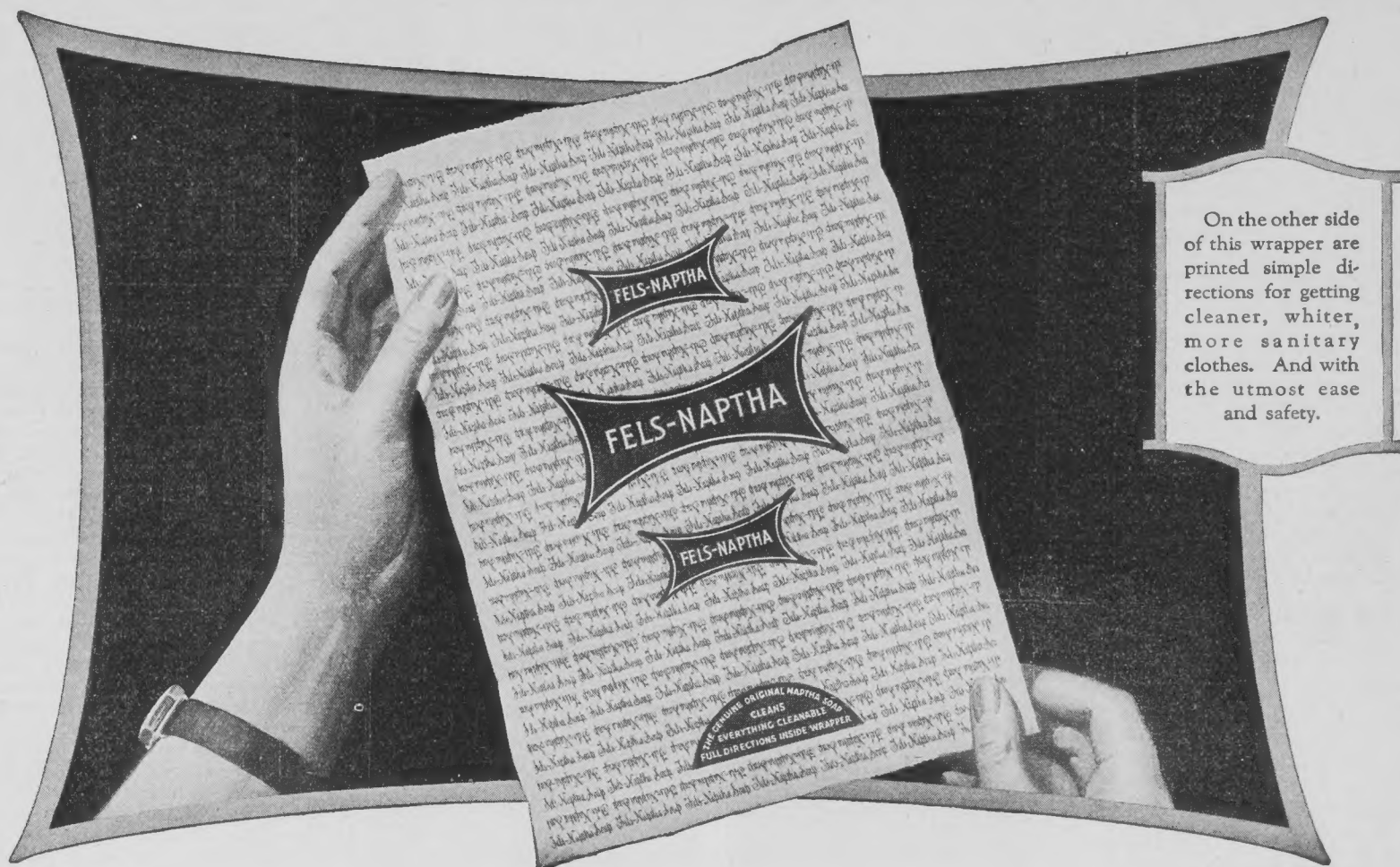
In the wilderness, and living on his scientifically arranged diet of moose meat, the explorer states that he is always in perfect physical condition and could climb a mountain side in a few hours, which would take him several days when he is fed a la city. Mr. Perry claims that with proper dieting, rest, sleep and pure water will supplant food to a large extent, and under these conditions he does not experience any hardship when he is forced to go without for two or three days at a time which often happens.

AFTER a fast of this kind, the engineer states that he usually indulges in a "feast," consisting of a piece of bread about the size of a small cracker and a teaspoonful of rice, and a meal of this description, he says, tastes better than a five-course dinner in the most luxurious hotel. On an average he uses ten pounds of flour and rice in a year, and does not take more than this amount away from the post when starting.

To every traveller in the wilderness it is known that no matter what precautions may be taken there will come certain periods of starvation, but emergency rations are carried for contingencies of this kind, and all pack straps and dog harness is made out of rawhide leather for this reason. Washed and properly boiled these straps possess a certain amount of nutriment, and on more than one occasion they have saved the explorer's life.

Life on the Yukon frontier is no existence for a tenderfoot, as is apparent, but, says Mr. Perry, "To a man who knows the country and can take care of himself, it is all right!"

The explorer is now on his way back to his strange valley, accompanied only by his two mute companions. He will be lost sight of for another year, but when he again reaches civilization he will likely have some photographs and news which will astonish the world.



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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Old ways of brushing did not effectively combat it. So, despite all care, most people's teeth were coated more or less. And tooth troubles were constantly increasing.

Now this is changed

Dental science has now met this situation. After years of research, two effective film combatants have been found. One acts to curdle film. One acts to remove it in a gentle way, without harming the enamel.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. Now dental authorities the world over endorse it. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its daily use.

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Dental research has revealed two other great essentials, and Pepsodent meets both.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will know, beyond all question, what is best for you and yours.



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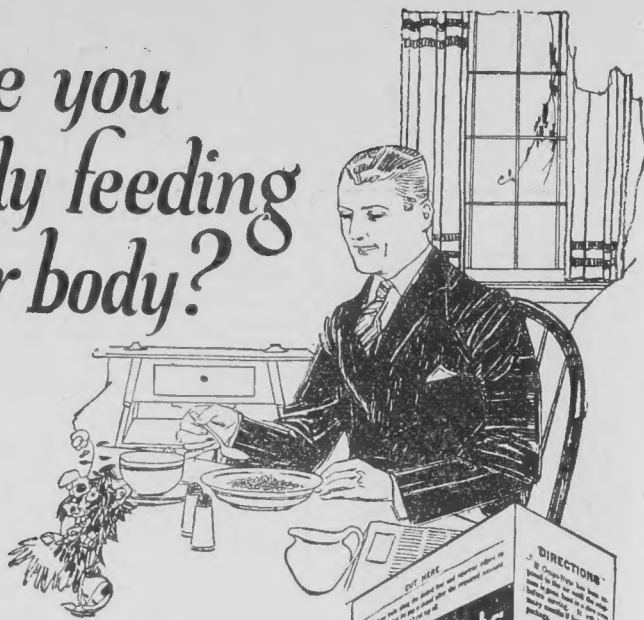
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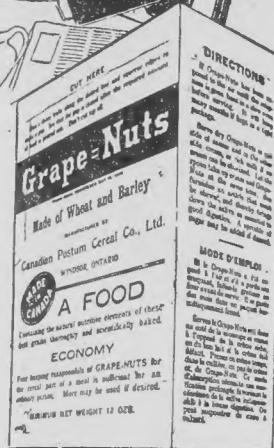


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LAND'S END



STEPHEN ADAM leaned over the splintered greasy rail of the old whaler as she rolled and lurched her way through the long smooth swells of the North Pacific. Dark mist, changing at times to stinging flurries of rain, half hid the dark line of coast to the east. The sky lay low over dark gray water. To the west, a faint orange glow marked the spot where the sun was sinking through the dingy mirk.

Jake Akers, the captain, didn't like the situation, and said so.

"A bleak prospect, Mr. Adam. What you scientific gentlemen can see in that forsaken coast is beyond a seafaring man's knowledge. There have been twenty ships wrecked along this shore

rose above the dull throbbing of the parent ship. She held her own, sheltered by the high side of the whaler.

"Well, so long, Mr. Adam, we'll pick you up again on our way back. Look for us about the first of October."

"Good-bye, and good luck, Captain, to you and the 'Lajeunesse.' Plenty of whales, and no ice. I'll find each of you a gold-mine, boys."

The sailors shouted, and the launch struck out boldly from the shelter of the whaler. The drizzle of misty rain had ceased, and a fresh breeze from the land brushed up the floating strands of fog, and showed the low rocky coast line.

"How far are we off?" asked Adam of the man in charge of the launch.

What Happened in Last Instalment

In case any reader should have missed the first instalment of this story, which appeared in our Christmas issue, the following will give a summarized idea of what is covered by the preceding chapters:

Gregory Westgate had succeeded in transforming the chaos of a mismanaged railroad into orderly prosperity, but had never been able to subdue or bring into orderly lines the conduct of his only child, Anita. Anita was much loved by her father, and usually succeeded in getting everything her heart desired if her father could give it, therefore she could not understand why Leawood should be refused her for her house party the first week of their stay there. Her father had already invited Aunt Josephine to spend the week at Leawood. Poor Aunt Josephine had for years looked after her invalid husband and could only be spared for one week each year and this week was always spent at Leawood. "It's all so sordid and commonplace," thought Anita. "Just because Aunt Josephine gave daddy his board and lodging and sent him to public school, he thinks they have made him what he is today." Anita, after brooding over the situation, called for her horse and went out to meet Bobbie Baxter and some of her other friends. After discussing matters with them and enlisting their sympathies, she decided to go ahead with her plans, and on her arrival home mailed her invitations for her house party.

Anita, coming in haste to Leawood the following Saturday, found Aunt Josephine arrayed in a new and most ample apron seated on the verandah, knitting a gray sock. Her old, gentle face was beatific with beauty and restfulness of the scene before her. Anita ran so rapidly down the steps that the happy old woman on the porch had not time to see who it was. Seeing that no arrangements had been made for her party, Anita telephoned her father, who was engaged at a very important conference, and well she knew he disliked being disturbed by domestic troubles at such a time. Anita told her father that she intended to have the house for her party and there was Aunt Josephine occupying the south suite which she had reserved for some of her friends. "You had better get busy and telephone all those people to stay at home," said her father. "All right then, I'm going," said Anita. "You can keep your Aunt Josephine and your Leawood; I am going as far as possible from you."

in the last five years, to my knowledge, and probably as many more that have never been posted. It'll take us all our time to get you in there. Better give it up, and come north with us. We can show you some good sport whaling."

Adam smiled as he accepted the captain's offer of a light. The little flame, glimmering from behind cupped hands, showed the bearded face of the captain, and the thin, dark aquiline features of the man called Stephen Adam, who was about to make a landing on the near-by coast.

"Oh, don't worry about me, Captain. I'm used to knocking about on rough shores. You'll find that every place has its drawback. One is too hot, another too cold; some are lonely, and in some you can get shot at from behind every rock. This coast is as good as any. When do we stop?"

"In half-an-hour. I can't tell much about the coast through this mist, but our reckoning gives the correct position. The men are getting out the launch now. Have all your traps ready now, Mr. Adam, for it'll take all the light that's left to see the boat inshore."

A large gasoline launch, ordinarily used as a whaling boat, was being lowered for launching. Adam ran down to his little cabin to oversee the proper loading of his luggage. He threw on his oilskin coat, and unsnapped the chain of a large rough-haired Airedale dog, which had been tethered to his bunk. As he emerged, he felt the ship's engines slowing. The little boat went steadily down to the water, and as she reached the swell the put-put of her engines

"Three miles, sir. The old man couldn't come in any closer. This coast is fenced with reefs. Hard enough for the launch to slide over them. Ever been in here before, sir?"

"Once, and then I came overland, from the settlements."

"It's a queer coast—an ocean graveyard. See that bunch of floating timber to the left? Currents from the north and south sweep in around here and bring all kinds of junk."

"Yes, that's so," replied Adam. "I've heard Captain Akers say that every wreck for a thousand miles contributes something to the debris on this shore. A ship's chandler would have a varied stock to sell, if he could set up business here."

As they approached, the coastline loomed higher. Small deep bays, separated by forested headlands, stretched out towards them, and from their points sharp fangs of half-covered rocks churned the water white. The sailor at the wheel stood up, and the speed of the launch lessened, as she began to pick her way through the reefs.

Rip, the Airedale, cocked his ears at the spattering foam. Rip was very happy. He hated crowds and cities. He loved to come with his master into the wide places of the earth, where a dog had room to run and jump, and might back without notice from a policeman, or the tenants in the next flat.

When the launch was half a mile from the shore her engines were stopped, and the sailors stood on either side with oars to fend her off the reefs. The tide ran like a mill-race, whirling by the

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LAND'S END—Continued from page 10

high headland on their right, and following the curve of the land around the bay. Strips of planking, parts of the lumber they had noticed before, floated alongside them. Before, a wooden cask bobbed along like a cork.

"You'll find plenty of such truck in here, Mister Adam," remarked the steersman. "We're going to take off some gasoline. There's usually some stranded on this beach."

"There were lots of gas-drums on the beach two years ago; if some one hasn't carted them off, you'll get a good supply."

"No settlement within fifty miles, as perhaps you know," returned the sailor. "Used to prospect this country myself, afore I took to the sea. Mind that timber on your left, Jim."

The launch, assisted by rudder and oar, missed the timber, and scudded through shoal water to the shore.

"Look at the deck chair," said Adam.

Jim leaned over and caught the light chair into the boat.

"Looks like it had come off one of the big passenger boats."

"Might have done that. The Ocean Empress went down a week ago, and the current will probably bring some of her leavin' this way."

Presently the launch grounded on a level sandy beach. The sailors landed their passenger and luggage, and then began a hurried search for gasoline barrels. They found three iron drums half buried in the sand, and heaved them up and into the launch. Then, a hasty good-bye, and they shoved off. Taking advantage of the current, they moved on around the opposite headland, intending to angle back towards the whaler when clear of the land. Adam, leaning against the small pile of his belongings, presently heard the rapid beat of the gasoline engines. Half an hour later, as he set up a rough plank shelter for the night, he caught the faint cry of the distant siren of the Lajeunesse, her signal that she had picked up the launch, and was once more headed for the northern whaling grounds.

III

"RIP," said his master to the terrier as they took their morning plunge in the sea, "here's where we try our luck once more. I'm certain this is the place, old man. We'll get things shipshape, and then we go prospecting."

"Hurrah!" barked Rip, and he began to turn somersaults on the sand, to show his fitness for any adventure.

By the time they had breakfasted, the sun had dried the mist from the trees and undergrowth. Then Adam went towards the forest, which grew to the very edge of the sand. He walked as one who knew his ground. Passing through the bushy wall of the trees, he came into a cleared space in the centre of which stood a small shanty, built of rough logs, dovetailed, and plastered with clay. He had built this hut two years before, when he had prospected this coast.

A door of bark, off its wooden hinges, leaned against the wall. Adam whistled.

"Some one has been here. And not so long ago, either," as he noticed that this year's vegetation had been trampled down.

Rip ran into the hut. Adam, stooping to clear away the new growth which shut out his view of the beach, heard his wild barking and attributed its cause to an intruding squirrel. The dog ran out to him, and back into the hut again, before he began to wonder if the Aire-dale had found something unusual. He picked up his hatohet, and went into the hut.

At first the darkness of the interior dazzled his eyes after the light outside. Then he observed a dark form lying on the floor of the hut. Rip scratched at it, and whined. The man saw that his dog considered the intruder a friend. Then his sight cleared and he saw the form of a human being, lying upon a small pile of pine boughs.

It was a woman. She had made herself a bed of boughs, and covered herself with old leaves. The silence of the woods, as man and dog regarded this derelict who had taken refuge in their shanty was broken by the short hoarse breathing of the woman.

Rip whined again, and looked at his master for orders. Adam came out of the stupor into which his astonishment had plunged him, and took action. He pulled off the damp boughs with which the woman had tried to

cover herself. The face was

covered with the long dark hair, and on brushing it aside he discovered that the refugee was a young girl, ghastly white, with the crimson spots of fever and starvation, telling the tale of misery and suffering which she had sustained. Her clothes were ragged and musty, her feet shoeless and marked with splotches of dried blood. Yet he saw that the woman was of white race, the thin fingers were well shaped, and he noticed a ring of emeralds and diamonds.

The first need was warmth. The hut was damp and cold, with the wet of the past winter. He ran back to the beach. Behind a triangle of boulders he built his fire, piling on dry pine and driftwood until the stoves smoked with heat. It was a few minutes work to build a shelter over the angled rocks from the lumber strewn about the beach. Then he rushed for his dunnage. Over the heaped up warm sand he spread a waterproof sheet, then his thickest blanket. The hut was now ready for his patient. She made no resistance as he carried her light wasted form to the fire. Her damp rags began to steam as he laid on the warm blankets. As her clothes dried, he turned her gently until the tatters which covered her were dry. Then he covered her with his remaining blankets, and sat down to consider this new development. He had not taken time to think.

He knew enough of the rough practical surgery of the frontier to set a limb or check the bleeding of an artery. Drawing, then, upon his experience of the

Continued on page 12



Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly. Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon

dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather. The lather rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

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Off to school on a winter morning

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Children, as well as grown-ups, need a hot meal-time beverage that is wholesome, invigorating, and free from harmful after-effects.

Childhood is the period when nervous activity is at its height. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions; the nerves, muscles and senses are alert and actively developing.

Tea and coffee are harmful, especially for children. Instant Postum is the one best beverage to give them needed warmth and comfort, these cold and frosty mornings. It is made of roasted wheat, has a delightful flavor and aroma, is free from any harmful element whatever, and is wholesome, healthful and invigorating.

Order a tin from your grocer TODAY. You will enjoy it as much as the kiddies do.



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Factory: Windsor, Ontario

LAND'S END—Continued from page 11

sickness of exposure, he surmised that this girl was suffering from pneumonia. He knew nothing of the scientific treatment of this disease, but thought that it required warmth and rest, with sustaining, but light, nourishment.

He also decided that his patient was suffering from starvation. During his prospecting trips, Adam usually depended upon his rifle for food, but he carried with him, for an emergency of sickness, or a long journey where lack of weight was essential, a small supply of concentrated foods. He found these, and went off in search of fresh water to add to the meat cubes, leaving Rip on guard by the sufferer. Returning from the little brook in the edge of the forest, he found that the girl had struggled to a sitting position, but she looked at him with eyes that showed no knowledge of her surroundings.

"You had better lie down again," said Adam, as he poured the water into a tin kettle. The girl's eyes followed the pan, and he at once saw what she wanted. He gave her a mouthful of the cool water, and she grasped feebly at the cup. But he made her lie down,

found at last what he had been seeking. Then he dug two graves, smoothing the hard sand over them. He cleansed the clothing, and left it drying on the stones.

On these excursions, Adam left Rip on guard by the sick girl. The dog could be depended upon to give warning if she attempted to rise. Though indeed there was little danger of it, but he was afraid that in her delirium she might roll into the fire.

He had long ago settled in his mind how she had come to this desolate beach. The floating deck chair which sailor Jim had picked up on their way in from the Lajeunesse, a broken life-raft on the beach told the story. A week before he had left Victoria, the "Ocean Empress," bound for China, had gone down in a terrific storm. There had been a long list of drowned and missing. The great steamer had foundered in the path of the Japan current, which had gathered up her refuse to throw upon this desolate coast.

On the evening of the fifth day he returned with a load of driftwood to find his patient conscious and rational, but



ROCK PROVES HOW SEA HAS RECEDED

The odd mushroom shaped rock in the photograph is an evidence seeming to help prove the contention of some scientists that the oceans of the world have receded greatly in past ages. It now stands quite a number of feet from high tide mark, though evidently once the sea washed around it, and did so for a great many centuries to wear it to the present shape. How many hundreds of years of time have passed before the rock was shaped as it is today, can only be conjectured, but it must have been a great space of time. The rock is shown with a native nearly six feet tall in foreground, giving some idea of its size. It stands near the wharf of Vuni Lagi near Savu Bay, Fiji Islands.—FRANCIS DICKIE.

and covered her warmly. When the soup had heated, he fed her spoonfuls of the warm food. He noted as a hopeful sign that she fell asleep immediately.

It was evening before she awoke again, and in the meantime Adam had made her shelter more secure, collected a huge pile of fuel and built a rude hut near by for himself. He fed her again, but this time she did not go to sleep. She began to mutter and toss, racked by spasms of hoarse coughing. There was nothing more to be done, than to give her warmth and food, and leave it to whatever resources of strength and vitality she had to pull her through.

At any rate, instead of striking out from the beach into the hills as he had intended, he must stay here until his patient either recovered sufficiently to be left alone or was released by death. This might lose him a week, even a month, of his valuable time, but there was no help for it. It never occurred to him that he might do otherwise. Meantime, he wandered about the beach, seeking fuel, or into the woods for game. Also he sought among the wreckage which the strange ocean currents had cast up, for clothing for his patient. He foresaw the time when the clothing they possessed would not be sufficient for two, and he must hunt before the girl could be up and about and know where he had found clothing for her. He

very weak. His first care was to prepare a bowl of hot broth for her. She swallowed the food eagerly, and held out the dish for more. Adam refilled it, and broke pieces of hard ship's biscuit into the soup. After finishing this, she lay back, revelling in the heat of the fire, and regarded her preserver out of long-lashed gray eyes.

"Feeling better, aren't you?" said he. She nodded, but made no further attempt at conversation.

In the morning the weather changed. Indeed the prospector had wondered at a week's clear weather on this coast. He hurriedly constructed a rough shelter for fire-wood, and had scarcely completed it before the soaking mist drove down upon them.

It was impossible to remain outside the shelters. Clad in an oilskin he worked until the huts were secure from the wet. The fire smoked dimly until he built a rude stove from long flat stones, covered with a sheet of galvanized iron, found among the refuse on the beach. Under this shelter the wood threw out a fervent heat, and the girl, who had begun to shiver and cough in the dampness, became warm and quiet again.

When he fed her hot soup at noon, she appeared much stronger, and smiled at him.

Continued on page 46



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Visiting the Lands of the Loyalists

Barrington, Port La Tour, Shelbourne. Quiet Villages and Towns on Narrow Ocean Inlets

Story written and Photographs taken by Bonnycastle Dale especially for The Western Home Monthly

THESE Loyalist citizens of Shelbourne and women who left their houses and are descended from those brave men lands, their well beloved lars and penates and took ship from bleak New England shores that they might establish Loyal colonies in the then wilds of New Scotland rather than live under the Americans. Death on the public roads, their families driven into the wilderness, their homes burned, and these delicately nurtured women and children and the men folks spared to them by their conquerors, started as exiles from their once well loved land northwards by land and by sea. Many walked thousands of miles and were buffeted and harried by the tempest along an unknown shore, but in mid-day some one hundred and fifty years ago our forefathers arrived on what are now well cleared slopes, then but a

fish, herring and cusk are kept in great frost encumbered chambers.

Not once did I see a descendant of the Micmacs who then in those early days held supreme sway in the interminable forest, but a scene was brought to my notice by an ancient man as told him by his father of the landing of the fleet of 18 great sailing ships and a float of smaller vessels which soon disgorged a mass of white faced people on these until then silent shores. They were the original "True Blues," and as the old historian tells it:

"As soon as we had set up a kind of tent we knelt down, my wife and I and our boys and many others and kissed the dear ground and thanked God that the flag of England floated there and resolved that we would work with the rest." Five thousand white-faced invaders. A table



Very old church at Barrington Head. The first built in 1765.

pathless forest. Poor Loyalists abandoned by their mother country England for being faithful, threatened with death if they did not espouse the laws of their conquerors, the new United States of America. They saw these rough wooded shores as a land of refuge and they built in a few months a town of 12,000 people. There it stands to-day with the many streets copied after old time Philadelphia, streets along the waterside, streets running down to the water—King Street—Queen Street—Princes Street. All tree-bordered and tree-shaded with flower-bordered homes along them, even if only a tenth of the number of the first great town's citizens inhabit them. They are the sons of those who left the now great United States of America to live under the most successful form of government—a world wide empire under the Union Jack.

Alas! the ancient Governor's House had passed before the wreckers ere came to the tree shaded Atlantic House, but the shipyards which made the clipper ship-building famous are still turning out modern two stickers for "Bank" fishing. Yes, and the famous justice and mercy of our wise rule still protects the colored citizen, children of the old time slaves who fled to our protecting lands.

It is a good note to sound for Shelbourne that badly though I wanted a separate dwelling to make into my home on this coast not a single well constructed house was for rent. Leaving the town proper there is in the harbour a modern cold storage plant where the bait is kept for the fishermen and where their cod and haddock, pollock and sword-

was formed, a few trunks opened and powdered hair and silken attire soon held sway and they danced there—there in the moonrays—while peering from the dark forest the startled Micmacs thought they beheld mad people from some distant world.

THEN we ordered out our sumpter mule—Alas! a tin Lizzie—and away we went from Shelbourne with its ancient memories of Loyalists and dusky-faced Micmacs. As we travelled along these fir bordered white roads where the rabbits skipped and the woodland birds sang sweetly, we came to a winding house-bordered place on the banks of a quaint little river, a homelike looking scene. The sun was setting and the part of the village across the water was lighted up by its dying fires, strangely, beautifully lighted.

On the corner where the roads wind down to the bridge stands an ancient square building. The first house of worship built in this part of the then "New Scotland." In 1761 a group of families living near Cape Cod, in the one time British Colonies, moved up here some five hundred miles anticipating excellent whale fishing. Half of them returned to what is now the New England States and the remainder formed the community even yet called Barrington.

In 1765 they built this old meeting house which we show you in the illustration. It is shingled and wall timbered, as wood was very cheap in those days just the labor of cutting it. Its tiny window panes speak of a sweet old time

Continued on page 14



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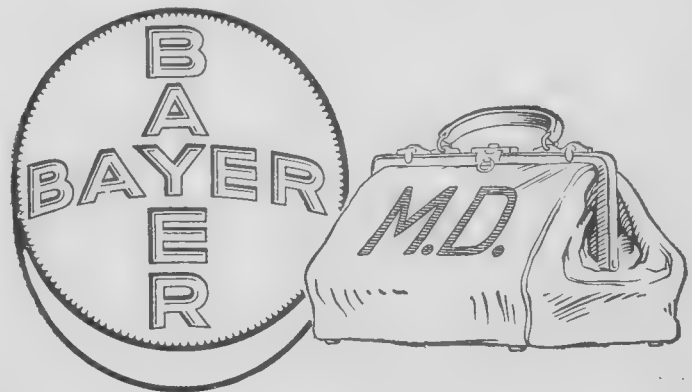
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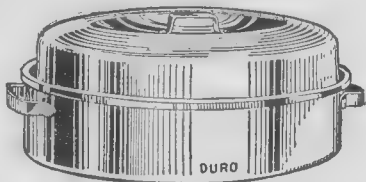
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LANDS OF THE LOYALISTS—Continued from page 13

which is gone forever, we fear, from this troubled busy world. Inside are the high backed pews of ancient times and very hard to sit in as I can witness, and above all, hung on the wall, a great square pulpit from which the teachers of 150 years ago told the same efficacious story of The Cross.

Outside, in its grown churchyard, sleep the men and women who made Barrington settlement after that long dangerous trip. In 1811 one of the elders went to his rest and the deeply carved words on his headstone recall him. Other stones, time worn and lichen covered, tell of others of the older folks who joined him in his quiet resting place. The river ripples on and the busy autos of tourist and of commerce rush and rattle by and life pursues its feverous course, and we stop and ponder—Is all the worry and quest of the modern life as blessed as were the days when these, our forefathers, first saw the tiny river running out to the sea?

We rattled into Port La Tour in a noisy modern "tin Lizzie." Nine miles we came from Barrington, on the Halifax and Southwestern R. R. A number of trim well kept houses and fields lined the way. Modern fishing schooners or coasters lay off the wharf. The road was a white ribbon of well ground stone and what was left of the historic Fort are the grassy mounds I show you.

Let us go back about three hundred years. Here stood the Fort St. Louis. In it was Charles de la Tour defending and relying on help from his Micmac

A wave of the hand and the dear chap becomes but a memory until the sad news comes "Man adrift on the Banks." Then every family thinks, is it he? Is it the loved one from this home?

So the Annual Midsummer Memorial Service is held—an exquisitely sad service—in the presence of thousands of deeply interested people who have come from many miles around—for the sea is no respecter of persons, and this whole shore could for vital reasons join in this ceremony. The saddest sweet part of it was where numbers of children were gathered together on a bridge at Blyman, each holding a bunch of flowers. As the tide started to run out to sea again these fragrant messengers, wild and cultivated flowers, were thrown as tributes upon the waters and drifted off away out to sea, borne by wind and tide towards those silent places where the dearly loved ones had gone and never returned.

The dark, silent, crowded mass of fishermen and their wives stood with idly hanging hands—hands that so often had twisted the wheel or snubbed the line—or the women's hands which had nursed and handled and caressed those whom the sea had devoured—all stood there silent. Then burst out from the lips of the children on the bridge the words of a familiar hymn and the pursed up sorrowful faces relaxed and the whole throng breathed or sang the words that carried the message of the hope that the lost ones had cast anchor in the safe harbour beyond the seas.



Fort la Tour—Remains of the ancient Fort St. Louis

Indian allies. He had written to the French King, Louis XIII, hoping to be made the war lord of all this rude coast. His father, Claude de la Tour, at one time his loyal ally, had been captured by English soldiers, taken to England, married an English lady and had received from the King titles to these lands, to this very Fort, and was now on the high seas with the purpose of estranging his son Charles from France and its king. The answer of Charles to his father rings down the page of history—"Not for a crime will I accept offers of honors from even the King of England—The King of France has confidence that I will defend this place, so will I to my last breath." Then the father attacked this Fort St. Louis with all his land and sea forces. Three times he tried the mad adventure and three times his son drove his soldiers off with heavy losses, but his brave attacks went for naught for the English King, Charles the First, made the treaty of St. Germain by which all of Nova Scotia and even Canada were restored to the French. New Scotland received a sad blow that day but Cromwell recovered the country. Then Charles the second gave it away again. Again it was captured by the British and again lost, but, finally, in 1813 we took it and it is ours to-day, and all that remains of the courtly French and the powerful Fort are some few far scattered families and a grass-grown mound of earth. This great ocean on which we gaze and on the shores of which we live is a good friend, but, alas! such a terrible enemy. As I write this an unusual ceremony is taking place at Gloucester, Mass., U. S.—a mourning for those who were taken by the sea during the last year.

These sea ports are filled with families from whom a member has gone—gone with a smile and kind careless "goodbye."

Nature's Floor of Many Colors By Miss Lily Colman.

From the branches of the maple,
 From the alder, birch and poplar,
 From the hazel-tree and dogwood,
 Fall the leaves that form a carpet
 Such as princes cannot buy.

While the year grows slowly older,
 While the days grow short and darker,
 When the clouds hang low and heavy,
 Nature's coat of many colors
 Falls in pieces to the ground.

On the carpet wild things running,
 Squirrels, woodmice, chipmunks running
 To and fro as swift as flashes,
 Hasten each upon their errands,
 Noiseless footsteps on the carpet.

Sometimes man unknown may see them,
 Sometimes passing, look upon them
 Gazing through the leafless branches:
 Envy he their lovely carpet,
 Brightly coloured, soft as velvet?

Well he knows his gold could never
 Buy him such a one as this is,
 Nature-woven, Nature-blended,
 Made on purpose for the tree folk.
 Made for living roots beneath it.

Into it are woven trimmings
 From the vivid sunset sky,
 Yellow, orange, gold and crimson
 Merging each upon the other
 Into one exquisite pattern.

Alas, it fades and wears away,
 Wears to threads beneath the moisture—
 Nothing is forever-lasting!
 Nothing made by man or Nature
 Holds its present shape forever.

But another growth will follow
 On the stems from which these fell,
 Take its place upon the branches
 Of the trees now gaunt and naked.
 Waiting each their snowy cover.

SHE WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS --- SHE WAS MERELY NUMBER SENSITIVE

By EDITH. G. BAYNE

SHE entered the room-registry department and sank into a chair, her elbows on the desk and her chin, cupped in her hands.

"I gotta have another room," she said, at once.

The woman at the desk finished blotting the last entry. Then she looked up.

"What! You again!" she exclaimed, involuntarily. "Why, I thought we had fixed you up!"

"Uhuh! That last room you got me was a jinx and now I gotta move again—two trunks, a bookcase, a canary and three suitcases. This is the life!"

"But what in the world can be wrong with that room? Isn't it in a house with an odd number and on a street that has nine letters in its name?"

"Yes," nodded the room-seeker, "but there are 23 steps leading up from the street, including the first flight, and the very first time I went up I stubbed my toe on the second-top one."

The room-registry woman passed a hand dazedly across her brow. It was five o'clock and the day had been a busy one.

"But—23 steps—isn't 23 an odd number?"

The third time the mate of my canary died. Two years ago I lived in an odd-numbered house, but on a street whose letters numbered even and some mining-stock I had invested in fell through. It never fails," she added solemnly.

"I'm afraid," observed the elder woman, "that you're a very superstitious person."

"Who—me? Superstitious?" the roomer smiled tolerantly. "No, oh no, I'm merely number sensitive."

After about three-quarters of an hour of telephoning and consultation, of note-taking and note-revising, punctuated by interruptions of various sorts, the secretary succeeded in getting the sensitive one fixed up once more.

"Well, s' awfully kind of you, I'm sure," acknowledged the latter as she rose and took up her grip.

The secretary noticed that she held two of her fingers in a peculiar way. They were "crossed."

"I do hope," said the elder woman earnestly, "that you'll be suited this time. Have you ever tried not to be on the watch for little signs like that? For example, don't count steps, don't look for moles on people's noses, don't notice black cats. And in a very short while—why, what's the matter now?"



The Joy of Living

"It's a bad odd number."

"And your toe—you mean you injured it?"

The room-seeker smiled patiently.

"Stubbing my toe meant I was outa luck—see?"

The other turned to her filing-cabinet and after a short search drew out a card. She read aloud part of the entry:

"Miss Jane Blank, must have room on quiet street with window facing south, house number an odd one, letters in street name ditto, no black cat on premises no death having occurred within the year, landlady must not have mole on nose, total of rooms must number odd and house must be on the west side of city."

"You may add," said the roomer, "that the price of the room-rent should make an odd number too. (I've gladly paid \$4.75 when \$4.50 was all that was asked. Nothing like playing safe."

"I suppose," thought the secretary, "that nobody would believe me if I told them about this!"

"You look at me so strangely!" remarked the roomer. "But goodness knows, I'm used to being misunderstood." She sighed and shook her head. "I told you this before but I'll tell it again. Whenever I've taken lodgings or meals in an even-numbered house," she declared, "I have rued it. The first time I had to have my tonsils out. The second time I got bad news from home.

The room-seeker had gone white. From her nerveless arm the grip fell with a thud. Her distended eyes were fixed on something that hung just opposite on the wall. Her breath came and went thickly. She was looking at one of those calendars where a separate leaf is devoted to each of the 365 days of the year.

"Friday, the 13th!" she mumbled. "And I've been going round all day and never knew it! S' all off!" she said, turning to the secretary, "there's a Nee-mee-sis or whatever they call it pursuing me—I know there is!" She laid the slip of paper the secretary had given her as a means of introduction, on the desk. "You can give it to somebody else—the room, I mean. I'm through."

The secretary looked a little alarmed. "Oh, don't say that! Don't do anything rash—" she began.

"I will too!" declared the woman. "I'll go and live with my sister-in-law. She's been begging and begging me to come and help her keep house, and I guess its fate—or something. That's what I'm meant to do—see?"

The secretary breathed easier.

"I hope," she said gently, "that you'll forget this number mania while at your sister-in-law's. Do try, won't you?"

"I guess I'll hafta," returned the roomer with a rueful smile. "My folks all live in the country—where only the concessions are numbered."



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New Year's Day is a milestone in the journey of life—a record of the travelled years and a pointer to the journey's end. The life behind us can be reckoned in years, but life ahead is a matter of days and full of hazard. Anything that we have omitted to do in the old year can only be made sure of accomplishment in the New Year by instant action.

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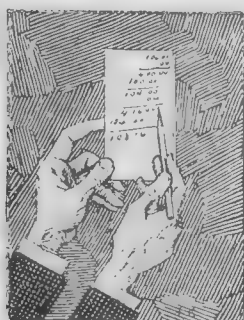
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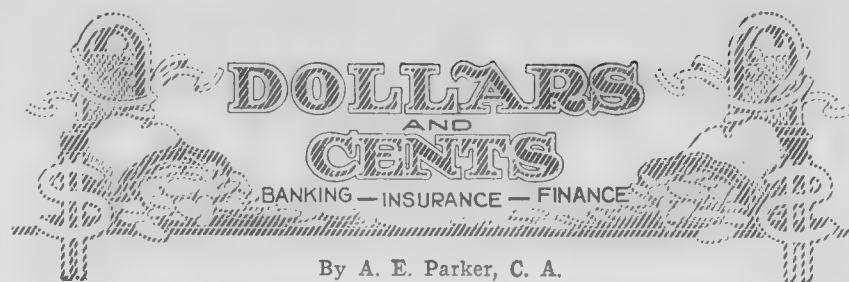
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UNION BANK OF CANADA

Head Office WINNIPEG



By A. E. Parker, C. A.

A Word From Sir Vincent Meredith

IN opening his annual address to the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal, the president, Sir Vincent Meredith, stated that the banking year just closed has required constant vigilance and that as a result the bank's profits were smaller on the basis of capital employed, as was to be expected with lessened activity in business generally, coupled with increased taxation. Referring to our exports, Sir Vincent mentioned that agricultural exports for the seven months to October 31. amounted to \$370,084,000, an increase of \$37,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1921. He commented upon the increase of \$40,000,000 in our national net debt during the year, the debt now standing at \$2,369,000,000. The United States is experiencing a forward movement in business, he stated, and expressed the opinion that in a year or so our American cousins would be compelled to relinquish their present position of "splendid isolation" in world affairs.

Sir Vincent outlined two ways in which our taxation burdens can be lightened, first by fostering a sane immigration movement, and second, by enforcing strict economy in government expenditures. Dealing with criticism of bank profits, Sir Vincent said, "banks are business, not benevolent institutions. They are expected to pay their shareholders a reasonable return on their investment, which includes the Rest Account—the accumulation of many years—as well as the capital of the bank. The rate of dividend is not disproportionate to that investment, and certainly has not proved so lavish as to encourage capital to seek the banking field."

Dealing with labor costs Sir Vincent expressed the opinion that, for a time, diminished production cost may have to be sought by improved machinery and equipment, in efficiency and economy and larger output by both men and machines rather than in cheaper labor. He stated that although transportation rates are often complained of, as a matter of fact, Canada has much lower rates than other countries.

In concluding his address, the president stated that the crisis of 1920-21 has now passed into history. The world-wide depression then existing must of necessity be slow in passing away. His final remark was, "The outlook, as I see it, is for reasonably profitable operations in most lines of business, though there can be no great trade boom without a further important expansion of foreign commerce, and this, unfortunately, is not yet in sight."

The Outlook for 1923

FOR a financial man to attempt the role of a prophet is to invite disaster, for a financial journal to do likewise opens up an even worse fate, for his prophecies are given in cold print and can always be referred to and thrown back at him if circumstances are not in accord with his predictions. Notwithstanding all this, we feel justified in taking a glimpse into the future and setting forth our impressions thereof. If we may judge the outlook for 1923 by the actual happenings of 1922, then we may embark upon the New Year with a feeling of optimism and courage. The events of 1922 have given us a foundation upon which we can build to advantage during 1923. Looking back over the past year we can see many things which must react favorably upon our progress in the coming year. 1922 demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that the West can come back, that we can still grow the best grain in the world; that we realise to the fullest

extent the things which must be righted before the proper balance is restored in our commercial and agricultural life; that there is no royal road to prosperity, and that there is only one way to reduce our tax burden, namely, economy in the use of public funds.

1922 demonstrated that we have a grain marketing system second to none. It provided the necessary leisure for calm consideration of the merits and demerits of a compulsory wheat board, as a result of which the wheat board problem will receive more intelligent consideration during 1923. The past year gave our farmers much valuable instruction in a commercial way. It has been the popular belief that co-operative trading concerns must as a matter of course fare better than private businesses. The theory is perfect, but it does not work out in practice. The losses reported by farmers' co-operative trading concerns in both the East and the West should prove to the critics of privately operated and owned businesses that business is not all profit and that the lean years surely come to restore the average of profits earned in good years to a reasonable basis. The success of the Progressive Party at Ottawa in getting freight rates reduced, proved two things, first that if Western members tackle a problem as a unit, success is assured, and secondly, that if the West can put up a good case, there are men in the East broadminded and courageous enough to back us in our demands for fair play.

The gradual conversion of British public opinion in favor of the removal of the embargo on Canadian cattle, which should culminate shortly in its actual removal, is one of the benefits which 1922 hands to 1923.

The slow and sure improvement in Britain's financial position in its relation to the American continent and the consequent improvement in the exchange rate for the British pound, opens the way for the return of British money in ever increasing quantities for investment in Canada. At this time of writing the British pound stands at 4.60 in New York, only 18 cents below par—the highest rate recorded since March, 1919.

The general recognition of Canada's inability to keep pace with the constantly increasing tax burden imposed by our federal, provincial and municipal administrations, has created a sharp and pointed desire for decreased public expenditures and more economical administration of public affairs. Governments which have their ears to the ground are already pruning here and there, and if public opinion insists strongly enough, will cut public expenditures to the bone. The year 1922 gave us the demand for public economy, and the year 1923 will receive some benefits from this demand.

Taking a general view of the year 1922 we can safely state that the Canadian people enter 1923 with their feet on a solid foundation and with their heads directed towards sane development, stability and healthy progress.

Imperial Bank President Speaks Out

AT the recent annual meeting of the shareholders of the Imperial Bank of Canada, the president, Peleg Howland, struck out straight from the shoulder when commenting on current conditions in Canada. He stated: "The activities of the country are not being carried on at a profit, and capital is not being accumulated therefrom; savings are diminishing; there is no real reduction in the debt of the Dominion, with increases

Continued on page 21

LIFE INSURANCE AND CRIME

By Emily F. Murphy

(Janey Canuck)

IN MY EXPERIENCE as a Police Magistrate, I have found a great deal of crime to be the result of poverty and of the ignorance arising therefrom, a statement which must be endorsed by magistrates everywhere.

How then, to abate or erase poverty is one of the most important questions of the age. With many and urgent demands upon his income, the average farmer, mechanic, business man, or school teacher cannot make investments to secure himself or his family against the contingencies of his illness, old age, or death. The realization of this fact is, with every right-thinking man, a painful and ever-present perplexity. He has no "pocket nerve," so to say.

On the continent of America, court records show that 85% of all estates probated leave nothing; 11% small amounts varying from \$300 to \$10,000, and 4% leave \$10,000 or more.

These are profoundly disquieting facts, especially when we also consider that there are in America over two million children between the ages of ten and fifteen in factories and shops who ought to be in schools. How can the courts expect anything but ignorance and crime under such circumstances? How can they, good comrades, I ask you? How can they?

The solution of the difficulty lies in life insurance. In no other way can a man or woman create an estate without capital. Every adult person who can pass the prescribed medical examination should carry a life insurance policy of some kind or another. Indeed, in the face of the above figures, neglect to carry one, is to show an unbelievable callousness; an entire lack of responsibility.

The returns from the life-insurance policy are so large and so sure that they almost seem like a magician's trick where you put a feather into a pot and draw out a hen—yes, and a clutch of eggs also. In other words, Insurance is not only a saving but a full protection as well.

Although it can never be right to do wrong, mother-love has forced many a poor widow, like Judith of old, or like the poverty-stricken mother in "Les Misérables," to sacrifice her body and soul for her children. Sing woe, woe, and alas!

Yes, you are quite right, a penniless widow *does* usually mean that she has had to do with a dead failure. Father-love should prevent such a sacrifice. He was a philosopher as well as a financier who said, "Life insurance money is bread money, not blood money."

There are many men—for the most part, overly confident ones—who declare boldly, "I am just as capable of investing my own money as an insurance company." This is probably true but, nevertheless, statistics show that only 3% of deposits remain untouched for ten years, while 65% of life insurance deposits are left for fifteen years.

And then, too, an estate which consists of life insurance has advantage over any other. At death, the life insurance is immediately convertible into cash. It is not subject to taxes of any kind; not even to court or legal fees. Where a beneficiary is named, you are not only the testator, but your own executor. There are several other advantages we might mention here, but, maybe, these will do for a start.

Thunder and Lightning

A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was preaching. Loud and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed Salvation. When he had finished he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

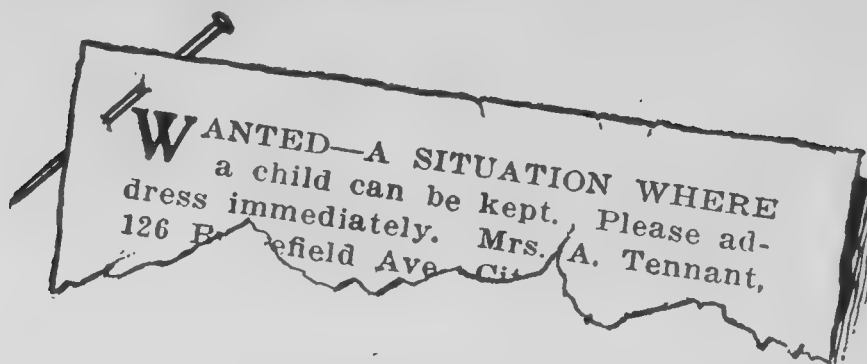
The bishop answered: "Why, pretty well, but don't you think you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "it's this way, what I lacks in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."

Preparedness

A New-Yorker tells of a married couple he observed at a county fair in Ohio. They found themselves in the center of quite a crowd near one of the amusement booths and the husband addressed his wife in this wise:

"I say, dearie, I think you'd better give me the lunch-basket. Don't you see we are apt to lose each other in this crowd."—Harper's.



"Well Young Person"—said Augustus Edward, as he stretched his feet to the blazing logs, and lighted his pipe from the match that she held for him—"how did you enjoy the meeting this afternoon?"

The Young Person (otherwise known as Mrs. Augustus Edward) drew a low chair under the lamp, and gathered her mending-basket work about her before she replied.

"Oh, as for enjoyment—the celebrated Feminist told us (the Assembled Wives) that none of us realized our worth; that while for centuries men had assured us that the price of a good wife is above rubies (Solomon said so, and he SHOULD have known!) and that 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,' and that Woman is a Queen in the Home, it remains a truism in the Cold World of Fact, that we have 'no financial value.' The merest tyro on typewriter (and a ten per week job) could buy an accident and sickness policy because of her earning powers, and yet the most exemplary of wives and mothers would be refused one, because she didn't earn a salary. Such a woman might point out that she was her husband's treasurer and bookkeeper, that she handled three-fourths of his income—but the horrible fact remains that as a business asset—we don't count."

There was a tremulous throb in her voice, and Augustus Edward turned a slightly uneasy eye upon her.

"Do you WANT to be counted as a business asset?"

She pressed the mangled knee of an overstocking to her heart, with a dramatic gesture.

"Do I WANT . . . ! Augustus Edward, do you realize that I supply

the places of cook, laundress, nurse, housekeeper and seamstress in your home? That I am manager and dispenser of three fourths of your income? That not only your daughter—but your digestion—is dependent upon my daily devotion for comfort? And yet (the lecturer brought battalions of statistics to support this assertion) neither you, nor hundreds of other husbands similarly situated ever think—even THINK!—of paying salaries to their wives!"

"Salaries!" ejaculated Augustus Edward—but his wife hurried on. "Do you realize that if I were turned out tomorrow into a cold world, to earn my living, that the mere fact that I have done unpaid domestic work for five years, would have decreased my earning powers?"

Augustus Edward thrust his hands through his hair.

"But who on earth WANTS you to—?"

She interrupted him with a catch in her breath.

"And that I occupy the humiliating position of being dependent on you for my support? And that—in terms of dollars and cents—I hold a position inferior to your b—bookkeeper?"

"But what the dickens—" cried her bewildered husband—

She dropped her head on the darning, and her shoulders shook.

"And have you ever c—counted" she gasped in stifled tones, "what it would cost to replace me?"

Augustus Edward struggled to his feet from the depth of his favorite chair—"These Fool Women Speakers! Don't know how to run their own homes, and spend their time upsetting better women, and making them hysterical! Look here Young Person—"

"But HAVE you ever even c—calculated (her muffled tones had a rising inflection) what I am WORTH?"

Augustus Edward recovered his courage. "Worth the World," he said fervently, flinging an arm around her. "Why, my darling—"

She raised a flushed face to his—and I regret to state that Augustus Edward shook her!

"You little rascal!—I really thought you were crying!"

"Poor old Teddy," she laughed outright now. "It's a shame to tease an 'hysterical' man" (she giggled against his shoulder) "like you! But all afternoon I couldn't help

wanting to put in a word on the side of the men! What the Speaker said was so true (oh yes it is, and you know it, Sir!) that when I looked all around and saw all us wives preening ourselves on our "value", my sympathies swung right around to the other side, and I spoke right out in the meeting on behalf of the husbands."

Augustus Edward made sure that his pipe was drawing comfortably again before exclaiming "You hadn't the nerve?"

"Yes, I had too." The twinkle had died out of her eyes, and they looked very earnest and intent. "I said I agreed with all her points—indeed, they are all proven—and I agreed still more strongly that the happy wives with all the privileges should still insist on rights, for the sake of the unhappy wives who have neither. But in all this talk of assessed value, earning power, salaries and situations, there was one item the economists seemed to have overlooked. The woman in the Home certainly pays her way, and deserves financial consideration. But if the mother at home receives only board, lodging and clothing, she has also the thing that many salaried women find difficult to obtain—the thing that is really the dearest desire of every mature woman's heart."

"And that?" asked Augustus Edward gently, the banter gone from his voice, as it had gone from hers.

She laid the hand that held the little overstocking on the arm of his chair, and her eyes were very tender as she said:

"Oh, THAT is—a permanent position where a child can be kept."

* * * * *

Augustus Edward made a New Year's Resolution there and then. On January 1st, it took the form of an *Income Policy* with the *London Life Insurance Company*.

Augustus Edward is 32. His wife is 27. For \$366.80 yearly (a little over \$30.00 per month) he has insured that in case of his death his wife shall be paid \$100.00 per month for 15 years. So that no matter what happens, she will always have a permanent position of her own, where a child can be kept—at least till the little daughter is grown up and educated.

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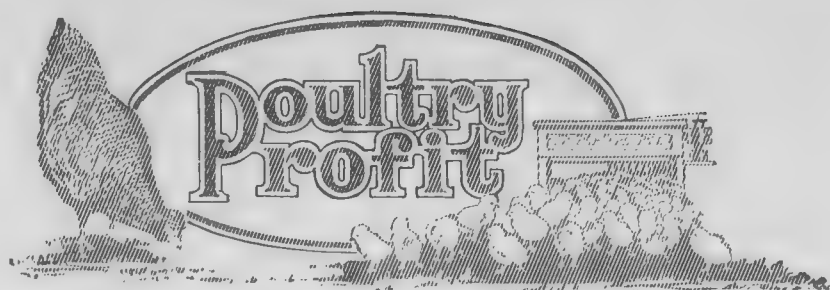
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Helen E. Vialoux

RECENTLY at the Carls-Rite Hotel in Toronto an important gathering of poultry and egg producers took place for the purpose of discussing egg production, transportation and selling conditions. The chairman of the meeting struck the keynote of the gathering when he claimed that many middlemen, between the producer and consumer took all the profit in poultry and eggs these days. There was no good reason why there should be a difference of 50% or more between the price paid the farmer and that given by the consumer for eggs. That is the case today in Canada. The problem could be solved by producing better eggs and rapid transportation. That is to say, placing the new laid eggs from the farms on the market without delay. Frank Hart, co-operative expert of the Ontario Agricultural College, said that co-operative marketing had been found absolutely practical and approved of the suggestion made by Prof. W. R. Graham to have the eggs collected by rural mail carriers. This would be a sensible and practical method of handling new-laid eggs, giving the carriers a little more income and getting the eggs to market daily. A committee was formed to draft a place for organizing co-operative associations for marketing eggs. The minister of Agriculture will be asked to further this work. All this is of interest to westerners who are up against this same problem of the middleman, and the time is near at hand when our farmers will co-operate, using the help of our agricultural college and the Dominion Live Stock Branch of Agriculture.

There was a splendid show of young birds hatched in 1922 put on in Winnipeg the latter part of October. About 400 birds were exhibited and the quality throughout was excellent. In all probability Canadian birds from this show were sent south to the Minnesota State Poultry Show to be held in Minneapolis January 25th to 28th, 1923. A fair exchange of exhibits at any of our Western poultry shows is a good thing and our American friends will no doubt send us up some of their prize winners later on. We westerners are often told our seasons are too short for ideal growth. For our chickens, however, good authorities such as Prof. Herner claim this is a fallacy. The Poultry Department at Ottawa has been getting data as to early maturing of western birds where experiments have been tried out and the results are certainly in favor of the prairie birds. The longer hours of sunshine in the western provinces proving most favorable to early maturity, eggs and chicks were sent from Sidney Station on Vancouver Island to Lacombe, Alta., where the flocks were hatched and raised. Birds of the same age were compared with the Lacombe chickens on November 1st, with the result that the Lacombe pullets showed better growth and more maturity than the Vancouver birds though hatched at the same time, so our prairie chicken raisers may "hearten up" and realize our bracing climate does not check growth and our somewhat late hatches are not a stumbling block to the most successful egg production. The egg contests are now a thing of the past for 1922 but in all of the provinces the new contests are going strong with more entries than usual. Brandon has sixteen pens in the running though twenty pens were entered last year. Ottawa leads in the egg contests for 1922. There were no less than sixty pens entered and the leading lady, a white leghorn, came very near to the three hundred egg mark. She belonged to a pen owned by Lewis M. Clark of Port Hope, Ont. This pen was a marvel, laying 2,490 odd eggs, a higher record than that made by the leading pen at Storrs, Conn. The second winning pen at Ottawa, Barred Rocks, also belonged to Ontario and laid many more eggs than the second pen, also Barred Rocks, at Storrs, whilst the leading pen of White Wyandottes at Storrs beat the

leading pen of White Wyandottes at Ottawa. The leading hen, a Barred Rock at Storrs, hails from Guelph, Ont. Her number is 28th and she is the outstanding individual layer there, also coming very near the three hundred egg mark. Only one hen in a thousand reaches this coveted distinction. The average Ontario hen lays seventy eggs per annum, statistics tell us, and no doubt the average western hen does not reach the seventy egg standard, but better records will be available along this line in the future. The birds entered in the B.C. contests made a very high record the past year. All shipments of eggs imported into Canada in lots of ten or more cases to be used for domestic consumption are now subject to government inspection. This is an amendment to the egg shipping regulations and has only recently become law. Provision is made for the marketing of all cases of imported eggs with the name of the country and origin. The crates must also be marked as graded—Fresh, Storage, Preserved, or Seconds, as the case may be. No. 1 eggs must not weigh less than 23 ounces to the dozen or 43 pounds to a thirty dozen case. Surely this is wise legislation with a flooding of our markets with Chinese eggs each spring. The following hints on plucking ducks may prove helpful to some harassed person trying to pluck ducks and geese. This clipping comes from an Eastern paper.

First scald the ducks or geese in water heated to 160 F., one or two minutes, take the fowl from the water and wrap in a burlap sack leaving only the head and neck exposed. This process steams it thoroughly. Remove the feathers by rubbing rather than plucking, putting back the sack as the work goes on. Do not let the bird cool off too soon. In ten minutes the duck or goose is cleaned of feathers and a chicken can be picked in three minutes. This sounds all right only I should then shower the bird well with very cold water to keep the skin white and firm. One objection must be made, however, the duck and goose feathers so soft and fluffy when dry plucked will not be so nice for pillows, etc. When a goose has been dry plucked give it a dip in hot water for one minute then wrap in a sack. The down and fluff will rub off immediately. Pin feathering ducks and geese is anything but a pleasant job when done in the usual way.

A Happy New Year to All.

The Feminine Habit

Mrs. Pride. "Jimmy dear, would you mind doing an errand for me to-day?"
Mr. Pride. "What is it?"
Mrs. Pride. "The cook says we won't have enough chicken for dinner, so I wish you could take this piece down to the butcher shop and see if you can't get it matched."—Kansas City Journal.

Beyond Him

"Well, Pat," said the doctor, "I hope your master's temperature is lower this morning than it was last night."
"Well, sur, that's hard to tell, sur," replied Pat.
"Why?" said the doctor, smiling.
"He died this mornin', sur."

Man's Inhumanity

The rain it falls upon the just,
And also on the unjust fellers;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust have the just's umbrellers.

Tricked His Spouse

Wife (at breakfast). "Could I have a little money for shopping to-day, dear?"
Hub. "Certainly. Would you rather have an old five or a new one?"
Wife. "A new one, of course."
Hub. "Here's the one—and I'm four dollars to the good!"—Boys' Magazine.

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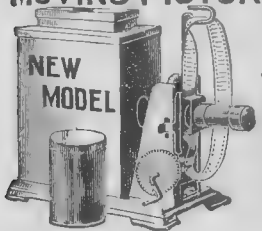
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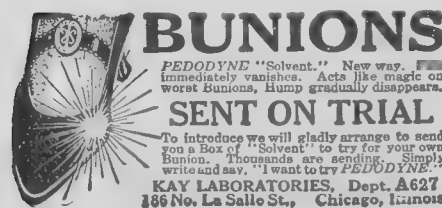
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About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

The Story of the Chantecler

THE Chantecler breed of poultry, originated by Brother Wilfred, of La Trappe, Quebec, is the result of an endeavor to produce a purely Canadian breed, well suited to Canadian conditions. To get a breed that would stand cold weather without getting combs and wattles frozen, it was necessary to reduce those adornments to a minimum, while white was decided on as the color. Good winter layers were desired, and it was also the object to combine good meat producers in the scheme.

The Cornish breed was selected to start with, as the type came up to a commendable degree to the conformation aimed at, while White Leghorns were enlisted in the process of evolution on account of their high laying qualities. The Rhode Island Red and Plymouth Rock were also included for the sake of winter egg production.

In 1908, breeding started by crossing the Dark Cornish with White Leghorn hens, and a Rhode Island Red male with White Wyandotte hens. The whitest hens from the Cornish-Leghorn cross

between the wire and the sides of the shelter with well packed straw. This will act as a buffer against the worst kinds of wind.

This shelter should have a feed trough running along the inside of the north wall, so that in case of very bad weather the feeding can be done under cover.

In order to give the cattle the best chance of coming through the winter in good condition, a trough with a tank heater should be provided. This arrangement will allow them to drink freely at any time, instead of taking one drink a day of ice cold water as is sometimes the case where cattle are wintered out. This latter practice of driving them to a creek or slough and cutting a hole in the ice does not give very good satisfaction, as the cold water is taken sparingly, with the result that there is not enough in their systems to keep up flesh. Where a large number of cattle are wintered out, it pays to have a tank heater for the gains they put on will compensate for the heater and fuel.

When cattle are within reach of cold water in winter, they drink more or less under protest, but if they are driven



A contented herd in fine Manitoba pasture

were mated to a cock from the other cross, and the results were a variety of color and type. Later on a White Plymouth Rock cock was crossed in with the pick of the pullets, and by repeated selection for about three years, fowl of pretty uniform color and lessening comb and wattles, and with increased egg-laying capacity, appeared.

Experiments continued in which in-breeding was practiced, a close watch being kept for weight and winter egg laying capability, and now the handsome breed of Chantecler is an accomplished fact.

Winter Sheltering of Cattle

IN wintering cattle, the building of an expensive shelter is not necessary, and while cheap shelters are easily made, it must be borne in mind that they should be dry and clean, and provide protection from cold winds.

A lean-to kind of building may be constructed of boards of rough quality, and roofed with poplar poles or some such material, covered with straw. Enough room should be provided for all the cattle to be comfortably accommodated in case of storm. The north side of the shelter if placed against a bluff, will get that much added protection. The south side should be the open one with the roof sloping that way.

A method of providing extra warmth and protection from wind is to gather up enough wire mesh, such as chicken fencing, place posts out about two feet from the building enough to keep the wire comfortably tight, put up the wire on these posts and then fill in the space

down to the open water once a day they are naturally thirsty and proportionately desperate and drink heavily, with the result that they suffer a great deal by being thoroughly chilled.

Another important point about wintering cattle is that of feed. It is as important to feed them regularly as it is to feed the inside cattle in the same way.

The Purity of Water

IT is generally supposed that the water found in the various places in the neighborhood of the farm is at least fit for the horses to drink, if they will be good enough to drink it, but if the facts were known, it would make a surprising report on the resulting diseases taken by stock through the use of water taken from wells in close proximity to manure heaps and cess-pools.

The quantity of water required by a horse depends upon the kind of feed he is getting. If he is on green feed, less water will be needed than when fed upon dry hay and grain. When a horse is free he will not drink to excess, but to give an idea of what should be the required amount to be given under stable conditions it is roughly estimated that he will require eight gallons per day.

The time of giving water should receive due consideration for the horse at rest should receive water at least three times a day and when at work, more frequently. Small quantities and often is a good rule.

Ice cold water is not good for horses. It may not be necessary to add hot

Continued on page 40

BANKERS REVIEW PROGRESS OF YEAR

At the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the president, in his address, gave a comprehensive review of Canadian and foreign conditions, and said the outlook was for reasonably profitable operations in most lines of business.

Year's Developments

Referring to some of the developments of the year, Sir Vincent said in part:

"Statements have been made in the public press by uninformed people that debtors, especially in the West are being subjected to undue pressure by the Banks, Loan Companies and other creditors. So far as this Bank is concerned, every consideration and great latitude have been given to debtors who, through bad harvests or other mischance, have been unable to meet their obligations. This is and at all times has been the policy of the Bank, and never has that policy been more forcibly impressed upon our managers than during recent critical years.

Bank Act

"Banks are business, not benevolent institutions. They are expected to pay their shareholders a reasonable return on their investment, which includes the Rest Account—the accumulation of many years—as well as the Capital of the Bank. The rate of dividend is not disproportionate to that investment and certainly has not proved so lavish as to encourage capital to seek the banking field. As a matter of fact, the distributions to shareholders in Canadian Banks is substantially less than that made by banking institutions in Great Britain or the United States."

Cost of Living

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the general manager, in dealing more particularly with domestic conditions, said that if Canada were to make the progress which they all hoped for it was imperative that taxation and the cost of living should be reduced to the level, at any rate, of that obtaining in the United States.

Sir Frederick said in part:

"Canada's economic position is not satisfactory. How could it be satisfactory, with the whole financial world out of joint? As everyone is aware, our troubles have partly been the result of this universal condition; partly the result of the war. It is well, however, to bear in mind that our problems are largely of our own creation.

"Readjustment will come in time, for this is a country of virility and untold resources; yet one thing stands out signally, in my opinion, namely, that Canada cannot go ahead again as she should while taxation and the cost of living are higher in this country than they are in the United States of America.

Soundness of Banking System

"Canada is one of the best countries in the world to live in, to work in, to play in—in point of stability, security and comfort it is an earthly paradise as compared with Europe—but we must not stand still, and in order to progress the cost of living and taxation must be diminished; otherwise, we will fail to attract immigration; and improved conditions are largely dependent upon increased population.

"As to ways and means they are obvious to all who reflect, and the necessity thereof is now being brought home to the heedless by that pitiless but unerring teacher, necessity."

In connection Sir Frederick stated that the manner in which Canadian banks generally had come through the agitating times since 1914 must be taken as evidence of the fundamental soundness of the Canadian banking system. There was reason to be thankful that no great commercial breakdown had occurred.

Don't Hunt for Trade

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
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What About Spelling?

DURING the past few years a good deal of time has been spent by investigators on the subject of spelling and a number of lists have been compiled of the words that are most frequently misspelled. Such a list is given below. Spelling is more than a matter of the schoolroom; it is a social accomplishment. Refer to the list and check the condition of your spelling.

absurd	accept	accidentally
accommodate	accumulate	acquitted
adviser	allotted	already
analysis	apparatus	arctic
arithmetic	ascend	athletic
audience	auxiliary	awkward
beginning	Britain	bureau
business	busy	calendar
cemetery	committee	conceivable
conscience	continuous	deceitful
desperate	dilemma	dissatisfied
ecstasy	embarrass	exorbitant
feasible	February	friend
government	grammar	grievous
harass	hundredths	hygienic
immediately	indispensable	irrelevant
judgment	laboratory	license
miniature	mischievous	mysterious
necessary	noticeable	occasion
occurred	omitted	overrun
parallel	perceive	preferred
sacrilegious	schedule	secede
transferred	typical	treasurer
until	universally	usually
vegetable	village	waive
weather	wherever	writing

Acknowledging a Favor

DO YOU write all the letters of acknowledgment that you should? President T. A. Clark, of the University of Illinois, thinks that many people neglect this matter of politeness. By way of contrast, he publishes a letter that he received from an Italian fruit seller. It seems that one of the students had run up a fruit bill and failed to pay promptly. On complaint to the President, a word from him brought the student to time and the following letter came a few days later:

My dear Mr. Clarke:

I dropped you this few lines to let you know that Mr. Devine paid me to-day, so I have get my money from him. I am thank you very much, and I remain your very sincerity friend,

Sam.

For Those Who Keep Store

J. W. FISK, in his book on Retail Selling, gives some interesting facts concerning the spending of the people of the United States.

Statistics show, he says, that most people spend all but 1% of what they earn. The average expenditures are said to be as follows:

42% for clothing; 26% for food; 14% for shelter; 17% for non-essentials or luxuries.

National peculiarities go far toward influencing the character of trade. It is said that Germans as a race are thrifty and that any store to cater to their trade must offer dependable, staple merchandise at reasonable prices. The Frenchman's love of dress and luxuries is too well known to be discussed and yet the French are thrifty. The Scotch are noted for their ability to make a dollar do full duty. The Irishman is impetuous and generous, but shrewd in bargaining. The average foreigner from Southern Europe buys only the bare necessities. The Greek opens a boot-black stand in an out-of-the-way corner and in a few years owns the building.

Shall and Will

CAN YOU use Shall and Will correctly? As a test, copy the following sentences, adding the correct word as required. Perhaps you will then be able to explain why it was absurd of the Irishman in the water to say "I will be drowned and nobody shall save me."

I.....go with you.

The sun.....set at about seven o'clock.

I.....be ready at nine.

I think it.....be a fine evening.

I.....come to-morrow.

I believe I.....be able to find it.

We.....be pleased to hear from you.

What do Sayings Mean?

DO YOU grasp instantly the meaning of the ordinary sayings that are found so frequently in the language?

For instance, the saying "It is hard to beat a cripple with his own crutches" really means that "It is cruel to taunt a man with his infirmities." Study this example and then put into your own words the real meanings of the following sayings.

1. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
2. A stitch in time saves nine.

3. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.
4. Birds of a feather flock together.
5. Every cloud has a silver lining.
6. That pilgrim is base who speaks ill of his staff.

An Intelligence Test

WITHIN recent years, it has become the custom among certain educators and psychologists to test the intelligence of individuals by means of certain carefully prepared questions and problems. According to the answers, the individual is graded average, below the average, or above the average in intelligence. An example follows for those of our readers who may be curious enough to spend five minutes with the test:

Arrange in appropriate pairs the words of the following groups. Example: An association of engineers:

alliance, band, body, bouquet, bunch, cast, cluster, collection, congregation, crew, detachment, exhibition, gang, herd, mob, multitude, pack, party, set, suite, swarm, union, grove, coalition, host.

angels, rioters, flowers, thieves, worshippers, soldiers, seamen, actors, keys, cares, plants, friends, coins, wolves, parties, states, dishes, bees, rooms, nations, horsemen, facts, trees, cattle, pictures.

Problems in Economics

THE A. W. Shaw Company, Publishers, Chicago, have recently brought out in handy pocket volume form a handbook of economics by M. C. Rorty, President of the National Bureau of Economic Research. The book is substantially bound in cloth and is illustrated with charts; price \$1.25.

The author has confined his analysis to those social and industrial questions of growing significance in the development of the relations between business managements, labor and the public. The problems which he discusses are vital to the welfare of the executive and the employee.

Specifically, he indicates the need and probable line of development of co-operation between employers and employees; the duties of management to employees, bondholders and stockholders and the public the need of regulation and control of industry; where the real gains in the improvement of the average man may be made; and analyzes many other significant questions of the present day.

The author does not deal in the ordinary language of the economist but has a style that is distinctly personal, as illustrated in the following statement:

".....just as it may be only fair to credit the present Russian government with altruistic motives, so also would it be fair to inscribe on thousands of newly erected Russian tombstones the words:—

Died of an overdose of theories and a shortage of bread."

To those who want to approach the study of important economic questions from a modern point of view, this book should prove both interesting and instructive.

Suggestive Sayings

THOUGHT is the parent of progress.

The immortals of this world are they who thought more deeply or more brilliantly than their fellows.

We must not make the mistake of studying too much and thinking too little.

Without education, no man or woman can reach the highest pinnacle of success.

In business, mere cleverness is at a discount. The man who has ideas is not sought after if his ideas do not harmonize with ideals.

A man who is unable to handle his own finances successfully is little likely to handle successfully the finances of others.

Fit yourself to see opportunity. Knowledge illuminates.

Opportunity can be spelled with four letters.

But these letters are not L-u-c-k.

They are W-o-r-k.

Most mortals have to face difficulties, undergo hardships, toil and sacrifice at one period of their earthly journey.

—B. C. Forbes.

Thrift

"I HAVE often been asked," Sir Thomas Lipton is reported to have said, "to define the true secret of success. It is thrift in all its phases, and principally thrift as applied to saving."

"A young man may have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather-covered book, with the name of a bank on its cover."

"Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, it fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of success—happiness and contentment."

"If it were possible to inject the quality of saving into every boy, we would have a great many more real men."

The Right Pleasure

THE seeking of irrational pleasure, remarks A. H. Revell, is a thing that holds the young man out of the successful life, by bringing him into contact with the wrong sort of friends.

The kind of pleasure you seek and the kind of friends you make in seeking that pleasure, will put you in a class. Just as low as is the pleasure you seek, just so low will be the friends you find. The friends you make are seeking you, and the friends you seek want you.

If you exert yourself for pleasure of a questionable character, you must not complain if stability of character, which is a great element of success, does not come. You will never know the pleasures of a higher life.

The Cigarette

IF YOU want a man who will train on, flee the cigarette as you would a pestilence. As a close observer of men and an employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this:

Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker—never promote him—never depend upon him to carry a roll to Gomez, unless you do not care for Gomez, and are willing to lose the roll.

I say, do not promote the cigarette smoker, for the time surely will come when you will rue the day you ever placed him in a position where he can plague you by doing those things which he ought not, and by leaving undone those things he should have done.

—Elbert Hubbard.

The New Year

TO MANY, the figures of the New Year—1923—bring suggestions of plans for the realization of achievements which are naturally within the domain of the young man.

In the forming and carrying out of these plans, the Problem page of the W. H. M. is at your service. Your inquiries will be treated in confidence and your questions will be answered as fully as is within our ability and resources.

Write freely and often, and submit your problem whenever you feel that the experiences of others may help you.

Are the Days too Short?

SIMON LAKE, an inventor, says: To work wholeheartedly at his profession, business or occupation, I think any man must love his work. Every man who finds the work he is engaged upon distasteful to him, should recognize that he is in the wrong groove, and see if he cannot find something in which he can become interested.

I have worked the greater part of my life from twelve to fourteen hours a day; the days are too short, and if I should live to be a hundred, life would then be too short for me to accomplish the half of what I know can be accomplished, and believe will be accomplished eventually, in the way of improvements that will benefit the whole human race.

A Way of Dealing with Anarchists

INITIALY younger members of the Fascisti have a number of old cases to deal with where anarchists had grown long whiskers and dangerous ideas together. Instead of any method looking toward assassination the Fascisti mow off these whiskers and administer huge doses of castor oil. Sometimes when an anarchist is particularly wild he finds the top of his head shaved clean and the national emblem painted there in colors that neither fade, run nor wash out. So every time he takes off his hat—and he is apt to wear one under the circumstances—he really gives the impression of cheering for his country. The treatment has, at any rate, this much to recommend it, that it is carried out with an entire absence of funeral processions and scenes of bloodshed.—New York World.

Right Education

Ought the education of country children on normal lines to be stopped? No one is foolish enough to suggest that this should be done; but what is proposed is that the ordinary education should be reinforced by the sort of knowledge most needed in the state at this moment—a knowledge of such matters as stocks and poultry raising, grain production in all its branches, and the various processes connected with dairying. Experience not only in the United States, where the system had its start, but in Canada, Japan, parts of Europe and nearer home, for the system has been adopted in Queensland, shows that the instruction can be most successfully imparted through boys' and girls' clubs, managed by their members under approved rules, and having as their chief aim the inculcation of a spirit of emulation in the pursuit of rural enterprises.—Adelaide (Australia) Chronicle.

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DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 16

in those of provinces and municipalities; taxes have increased; neither retail trade nor collections are any too good; and there is comparatively little immigration. Altogether, we have some distance to go, I fear, before we reach that stretch of level road which leads to general prosperity, but," he concluded, "while the situation, as I see it, requires a continuation of the utmost care on the part of all bankers, I am not by any means unhopeful for the future."

Purchasing Securities From Unlicensed Dealers

RECENT prosecutions in both Saskatchewan and Alberta show that there are still many people in these provinces who are ready to take a chance in buying securities from any Tom, Dick or Harry who happens along. Time and time again it has been emphasised in these columns that the only really business-like way to invest money in stocks, shares or bonds, is to go to a reputable banker or stock and bond dealer and buy through them. As a general rule the travelling security salesman is peddling something of questionable value and the next time you are approached by such a salesman ask him to show you his authority to offer his securities to you for sale. If he has no authority—and most of them have not—just treat him the same way you would a man who tries to put something over on you and you will not make any mistake.

Strong Statement from Royal Bank

THE report of the Royal Bank of Canada for the year to November 20, 1922, is now available. The outstanding features of the statement are the marked improvement in banking conditions shown therein, the strong liquid condition of the bank's assets and the satisfactory level of savings deposits which has been maintained. When it is remembered that the past year has been a difficult one for our banking institutions, it is particularly interesting and satisfactory to find the Royal Bank finish its year in such a strong position.

The total assets of the Royal Bank now amount to \$479,362,366, of which \$216,048,331 are in liquid form. These readily available assets are equal to almost 50% of the bank's liabilities to the public. Total deposits amount to \$372,003,961, \$277,595,882 of this total being on savings account. There has been a general decrease in deposits with our chartered banks this year, but the Royal Bank has been successful in maintaining its deposits at practically the same figure as they were a year ago—a splendid achievement.

Total current loans are shown in the statement to be \$242,937,476 as compared with \$252,561,644 last year.

Profits for the year to November 30 totalled \$3,958,469 as compared with \$4,037,836 in 1921.

The steady and substantial growth of the Royal Bank of Canada, founded on service and satisfied customers, has been a source of satisfaction to Canadians, and not the least of the bank's successes has been the thorough manner in which it has catered to the banking needs of our agricultural districts.

Anything For Peace

The spirit of peace has recently reached a Portland, Me., boy. The Kennebec Journal tells the story.

"What's the shape of the earth?" demanded this boy's teacher.

"Round," he replied confidently.

"How do you know it's round?" persisted the teacher.

"All right," replied the lad, "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

When The Whistle Blew

Little John saw a small tug towing a large ship, and heard the tug whistle loudly. "O papa," he cried, "the big boat's got the little one by the tail, and it is squealing!"

The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th NOVEMBER, 1922



LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$94,408,078.82
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	277,595,882.29
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	\$372,003,961.11
Balance due to Dominion Government.....	26,645,902.54
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	17,461,750.61
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries.....	7,870.79
Bills Payable.....	11,505,855.84
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.....	11,513,726.63
	3,574,637.49
	5,326,228.99
	\$436,526,207.37
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital Stock Paid up.....	20,400,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 20,400,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	1,007,514.19
	\$ 21,407,514.19
Dividends Unclaimed.....	8,644.75
Dividend No. 141 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable December 1st, 1922.....	612,000.00
Bonus of 2% payable December 1st, 1922.....	408,000.00
	22,436,158.94
	\$479,362,366.31

ASSETS

Current Coin.....	\$ 16,052,573.12
Dominion Notes.....	26,932,040.25
United States Currency and other Foreign Currencies.....	20,951,306.74
	\$ 63,935,920.11
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	8,000,000.00
Notes of other Banks.....	2,718,277.65
Cheques on other Banks.....	20,573,642.84
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	2,433.37
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	27,893,715.57
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value.....	22,950,224.85
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value.....	7,901,927.97
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value.....	13,462,068.56
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	14,735,290.32
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	33,874,830.69
	\$216,048,331.93
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	\$151,260,687.95
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	91,232,041.58
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for).....	444,747.44
	242,937,476.97
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	1,521,923.84
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	12,142,342.17
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....	5,326,228.99
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	1,020,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	366,062.41
	\$479,362,366.31

H. S. HOLT,
President

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We Report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada:
That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November 1922, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.

That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us as shown by the books of the Bank.

That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A.,
W. GARTH THOMSON, C.A.,
of Marwick, Mitchell and Co.,
JAMES G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. Ross & Sons,

Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 19th December, 1922.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1921..	\$ 905,044.98
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	3,958,469.21
	\$ 4,863,514.19
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:	
Dividends Nos. 138, 139, 140 and 141 at 12% per annum...	\$ 2,448,000.00
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders.....	408,000.00
Transferred to Office's Pension Fund.....	100,000.00
Appropriation for Bank Premises.....	400,000.00
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes including War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	500,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,007,514.19
	\$ 4,863,514.19

H. S. HOLT,
President
Montreal, 19th December, 1922.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

RADIO

If you are interested in this fascinating discovery and want to hear the concerts, market reports, news items etc. that are being broadcasted daily, send in your name to:

**THE CIRCULATION MANAGER
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg.**

WHAT a treat I have had since last I talked to you through this page of the Western Home Monthly! I must tell you about it. Vachel Lindsay, the Vagabond poet, as he is sometimes called, came to Winnipeg, stayed three days, and sang many of his poems. Yes, he "sings" them. That is to say, he throws back his head, half closes his eyes, raises his hands, opens his mouth and sends forth deep chested notes, or delicate cadences as the subject matter demands. He is the most amazing person. I have for years been a great admirer of his work, but it is only since I have heard him chant his songs that I understand them. I thought I understood them. I thought I could read them fairly well myself! But, oh how exquisitely, how artistically did this poet interpret his work. Each shade of meaning had its own tonal quality. There was an expressive movement of the hand, of the head, of the eyes, of the entire Vachel Lindsay, for almost every line of poetry! His negro poems were perhaps the most wonderful. Many years of study has this poet given to the negro race, and the manner in which he has interpreted their religion, their superstitions and their progress, proves his intense sympathy for them. Vachel Lindsay is one of the modern poets. That is to say he is never bound by conventional rules. He uses rhyme if he feels the need of it. If not, he uses "free verse." But most of Vachel Lindsay's poems indulge in rhyme because they have a singing quality that robust rollicking always produce. It is the subject matter of Vachel Lindsay's that is so modern. He can sing of automobiles, of Salvation Armies, of Prohibition, of Nergo sermons, and sing as tenderly and as impressively as the bye-gone poets who dwelt upon the loveliness of the Lady's eye-brows! Vachel Lindsay is a lucky man.

Many gifts have been bestowed upon him. First the gift to write really fine poems, then a marvellous memory that enables him to memorize every word of every poem, thirdly a voice more like a musical instrument than the human and fourthly a dramatic ability that would carry far as actor were he to turn his attention to the footlights. And even now I have not mentioned his most valuable asset—a personality that holds an audience in thrall from the first word uttered until—well, I think, until one's memory entirely fails! Should you care to get in touch with this noted modern poet, you will find his poems collected and published in several volumes, the last one issued being "The Chinese Nightingale." I intended quoting a verse or two for you, but I find that the friend who borrowed my books during Vachel Lindsay's visit, has not returned them. Books, like umbrellas, are for borrowing but not to be returned!

BY the time this page appears, Christmas will again be a joyous memory. I am wondering what books some of you received as gifts. Perhaps Murray Gibbon's new novel "Pagan Love" which is an exciting story portraying the different types of people that come from over the seas to inhabit this continent. Mr. Gibbon is, you will remember, the president of The Canadian Authors' Association and chief of the C.P.R. publicity department. I was interested the

other day in reading about this versatile writer who has several novels to his credit. The late Sir William Van Horne used to claim that he had travelled three million miles, a record which John Murray Gibbon seems to be in line to rival. This C.P.R. man is one of the few Canadian members of the Circumnavigators' club, the qualification for which is to have travelled round the world. Mr. Gibbon's father, Sir William Duff Gibbon, was a tea planter in Ceylon, hence the fact that our Canadian author was born within ten degrees of the equator at Udewella.

At the age of four, John Murray was brought to Aberdeen where he was educated. Later, his winters were spent at King's College, Oxford, his summers

fleeing from her husband's brutal jealousy.

"She was tall and slender, yet grandly formed. A blue cloak was wrapped about her and her head was bare. Her face had a gaunt beauty such as he had never seen. And her look was so full of dramatic tension, of patient noble gravity, even grief, that one phase flashed into his mind, 'The Mother of Sorrows!' and stayed there. On her arm in the immemorial mother's fashion she carried a child."

Then John Raven, as the chief character in this novel is called, forgets his own worries and tries to do something to lighten poor Thyatira's burden. A sad, beautifully written story is "Old Crow" (Toronto, The Macmillan Com-

wide world. Very cleverly does Ernest Poole reveal the innermost secrets of those relatives, conventionally hoping that Gordon will recover, but deep down in their hearts planning to spend the money he will leave at his death.—The Macmillan Co., Toronto.

THERE is a poignant story connected with a little volume of verse that lately came from England to my desk. It is entitled "Looking On" and the author of the poems is Jimmy Howeroft, a totally disabled soldier. Since 1916 when the aeroplane in which he was an observer crashed, Howeroft has been unable to move hand or foot. His spine is fractured and there is no possible hope that he will ever be able to do anything more than think and speak. He is in constant pain. It was in these circumstances that Howeroft dictated the poems to a nurse in the London Hospital where he was looked after for five long, agonising years. Keep this in mind and now listen to a poem of his:

I flew!

"Upward climbing to the engine's roar. The clay is dead, but still the soul can soar."

Imprisoned here,
as by some
earthly chain,
In higher life,
my soul shall
soar again."
I think Jimmy
Howeroft's soul
has already
soared aloft and
reached the peak
where only
heroes dwell.
Now listen to
this bit of fun
from anguished
lips:

My Shadow
"I have a little
shadow,
But he's gone
out without
me,
I don't know
where he's
gone to.
I should like
to go and
see;
But my night
nurse will
not let me,
So in bed
I've got to
stay.
And I'm jealous
of my
shadow,
'Cause I
want to go
and play."

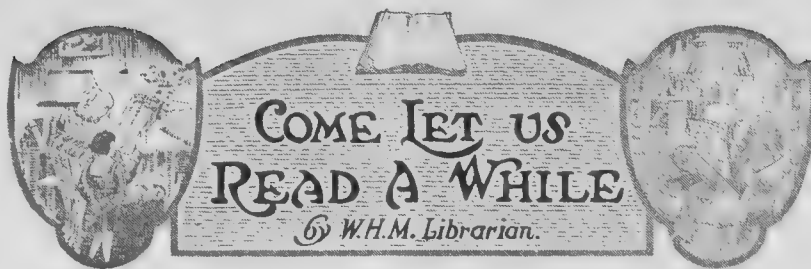
Jimmy Howeroft now lives with his widowed mother and nurse in a little cottage at Liphook, Hants, England. Next to the joy of writing his poems of courage and of fun, is the delight of receiving an order for a copy of "Looking On." Naturally, such a temperament as Jimmy Howeroft's finds great solace in being able still to do his bit although broken beyond repair. By the sale of his poems he is enabled to contribute to the widow's mite that keeps his mother and himself in the little cottage he so greatly loves. To those who made this cottage possible, Jimmy wrote:

It's a little bit of heaven,
Ah! This is what I find;
And I want to share my heaven
With the rest of all my kind.

The birds are sweetly singing
There is laughter in the trees
And the sunbeams keep on dancing
To the music in the breeze.

Ah! The air is full of freedom,
All the world is full of cheer;
I am writing this to thank you
For you helped to place me here.

When saving for old age, don't neglect to lay up a few pleasant thoughts.—Life.



Apple Trees in blossom, Glenmore Valley, Kelowna, B.C.

at various German Universities. After winning a scholarship at Oxford and obtaining honors in the finals, Mr. Gibbon joined the staff of the illustrated weekly, "Black and White," taking the place of Eden Phillpotts, who had retired to Devonshire to write novels. Every available week-end was spent in Paris where Mr. Gibbon studied art at Colarossi's school or at Barbizon in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Knowing that Murray Gibbon has had such educational advantages, achieved so brilliantly, and travelled so widely, is it any wonder that hundreds upon hundreds of fiction lovers in Canada are eagerly reading "Pagan Love" published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart?

ALICE BROWN has written a new novel with the unusual title of "Old Crow." This is a story of a soldier home from the wars, his soul sick because of the evils he has witnessed. He goes away, into the silent places, where Nature, not man is supreme. He hopes to find a solution to the problems that are worrying him. But he finds a more serious difficulty, an actual not a mental tangle. He meets a beautiful young peasant woman, tied by the marriage vows which to her are ever binding, to a jealous maniac who treats her worse than a dog. Here is the description of Thyatira as she appeared to John Raven when he came across her in the forest

pany) and one wishes there had been some other way out of the difficulty for that splendid young woman whose little child had "a dark" mind.

DO you remember how I urged you to read Ernest Poole's novels? They are always so well worth while. He has written a new one and although it does not fascinate me quite so much as others, I still think that "Millions," as he calls it, is a most original and well-worked-out story. The plot takes place within a small New York apartment. There are but a few characters involved. There is next to no action. For the "hero" of the story lies next to death's door. There can't be much action nor many people concerned when a young man lies in his apartment suffering from severe concussion. And yet Ernest Poole has done a very clever thing. He opens, as it were, a window in this little apartment and through it we see the world stretching beyond to infinity, and folks, all of whom share the thoughts and feelings of the few around that bedside.

Gordon Cable lies a-dying and his sister and a few relatives are gathered near him. Each has the same thought: what a lot of money he is leaving. What a tremendous effect his death will have upon my circumstances. Thus does Ernest Poole show how money, the thought of it, the lack of it, the gain of it, the spending of it, affects the round

"A FELLA 'd maybe be better off without his eyesight, instead of this mockin' colour-blindness!"

The speaker was old Mervyn Shafton. Seated in his fur-laden canoe, he gazed wistfully at the glorious spring morning which shone all about him: for although the joyful carol of the birds fell upon his ears with all its triumphant ardour, the radiant colours of the scene around came to him as a dull, drab grey. For several moments he continued to gaze sadly around him; then, after a last look at his little home among the trees, he freed the canoe and began to drift slowly downstream. He had hardly gone a dozen yards, when the dug-out grated against a submerged boulder, causing his old muzzle-loader to slide off the bales into the shallow water of the creek. With a swift movement, the old man reached over the side of the canoe and grabbed the gun as he drifted by; but the speed of the boat caused him to drag the weapon along the bed of the creek for a distance of several feet, and when at length he lifted it into the canoe, he found that the barrel was choked with sand.

"Nearly lost my repeater, then, by Jiminy!" remarked Old Merve, concernedly, as he tapped the barrel of the ancient blunderbuss. But the wet sand was not easily dislodged, and so the old man thrust the gun between the throngs of one of the bales, and turned his attention to the canoe.

After ten miles of skillful navigation, he emerged from behind an extensive delta on to the clear, calm waters of the North Arm of Shuswap Lake. He had paddled twelve miles down the lake, and was two miles past the Narrows, when the "put-put" of a motor-boat came to his ears. In a few minutes it caught up to him and stopped. The old man quickly recognized its occupant as his brother.

"Hello, Tom!" he sang out, his round, red face wreathed in a cheery smile of welcome. "It's quite a spell since I seen ye last. How's doin's?"

He of the motor-boat produced "the makin's."

"Things are going pretty good just now," he replied, as he rolled the cigarette. "I'm going down to Ottawa with my spring report, and I've got orders to be back here in two months time to open a Claim Recording Office up at Shuswap Narrows. There seem to be some mighty good prospects up in the hills between Seymour and North, Arms."

At his brother's last remark, Old Merve's cheery face saddened. "If it weren't for this husky colour-blindness" he remarked wistfully, "I'd be diggin' up there myself; but I guess I'll never see good pay-dirt no more."

He took an enormous red handkerchief from his pocket, and rubbed his face dejectedly for several moments; then, brightening suddenly, he pointed to the bales of fur which lay in his canoe. "Great bunch of pelts!" he remarked cheerfully, "I figger I'll have a handy little roll left over even after I've squared with Tight-wad Scoffter for my grubstake."

Tom Shafton removed the cigarette from his mouth and leaned impressively over the gunwale of his boat.

"Watch Tight-wad," he warned solemnly. "He's a crook; and that smooth-tongued fur-buyer is his brother in more ways than one. Watch 'em close. I'd like to be able to go to Salmon Arm with you, to see that you got fair-play, for you always were too easy but I've got to catch the Trans-Canada at Sicamous, old chap; glad to have met up with you. Ramble down and see me when I get settled in at the Narrows."

The roar of the motor drowned Old Merve's answering farewell; but just before the launch was out of hailing distance Tom Shafton turned in his seat and looked back at his brother. "Watch Tight-wad!" he shouted warningly; then with a wave of his hand, he bent low over his steering wheel and sped away towards Sicamous.

Early next morning, Old Merve arrived in Salmon Arm, after camping for the night near Canoe; and as soon as

he had stored his dug-out, he proceeded to the fur-buyer's office with his pelts.

The fur-buyer, a tall, pink complexioned man, with waxed moustache and china blue eyes, glanced swiftly at the size and quality of the old man's bales, then greeted him with smiling cordiality.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, pleasantly, "Here is our old friend, Mervyn Shafton, back again. I was beginning to be quite anxious about you. You've had a good season, I see."

"Ah! Then you'll be able to square up with me for last winter's grubstake, eh, Shafton?"

The speaker was Tight-wad Scoffter. He stood in the doorway of the inner office; a huge animal-like man, with hard blue eyes, and several prominent gold teeth, which, when he smiled, gave him an expression that was fiendishly taunting.

Old Merve lifted the bales on to the counter. "Yes, by Jiminy," he replied, "I've lots here to square up with, and plenty left over to fit me out for next season, as well. I've labelled each of th' bundles," he added, pointing to the row of bales. "And the little pelts is done up separate from th' big 'uns."

Tight-wad sniffed scornfully. "I don't need no tickets to tell me th' name of

mediately took it, and set it down upon the floor, directly on top of the little heap of gravel.

"Mornin', Thompson. Mornin', Martindel," he greeted, as the new arrivals entered the office, "Just makin' room for y'r furs," and he lifted another bale from the counter, and placed it beside the one on the floor.

"Great bunch of pelts you got here, Shafton," he remarked, as he examined the bales. "Just whereabouts are y'r trappin' grounds, anyway?"

Old Merve looked slightly uncomfortable, and gave an embarrassed hitch or two to his short Mackinaw trousers before replying.

"Turrible sorry to 'pear uncivil, gents," he said slowly, "but when a fella's gettin' up in years, like m'self, he's kinda apt t' keep his good finds to himself. I've found a good trappin' ground, and I aint lookin' t' see it stamped."

For two months, Old Merve remained in the vicinity of Salmon Arm; but when, at the end of July, dense clouds of smoke began to drift down the Lake from the north, the old man took his canoe out of storage, and paddled northward towards his trapping grounds to investigate.

Before he had travelled many miles, Old Merve had an added cause for worry.



The latest addition to the Buffalo tribe

a pelt!" he scoffed, "I can't read an' I don't need to. I got ten thousand bucks to my credit over the Bank, and I didn't put it there by poking my nose into any darn fool books; I got it by keepin' my eyes open for chances!"

Old Merve smiled good-humoredly as he turned to the counter, and extracted his "repeater" from beneath the throngs of one of the bales. The old weapon came out with a jerk which sent the dried sand flying from the barrel on to the clean-swept floor of the office.

Both brothers exclaimed sharply when they saw the mess, and Old Merve made haste to apologize. "By Jiminy," he exclaimed, "I'd clear forgot that the gravel was in there! I dropped th' old 'repeater' into the creek when I started out, and she got choked up before I could get her back into th' canoe. It'll not take me a minute to shovel it up," he added, as he stooped to gather it up with his hands.

But before he could commence, Tight-wad stopped him. "Y' needn't bother to clean it away," he said brusquely. "No use in payin' a kid to sweep out the office, and then doin' th' work y'rself."

There was a pause, during which the big man fingered the bales meditatively; but after a moment, the sound of approaching foot-steps caused him to look up, and he saw two trappers crossing the street, towards the office. A look of anxiety crossed Tight-wad's face, and he glanced round hurriedly as though in search of something; but apparently he could not see it, for he turned to his brother with a questioning look.

With a nod that was almost imperceptible, the fur-buyer indicated one of the bales of fur, and Tight-wad im-

"By Jiminy, I could swear I'm bein' follered!" he muttered to himself, as he glanced anxiously over his shoulder.

The suspicion persisted as he went along, but just south of the Narrows, a passing launch-load of fire-fighters informed him that the fire was up the Seymour Arm of the Lake, and was completely under control. In his relief at hearing this welcome news, Old Merve forgot his suspicions, and continued contentedly up the North Arm, and ascended the creek to his shack.

Upon the morning after his return, Old Merve took his lines and walked up beside the creek to his favorite fishing pool, which lay beneath a clump of overhanging birches, a quarter of a mile from his shack. Half an hour later he returned, bearing with him a string of glistening brook trout, which he glanced at admiringly from time to time.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled, as he walked along, "it sure makes me laugh when I think of those fellas down at th' 'Arm' wanted to sell me some Canned Salmon! Canned Salmon! I wonder they didn't want me to lay in some coal! I—. By Jiminy, there's a fella pannin' down by th' crick in front o' my shack! Dashed if it isn't that uneducated crook, Tight-wad Scoffter! I knowed there was somebody a-follerin' me! By Jiminy, I must 'a' bin livin' on top of a gold mine; me, that's panned gravel for nigh on forty years; an' this dashed colour-blindness kept me from findin' it out!"

The old man stood still with astonishment.

"So that's why he was so set on findin' out where I lived!" he said slowly, "I thought it kinda funny; him bein' so took up with my furs. But that was

just his bluff. Why, th' barr'l o' my "repeater" musta bin chock full o' nuggets! Dash this colour-blindness! I kin see now why he didn't want Jack Thompson and Andy Martindel t' see th' floor. He's a slick one all right! By Jiminy, he's seen me! Hey, you, Tight-wad Scoffter, hold on a bit; I want a wud with y'r!"

But, "time is money" was Tight-wad's motto just then, and when Old Merve arrived at his shack, he was just in time to see the stern of Scoffter's canoe disappear round a bend in the creek.

The old man gazed about him, and his eye fell upon a stake driven into the bank of the stream.

"Dashed if he hasn't staked a claim!" he remarked aloud, as he rubbed his face with the big red handkerchief. "An' now he's beating it back to Salmon Arm t' record it. By Jiminy there's chances he won't have t' go that far either, for Tom's due to open up that office at th' Narrows, any day now. But if Tight-wad Scoffter thinks I'm goin' t' take a slap like this lyin' down, he's mistaken! As soon as I've driven my stake in beside his, I'll be right up and after him!"

But a little old man of sixty-five, be he ever so willing, is no match for a huge muscular man of three and forty; and once they were out upon the open Lake, Tight-wad tauntingly circled round the old man's canoe, then spurred far ahead with long powerful sweeps of his paddle. But Old Merve toiled patiently along, hoping, always hoping; although his aching muscles warned him that he could not keep on much longer.

And so they drew near to the Narrows.

When almost a mile away, the old man saw his brother's tent and sign-board upon the lakeshore, and the sight of them put fresh heart into him.

Soon he realized that he was gaining on Tight-wad.

Yard by yard, he advanced, until the canoes were almost parallel. He felt no ache in his muscles now, and his canoe flew forward like a bird; then, with a sickening snap, his paddle broke.

With a taunting laugh, Tight-wad swept ahead.

"Beat it back, and pack y'r dunnage offa my claim!" he advised jeeringly.

But the old man did not reply. His stocky little figure drooped pathetically as he sat in his motionless canoe, and watched his rival glide on triumphantly towards the sign board on the shore. Warily the old man reached down into the bottom of the boat for his repeater, and using the stock for a paddle, he worked his way slowly toward the beach.

But before he had gone a dozen yards, Old Merve looked up in surprise.

"It can't be!" he muttered incredulously, "I aint seein' straight!"

Then suddenly a great light of understanding dawned upon his face.

"By Jiminy!" he exclaimed aloud "if that don't beat all! The poor simp couldn't read th' sign, and he thinks he's got to go all the way to Salmon Arm to record his claim!"

Old Merve resumed his paddling with a vast sigh of relief.

"Well, this here colour-blindness is sure a turrible nuisance; but, by Jiminy, it's a dashed sight better than ownin' a pair of useless eyes like yon fella's," remarked the old man, as he watched Tight-wad paddle away into the distance.

What He Really Needed

A young man very fond of the girls, but very cautious as to his dealings with them, recently went to a poetical friend and asked him if he would help him get up a birthday sonnet to a certain young lady.

"Well, said the poet friend, "what do you want me to say?"

"Why you ought to know about what's the proper thing," said the young man. "Something rather tender, but at the same time, remember, I don't want to commit myself in any way."

"Well," said the poet, "you don't want a poet to draw up your birthday verse. You want a lawyer."

The New Year

ONCE more we enter upon a new year. The calendar tells us that the year begins again on its ever-renewed round. Rightly considered, every morning is a new beginning, a fresh facing of the future. But the calendar is an ancient and useful human institution. The seasons pass by, and the years move along, one after another, out of eternity, into eternity. When we were younger they were a long, leisurely procession. The years marched slowly, but gaily, then. It used to sound queer to us to hear older people talking of them as "fitting." But they do flit, and with a rapidity that almost passes understanding. Each one treads upon the heels of the one before. Day before yesterday it was summer; and day after tomorrow it will be spring again. Day before yesterday life was a prospect; and day after tomorrow it will be a retrospect. How the memories that will throng that retrospect will contrast with the golden dreams of that earlier prospect will depend upon the use we are making of years as they flit by. For each year—and each day of each year—brings its duties, its responsibilities and its opportunities.

Times and Seasons

WHEN one is young, one takes the beginning of each new year without any very long indulgence in serious thought. Such is the way of youth. We become more thoughtful as we grow older, more philosophical, more given to moralizing upon man and nature and human life and the recurrent times and seasons. Lots of deep thinkers have moralized profoundly at the beginning of each new year. On New Year's Day it is the annual custom of The Philosopher to imagine himself for a while a deep thinker, as he considers that we have the months, with their ancient names, that make up our years, and the days, each with its ancient name, that make up our weeks. For the man, seed-time and harvest are the two great divisions of the year; for the boy, the year has its divisions, too, not set down in the calendar, but doubtless more ancient than any calendar. Boys in their younger years traverse all the stages of the childhood of the human race. They pass through a period of keen desire for the digging of caves, building fires, sleeping out in the woods, hunting with bows and arrows. These are all remote ancestral impulses. Boys play games with stones, marbles, and so on at regular intervals of the year, which they know instinctively. The boy goes through all this, and the swift years pass, and he leaves it all behind him so completely that the grown man among the boys of his own place who are doing and thinking the things he was doing and thinking only a few years before, feels himself more a stranger, almost, than he would if he were on the other side of the world.

Observing People Sympathetically

ANYWHERE that people congregate is a good place for studying people and observing their unconscious disclosures, more or less, of their inner selves. But we must observe them sympathetically, if we are to do it understandingly. There are observers who seem to prefer to regard their fellow human beings critically, and whose remarks are more often than not sarcastic. Such observers have eyes, but see not. They do not realize that they themselves are the most absurd and ridiculous individuals in the whole human spectacle. They fail to discern the true human values. They miss the meaning of what they see. Going to church on Sunday morning, for instance, such an observer will be critical of the manner and voice of the kind-hearted lady whom he sees and hears greeting acquaintances and others on their way to attend the service. He says to himself sarcastically that she is awkward, and her talk sounds like cackle, and that she does not read a book in six months. What he does not see, so great is his lack of vision, is that though she may not read a book in six months, she does a thousand kindly and generous things in far less time. Her ideal is not awkward, and she does not cackle. Indeed she comes closer to her ideal than most people, including the sarcastic observer who misjudges her. And look at this other excellent wife and mother and housekeeper, fully equipped for grandeur, as she feels herself to be. If you could look into her heart you would see that half-unconsciously she imagines herself the Lady Marguerite (her husband calls her Maggie) walking down the path in the palace garden, with two pages in black velvet carrying her train. You can almost see it if you half close your eyes and look intently. She has something of the grand lady, without any doubt, and her imagination plays about the idea. Whether it is the visiting spirit of an ancestor who suggests the idea to her spirit, or she is really equipped for the part now, today, if circumstances made it possible, it is indeed hard to say. And observe the tall, dignified man who walks down the aisle as what he would like to be—what he feels in his heart he has it in him to be, but what he has never had the chance of being. He feels that he could be a great administrator, exercising his faculty of sound judgment on great affairs; his walk, his manner, his unconscious expression all show it. There is a very great deal of human nature in us all.

As to Facts and Thinking

HOW many of us could give off-hand the names of the Dominion Cabinet Ministers, or of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Ottawa, or tell the number of members of Parliament? It is safe to say that many

The Philosopher

a member of even the learned professions, to say nothing of other walks in life, could give immediate and correct answers to such questions. The Philosopher was present recently at a discussion where the suggestion was made that the right to vote should be made to depend upon the ability of the elector to answer questions of that character. Could any suggestion be more absurd? To say that failure to answer such questions would mean that a man, or woman, was not a good citizen, would surely be unjustified. Good citizenship does not mean that one must make oneself a walking handbook of One Thousand and One Useful Facts about Canada. A person might be able to rattle off such facts with the glibness of a parrot, and yet lack any real understanding of public affairs and be without any faculty of judgment upon public questions. Of course, we should every one of us do our best to make ourselves well-informed. But busy people do not, and cannot unless they are specially gifted, charge their memories with the details of everything in which they are interested. The limited storage accommodation provided by our brain cells we keep for a relatively small number of things about which we are very particular. As to other things, we content ourselves with knowing where to look, at need, in order to find out what we may want to know. It is not always the person with the largest accumulation of facts in his head, or the one best instructed in books, who is really the best-informed person or the best citizen. Of course, the man who succeeds in life without the advantage of a good education must have extra good qualities to draw upon, in order to overcome that handicap. We none of us know too much. And it is true of almost all of us that we allow our views to be formed without our own capacity for thinking being exercised as it should be in the forming of them.

Boys and Trees

THE movement of the Canadian Forestry Association to extend its field of operations so as to bring in the youth of Canada to help in the work of forest conservation is worthy of all commendation. The old idea that the forests of Canada were inexhaustible led to waste and carelessness. Now it is realized that immediate steps are necessary to check the waste by fire and by the cutting of immature trees. During the past year there were more than four thousand forest fires in the Dominion. Many precious human lives were lost in some of these fires, and valuable livestock and other property destroyed; and the toll they took of the now limited timber assets of Canada was enormous. Nine-tenths of those fires are attributed to carelessness. The only way to prevent more carelessness and more forest fires resulting from carelessness is by arousing public opinion. Forest protection experts are agreed that not until the public are aroused to a right understanding of the disastrous consequences of the careless handling of any form of fire in or near a forest and so can be persuaded to demand drastic legislation, will forest destruction be arrested. The Young Canadians' Forest League has a great mission. It is planned to have its membership 100,000. When the boys of that League reach manhood, they will have ingrained in them a realization of their duty to the cause of forest conservation, and of the importance of trees to Canada and the necessity of conserving trees and of planting trees. On the prairies especially an immense amount of tree-planting needs to be done.

A Weirdly Fantastic Imagination

A YOUNG Bohemian, Karel Capek, has written a play which is being produced on the stage in London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow and other European cities, and has been given its first stage production on this side of the Atlantic last month in New York. The name of the play is "R. U. R." These letters stand for "Rossum's Universal Robots." In the play Rossum is an old man, a scientist, who has invented mechanical men, which he calls Robots. His son, a business man, established a great manufacturing establishment on an island, and there turns out Robots in immense numbers and sells them all over the world. As the play goes on, they displace human labor largely, and gradually all rough, hard toil is done by them. When a Robot wore out, he was taken in a stamping mill in the great manufacturing establishment of the younger Rossum, and reduced to raw materials, used in manufacturing more Robots. There comes on the scene a young woman, who is bent devotedly upon the uplift and betterment of the Robots. She succeeds at last in having a change made in the formula used in making the Robots, which results in their being made "more like men." And then there follows a revolt among the Robots. "It takes men to hate men," explains the old scientist. After the revolt is disposed of, it is decided by the Rossums that they will thereafter make the Robots of different colors and different languages, so that they will hate each other, instead of hating men. But before many years all humankind, except those on the island where the Rossums' manufacturing

plant is have been destroyed by these machines which were originated to save human beings from toil. Then the Robots, taking possession of warships, attack the island, and there ensues a terrible battle between man and his machines, which ends in the extermination of all human life. The play is a wildly fantastic and horrible presentation of the suggestion that if man goes on with his inventions, the end may be the extermination of humanity. It is a weird imagination prompted by the unprecedented devastations and destruction of life during the war.

The Communist Delusion

THERE is something strikingly appropriate in the name of the communist elected to the new House of Commons in London. The presence of a communist in the Mother of Parliaments is sensationally new. And the member in question showed no lack of boldness in proclaiming himself a disciple of the doctrines professed by Lenin and Trotsky. Newbold is his name. It would seem to be a case for reversing the familiar quotation from Shakespeare, and saying that there is something in a name. No doubt Mr. Newbold will occasionally announce that the only hope for humanity is that there should be no such thing in the world as private property. There are voluble and loud proclaimers of that doctrine here and there throughout the world. The Philosopher has heard that doctrine proclaimed by a Market Square orator here in Winnipeg on a summer evening, while not many yards away another arguer contended that the earth is flat. The two doctrines are on a par. Thoughtful people have not needed the example of Russia to teach them that the attempt to abolish private property is doomed to failure. Idealists see much that is wrong in the world, and sometimes in their ardor they feel themselves called to destroy the existing order of things and build an ideal order upon the ruins. Such fanatical zealots cannot see that private property goes back to the beginnings of the advance of humanity from the time when the only private property men had were their primitive weapons and their primitive garments, and that the sense of property has developed with the progress of man. It was necessary to the achievement of personality and to the establishment of the family as an institution. The idealist who concentrates his attention on the abuses of private property fails to see that as every historical student of economic systems cannot but know, private property owes its origin and preservation to its social utility. From the first, the sense of ownership has been, as it is, the great stabilizer of human life. More and more the world is coming to realize that wealth must not free its possessor from responsibility and obligation. The war has driven deep the lesson that even life, which more than anything else is one's very own, must be sacrificed, if need be, for the general good. Private property, as a necessary human institution, is more and more being placed on the basis of constructive social usefulness and service. The spectacle presented by Russia only makes it surer that private property is a fundamental human need.

Fur-bearing Animals

THERE is no information available in regard to the number of skins handled each year in the fur business in Canada. In Natural History an estimate is set forth by Henry F. Osborne and Harold E. Anthony of the number of skins handled in the fur markets of the United States. Their estimate is for the past three years, and totals up to more than 100,000,000 skins. These are not all the skins of fur-bearing animals of North America, of course. Most of the mole-skins, of which 24,000,000 have been sold in the United States during the past three years, come from Asia. An outstanding fact in this connection is that according to the best informed authorities in regard to the world's fur markets generally, the different species of fur-bearing animals which until a few years ago supplied the world's demands for furs now furnish less than a tenth of the supply. Chief among the species which used to be relied upon for the supply of furs are beaver, mink, fisher, marten, ermine, fur seal, red fox, cross fox, silver fox, land otter, sea otter, sable and chinchilla. The pelts now come mainly from muskrat, nutria, squirrel, marmot, mole, stone marten, red sable, skunk, European pole-cat, wolf, white fox, bobcat, raccoon, American opossum, Australian opossum, ring-tailed opossum, kaola and wallaby. The muskrats, opossums, moles and squirrels have furnished more than 65 per cent of the pelts sold in the world's markets during the past half-decade. The article in Natural History by the two writers whose names have been mentioned says that the wholesale destruction of fur-bearing animals is destroying a development of untold ages and depriving future ages of a rich heritage of wild life. But, on the other hand, there is practical proof of the success of conservation laws in the fact that on the United States market during 1920-21 there were nearly half a million beaver-skins sold and more than 85,000 of the pelts of fur seals. It is a well known fact, too, that the buffalo, which not many years ago were near extinction, are now multiplying rapidly in captivity. Canadian Governments, Provincial and Dominion, are justly entitled to great credit for their work in conserving wild life. A great deal more of such work is necessary throughout all the regions of this continent where there are fur-bearing animals, or the time will come when specimens of these species will be found only in museums.



"Shopping" for the best pictures

THIS idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually and surely taking hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a modern picture but good business methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying anything else.

When you buy an automobile that bears the proud brand name of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the finest.

Why? The name.

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure you are in for a great time.

Why? The name, Paramount

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Cecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter"
With Thomas Meighan
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
By Alice Duer Miller
Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson

"The Old Homestead"
with Theodore Roberts
A James Cruze Production
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play by
Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson

Cosmopolitan's
"The Valley of Silent Men"
By James Oliver Curwood
With Alma Rubens
Directed by Frank Borzage

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"To Have and To Hold"
With Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
By Mary Johnston
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

Cosmopolitan's
"The Face in the Fog"
By Jack Boyle. With Lionel Barrymore
Seena Owen and all star cast, including
Lowell Sherman
Directed by Alan Crosland

William deMille's
"Clarence"
With Wallace Reid
Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
By Booth Tarkington
Screenplay by Clara Beranger

Gloria Swanson in
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
By David Lisle. Adaptation by Percy Heath
and Monte M. Katterjohn

Thomas Meighan in
George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke"
Directed by Alfred Green

George Fitzmaurice's
"Kick In"
With Betty Compson, Bert Lytell,
May McAvoy
By Willard Mack
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

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Peace for the New Year!

THE key of kindness that unlocked our hearts during the Christmas season fits the lock of the door of opportunity opening into the New Year. The old year ends after a season of expression of love and good will—peace to all mankind—and with these blessings filling our hearts the New Year opens with the slogan "Humanity is going forward." On all sides there is an opening of doors and gateways. Old narrow limitations will not carry us on. On the great highway of life we have no time to look back. Out of the petty and the personal let us daily travel up and on and out into the large human interests that require high heroic energy.

Let us trust in life. We are living in a great age. Froude's tribute to the Elizabethan seamen would be well for us to think of every day this year: "As their enterprise was grand and lofty, so for the most part, was the manner in which they bore themselves worthy of it."

The study of the biography of our pioneer men and women teaches us that lofty vision with constructive energy creates power.

Any young woman who reads biography will increase her earning capacity 100 per cent. Let us this year black list the trashy magazines that are imported from the other side of the line.

Would it not be a good plan for girls' clubs and women's organizations to boycott them? The type of reading matter a girl reads determines her future.

I feel this is a very serious matter. I see too much mental poison on our newstands, and boys and girls walking away with stuff that may poison their whole lives. I have test books in my library, and the book a girl selects has considerable weight in the opinion I form of the girl.

A friend told me that she saw on the newstands of Scotland the best classics bound in paper covers.

May we not follow this example in Canada.

It is well to take an inventory of ourselves at the beginning of the New Year as do the business houses.

Let us clean out the old rubbish—the useless mental stuff that clogs up the brain like worry and fear, and face the New Year with determination to waste no energy that will destroy our strength. We cannot create while the mind is destroying itself in fear, jealousy, energy, hatred or worry. We waste too much mental ability in useless anxiety. Let us determine at the very beginning of this year that no matter what happens in the way of failure, disappointment, hardship, bitter experiences, it shall not mar nor spoil our peace of mind or our chance in life. May this year bring to every reader of this page mental poise and allow no shadow to shut out faith and hope.

Remember, young women, a fine character is a part of eternity.

"Where our duty's task is wrought,
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one
And whatsoever is willed is done."

Kindness

WHATEVER attitude we adopt towards another reacts on ourselves just as true as life is life.

I have been interested in a girl lately who needed a friend. She responded so beautifully to kindness that I loved her. I think she was hungry for just a little bit of kindness from a woman. Then one day I heard a woman scold her. She told her that she was not a good girl, that her word and reputation were no good. I watched that girl's expression as she cringed from under the icy storm of criticism. And I knew from that moment that the woman would have no influence over her.

Every girl is human. There is a spark of love in her somewhere, and we can find it only through kindness. I know it is necessary to discipline at times; but the best discipline I have ever witnessed has been tempered with kindness—through love not fear.

I hope I shall never be guilty of telling a girl she is bad. No! I like to picture a beautiful future to her and say: "Now, my dear girl, you have some fine qualities in you and I know you can develop into a splendid woman." Then I keep the picture of the woman

beautiful before her until unconsciously she begins to loosen from the shackles that chain her, and she steps out into the clear atmosphere of strength. It can be done—else why did The Divine Leader point Heavenward?

An artist does not paint from a model full of faults. He works from a perfect model.

There are women who take pride in the fact that they know girls so well that they cannot deceive them. This type very soon lets the girl know that she cannot deceive her.

Personally, I find a girl usually acknowledges her deception in the end, if I make her feel I trust her. Often I know she is deceiving me, but not for the world would I let her realize it. I want her to feel that somebody trusts her and sees the good in her.

There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us—and so on.

Even though we are deceived often and see so much tragedy, let us not "harden our hearts."



Luncheon amid pleasant surroundings

We may be accused of being "easy" and "good" and too sympathetic, but after all, isn't the biggest thing in the world a kind heart?

The "Bride-to-Be"

THE happiest fate for a girl is to grow up to be a healthy, happy woman, doing womanly work in a womanly way. The essentials are prayer, love and work. Any life that holds these three in unstinted measure is bound to be a happy one. Nearly every girl is a "bride-to-be." "Love is God's whisper to two souls at once," and a young girl must be in harmony with purity and beauty to sense that whisper in the right way.

We need a "Back to the Home" campaign, where quiet, simple home life with books and music and neighborly visits will take the place of the mad rush for amusement outside of the home.

It might put the nerve specialists out of business, but the "Back to the Home" idea would do more than anything else to bring order out of chaos.

There are only two kinds of homes—happy and unhappy homes. The kind depends largely on the disposition of the wife. It takes character to develop a fine disposition. In the beginning of girlhood is the home life determined.

Girls must develop those qualities that will satisfy the desire for companionship. Sympathy, understanding, intelligence are necessary. When companionship is lost their soul starvation begins to wreck the home.

In order to make an ideal wife a girl must love beauty, order, harmony and

truth. Think beauty, act beauty, live beauty. Every girl is responsible for her own deeds. Some girls have photographic minds—with one or two records.

The same record soon becomes tiresome.

To be interesting we must grow mentally. "Two opposite thoughts," says one writer, "cannot live in the mind at the same time, one neutralizes the other. A hatred thought cannot live an instant in the presence of the love thought." "No motive has ever had such a grip upon the human mind as the dream of a home of one's own."

Last week I received a beautiful letter from a bride, and this is what she wrote me:

"We have had so many talks about girls remaining true to their ideals that I know you will be glad to hear that I feel it has given me a richer and fuller reward than I ever believed could be possible."

How I prize these letters from my readers of this page.

"Tis midnight's hour, and everywhere
A holy hush rests on the air,
As if the world in silent prayer,
Were looking up to God.

And gently dropping, soft and white,
As feathers in their downward flight,
The snowflakes fall, and veil from sight
The paths o'er nature trod.

"And when the morning's golden beams
Shall rouse the world from slumber's dreams,

O'er all the hills and vales and streams
A spotless robe shall lie;
A robe by unseen hands outspread,
A shroud to wrap the old year, dead,
A clean page for the new, instead,
Dropped from the bending sky."

"So, Heavenly Father, may Thy grace
As kindly cover every trace
Of my sad wanderings from Thy face:

Let not one spot remain.
Before me lies the new born year,
Each page as yet all white and clear.
Oh, help me write it in Thy fear,
And keep it free from stain."

Busy Women

WOMEN have been busy the past year. A review of their activities might be of interest to our readers. The climbing instinct, the upward quality is ever pushing us forward.

Nobody has a mortgage on success. Dr. N. Kritch, a woman, made one of the most important discoveries in the medical field this year—the typhus germ. She is director of the laboratory of a hospital at Moscow, where she has been searching two years for the germ.

Mrs. W. H. Felton, Georgia's "grand old lady," is the first woman senator in the U.S. She was senator only for a day. A great ovation was given her as she was presented with a bouquet of 87 red roses—each rose representing a year of her life. While she was senator for only one day, the ceremony when she took the oath of office crowned with success her life ambition to "blaze the path of American womanhood in the Senate."

Mrs. Felton in her address declared that women would bring to the Senate ability, integrity and exalted purpose.

Mary Conley with seven huskies cut her way through the storm and snowy wastes of Alaska for seven hundred miles in a 1700-mile journey—the first time a woman ever made a trip with a dog team for such a distance.

Miss Polly Dews, a girl weaver, was made magistrate at Dewsbury. She keeps her job at the mill and works there when she is not needed at the town hall.

Vera Micheles, a Russian girl, is attending Radcliffe College. She says: "I am here to study the problems of government and to learn from the history of other lands. Somewhere in the lessons from history there must be pointed the remedy of my own land. I am at Radcliffe where I shall have courses in government and economics. I shall work hard and then when I have more to give, I shall go back to Russia and help my country."

Miss Margaret Githins of Cleveland is owner and manager of a corporation manufacturing couplings, valves and clamps. She went to the copper mines of Montana, donned a miner's outfit and studied the conditions where she bought her raw material.

Miss Emma M. Gillett, dean of the Washington College of Law, a co-educational institution in the District of Columbia, has been a practising lawyer for 40 years.

Smith and Holyoke colleges have an interesting number of foreign girls and have formed a student's league of nations with foreigners representative of six different nations.

The profession of deep-sea diving has been successfully invaded by a woman. Margaret Naylor, an English girl, is acclaimed as one of the most efficient and daring wearers of the helmet in British waters.

Miss Naylor recently made a trip to the southern coast of England and obtained some excellent specimens of under sea plant life.

The mother of the Czar is a hidden power that exerts a strong influence in the Danish court. Danish business men are ready to begin trading with Soviet Russia, but progress is barred by the attitude of the Danish court and back of the court is the influence of the Dowager Empress of Russia, Maria Feodorovna, formerly Princess Dagmar of Denmark and mother of the late Emperor Nicholas. King Christian of Denmark is her nephew, and the Dowager Queen Alexandra is her sister. In spite of her 75 years she is hale and hearty, and in possession of all of her faculties.

Dr. Lipinski, who is one of the foremost blind scholars in the world, is a delegate to New York, where she will lecture on the hygiene of the mind. When she was nineteen, before she completed her medical education, she lost the sight of one eye, then later the other. She is a member of medical societies in France, Belgium, Poland and Finland—she is one of the foremost blind scholars in the world. "One can use other people's eyes," she says. "I have not paused in my researches." She says the loss of sight may frequently deepen the resources of the intellect—"We lose the view of one world to find another revealed to us—we gain a new world." Medical authorities say that in her lectures she succeeds in solving "in a simple, logical way, and with great knowledge, some of the most difficult problems of the hygiene of the mind."

The electrical field offers a career for women. The Melton Electric Company of Henderson, Ky., is managed by a woman. She is a partner in the electrical business with her husband, and attends to all the details of the shop work and figuring of estimates.

Continued on page 36

MUSIC IN THE HOME

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN COULD PLAY EVERY WIND INSTRUMENT AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

THERE are two names in the history of music you can't separate. They are Gilbert and Sullivan—or to mention their names in full—Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan. Many people who do not pretend to know much about music are acquainted with these names. As soon as you speak of Gilbert and Sullivan, they prick up their ears and say to themselves: "O, yes, they're the great Englishmen who were knighted for writing such operas as 'The Pirates of Penzance,' 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' 'Mikado,' and 'The Gondoliers.'"

Surprising it is, until you really start studying the lives of these men, that their names should be almost household words in countless homes throughout the world—and yet it is true. In England, especially, the home of these collaborators, people flock to the theatres in thousands even to-day to hear their operas. Only recently a news despatch from London stated: "After 27 weeks' run at the Princess Theatre, the Gilbert and Sullivan season came to its appointed end amid scenes unexpected by the great British public."

We, as lovers of music, however, are perhaps more interested in Sullivan than in Gilbert, for Gilbert was the librettist and Sullivan the music composer. The latter got off to a good start in music. His father was a bandmaster, and it was on visits to band practice with his father that Sullivan discovered his aptitude for music. From then on it was a rapid improvement. At the age of 8, it is said there was hardly a wind instrument he couldn't play with more or less facility. But it was in his three years in the Chapel Royal Choir he acquired much of that solid musical masonry upon which his work has been founded. There it was that he made his first attempts at musical composition. His first song, "O Israel"—a boyish tribute to Mendelssohn was written at this time. This he followed with an anthem, which was duly sung in the chapel. How proud he must have felt when the Dean of the Chapel Royal hearing that it was the work of one of the boys, sent for him, patted him on the head and gave him half a sovereign—the first half sovereign he had ever earned!

Besides the splendid operas Sullivan wrote, in collaboration with Gilbert, he is known particularly for his famous "Lost Chord" and a number of fine hymns, including "Onward Christian Soldiers."

A number of these have been recorded for the phonograph, and so, to-day thousands are in this way hearing the immortal works of these writers

Composer of Rule Britannia Remembered

ALTHOUGH twelve years have passed since the bi-centenary of the birth of Thomas Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia," that event has just been celebrated in London, England, by the unveiling of a memorial tablet in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, of which Church Arne was for some time a parishioner. Sir Frederick Bridge, who probably knows as much about Arne's music as any man living, presided at the ceremony and performed some of his compositions. Miss Carrie Tubb, Lady Maud Warrender and Mr. Topliss Green, assisted vocally, while Mr. Harry E. Wall was at the organ.

No more appropriate spot could have been chosen for this Arne memorial, seeing how closely linked with Covent Garden and the neighborhood was the composer of "Where the Bee Sucks" and other charming and characteristic Shakespearean settings. It was in King Street that Arne's father carried on his upholsterer's business, and at Lincoln's Inn Theatre, not far afield, Arne's first opera saw the light, while at Drury Lane, in 1738, Arne's musical adaptation of Dalton's "Comus" was first heard. It was in 1740 that Arne composed his immortal "Rule Britannia."

Cultivating Musical Taste

THE saying, "there is no accounting for tastes," contains rather more falsehood than truth. Taste is very largely accounted for by habit. The child whose musical experience is limited to trashy songs, accompanied by an ill-tuned instrument, cannot be expected to appreciate fine music artistically rendered. Children, even more than adults, love the familiar. Let us see to it that they are familiar with the best.

This does not mean that children should be bored by listening to music which they are too undeveloped to enjoy. Let the younger ones sing the beautiful songs that have stood the test of years. In selecting music, remember that just as the child's body and mind develop through the various stages through which the human race has passed, so his music taste will also tread in the footsteps of the race. Children are especially fond of the tones of the xylophone, flute, harp and violin, these instruments being direct descendants of the first musical instruments invented by our remote ancestors. Excellent phonograph records of these instruments can be obtained. Young children like simple melodies, strong rhythm, plenty of dramatic color and action. They enjoy the old dances, minuets, gavottes, the lullabies and the spirited marches of various nations.

As children develop they will understand and enjoy the more complex and subtle music of a more advanced age. Let them hear really fine music, let them listen to some great orchestra, but do not fail to give them in their own homes the works of the masters, that these may have in later years the dear familiarity of long-loved friends. No parent, if it is at all possible, can afford to miss the joy of playing to his children, but the player-piano and phonograph, while they will not replace hand playing, are most powerful aids in cultivating musical taste in children.

Violins of Yesterday

EXCEPTING the piano, the violin is admittedly the most popular instrument of modern times. This says much for its rapid evolution, when one considers that the guitar, the flute and harp, in various form, date back to 1500 B.C., or thereabouts. The honor of making the first genuine violin is attributed to Duifoprugcar, born near Munich about 1514. He probably obtained his idea from the guitar-fiddle of the troubadours and the viol. Close on his heels were Gasparo de Salo of Brescia and Andreas Amati of Cremona. The latter's instruments were rather small, and some authorities assert that they are only a species of viol.

By about 1620 the violin was becoming popular. Though still in the experimental stage, it met with the approval of both royalty and commoners. Dancing masters and strolling players found it a handy instrument for their purposes, and particularly favored the small violin, or Kit, which could be conveniently slipped into a pocket. The violinist's great bugbear at this time was the G string; being farthest from the right hand, it presented many difficulties, and all musicians were afraid to use it, until Merula of Cremona boldly attacked the subject and produced some sonatas in which the G string was frequently employed. Progress was steady, though the old hankering after frets died hard, and these did not finally disappear until the end of the eighteenth century. By Elizabeth's reign violinists had been admitted into the court's band, but they were much despised by players of the bass viol, the most popular instrument in fashionable circles. Charles II, in imitation of Louis XIV, instituted a band of twenty-four violins. This royal support was not to be especially commended, as the graceless monarch, in the words of a well-known writer, "was not in sympathy with anything great or noble in art, and, although he had a superficial knowledge of music and sang a plump bass, he looked upon it merely as an incentive to mirth, and did not care for anything that he could not stamp time to."

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Why the Violin is Growing in Popularity

IN Berlin and Paris years ago, the spectacle of a number of persons carrying violin cases was of common occurrence. To-day that sight is not uncommon in this country, for love for the violin is increasing to an exceedingly gratifying extent. After the piano, the violin seems to be the most popular instrument, and the timidity with which the aspiring student has regarded it is gradually being overcome.

There are good reasons for the change in the attitude of the boy and girl of to-day. In the first place, two far-reaching mediums have brought beautiful music so near to them; they cannot escape its charms. One has reference to the phonograph and the motion pictures. The phonograph in a fashion brings the violin directly to one and the strong desire to imitate the performance of the great artists is created.

Again, the motion pictures are in a great measure responsible for the new impulse on the part of the public to demand good music, and inversely the music offered by the competent orchestra employed in many picture theatres has largely increased the popularity which they have enjoyed. As any orchestra is composed of a majority of violins, the demand for performers on this instrument is evident.

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INTERVIEW WITH NITA NALDI

Specially given for The Western Home Monthly

By E. G. Bayne

THE publicity man for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was showing us around the studios at Long Island.

"Wouldn't you like to meet Nita Naldi?" he suggested, as we paused before a set arranged as a high-class restaurant. We signified enthusiasm.

"What's she like? Is she as beautiful off the screen as on?"

"She's a wonder—that's all I can say!" he returned. "We run out of adjectives when we try to describe her. See her for yourself."

He led us toward a bench where Miss Naldi sat talking with several "extras." We recognized her at once from having seen her in "Blood and Sand." Her hair is blue-black, heavy and glossy and her face, neck, and arms are like flesh-colored marble, firm and smooth. She rose and extended her hand with a genuinely friendly smile. "You people are all so kind, writing me up in the papers," she said. "I'm not at all famous, you know, I'm practically a newcomer in motion pictures."

"She's just signed a five year contract with Famous-Players," the publicity man murmured in our ear.

Miss Naldi wore a large Spanish comb in her hair and carried a fan. Some wanted to know if she were doing another Spanish story.

"Not now. I'm in this play 'Anna Ascends,' she answered, nodding back at the set. "I'm a lady crook this time."

"But surely you'll do another picture with Valentino?"

"Well, I'm scheduled to play with him in 'A Spanish Cavalier'—if he ever gets this disagreement settled with the company," she said. "Then I'll go back to California again, where we made the other."

She told us she didn't like California—much. She said she had wept with homesickness all the way out the last time.

"I guess I was silly," she admitted.

"It was a great honor to play opposite Rodolph and lots of other girls were ready to jump at the chance."

"Have you ever been to Canada?"

"No; but I do want to go sometime, especially to the western part, Miss Naldi said at once. "I think I should love Winnipeg."

"So glad you didn't say Montreal," we told her. "All New York seems to think that Canada consists of Montreal surrounded by a wilderness of pulpwood and swampland."

"And ah—hootch!" put in the publicity man.

Miss Naldi tapped him, reproachfully, with her fan.

"Was that supposed to be a sneeze?" she asked, with uplifted brows.

"There was a girl in here the other day who said she'd gone to see 'Blood and Sand' eighteen times," the publicity man remarked. "And just on account of Miss Naldi's work!"

"I didn't half believe her," Miss Naldi said, quickly. "She was a flapper and it was really Rodolph she went to gaze upon."

Miss Naldi, you perceive, is both modest and possessed of a sense of humor. She was interested in hearing that Western Canada had many fans.

"Valentino was wonderful to work with," she said, "so considerate of the other players and always first at work. There are two places in the film where he is called upon to use a bit of violence on the feminine players and this business of 'treating 'em rough' didn't appeal to him at all. He was always careful to inquire afterwards if he had hurt them when he had flung them down so brutally."

"You know, he isn't at all the conceited roughneck the world seems to think him," said his late running-mate. "He's just a serious-minded young artist who wants to do his very best in whatever role is assigned him. There was no more surprised person in the world than Valentino when he woke up one morning to find himself famous as 'the screen's leading male vamp'!"

Then she told us about the occurrence of the evening before when he had been set upon by an army of his feminine admirers and had had his collar and tie torn off for souvenirs. We wanted to hear more about Miss Naldi herself, however, so steered her back to that subject. She is alone in the world except for "a kidsister," to whom she is very much attached. They are of Italian parentage—Angeleno by name. Nita has been in the Follies where, as she says, "I was the awkward dancer—always falling over my own feet!" But we had heard, previously, that she was always pointed out on the Follies stage as "that lovely Italian girl who stands out from the rest like a pomegranate in a basket of peaches." Some people have asked her "if she had any Chinese in her," probably because her eyes have a marked slant. But she's American-Italian, and nothing else but!

We had gone to the studio a lukewarm enthusiast and were now an ardent fan. Miss Naldi had demonstrated to us that not only is a film actress as good looking in real life as in "reel," but she works harder than any stenog. or business girl. She had been on the set every morning at eight, working till six or seven. And not the least difficult part is the getting ready, the applying yellow grease-paint,

mascarrow for the lashes and other delicate and detailed makeup.

The director now called through his megaphone for her to return to the set, so she bade us good-bye.

"Give my regards to the Western Canadian fans," she called back. "I'm going out to see that great country sometime!"

When you see the play "Anna Ascends" there'll be a scene in a restaurant where Nita Naldi and an elderly gentleman and lady are seated at a table. This is the part they were rehearsing, though what it's all about we didn't wait to ascertain. The action had to be gone over repeatedly. The director had these three walk up and seat themselves at least ten or twelve times before it was done to suit him. In the film the elderly lady's fan will be white, but on the set it was lavender in hue and so also were the table-cloths and napkins. This is because the powerful lights would make real white look a dirty greyish-yellow when the play is in celluloid form.

The last we saw of the queenly Nita she was working her crook wiles on the patrons of the cafe. She isn't the stereotyped vamp we have come to know so well. She has a whole bag of new tricks, subtle, clever and refreshingly original. You'll like her the more you see of her, for she's going to be one of the stars before very long and this because she will have earned the right to be one. In due time she'll graduate from "crookery" to heroine types. The stuff is in her and she isn't afraid of hard work. The folks round the studio say she isn't a bit temperamental or "upstage". Incidentally she gives a generous portion of her salary each year to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE HOME OF A MILLION FISH

By A. de H. Smith

FROM Edmonton, three hundred miles north by train and another six hundred by steamer lands the traveller at Wrigley Harbor on the mighty Mackenzie river, close to the point where the huge Great Slave lake empties into the poleward flowing waters.

Here is the home of a million fish. Of delicate bluefish, weighing from a pound up to five, which rise to the fly, and are "real sports." Should the angler desire he can take a bluefish from the water every second for seven months in the year, and they are delicious eating. Here also the fisherman can take the inconnu (the unknown) in weight up to

more thousands are required by the fur traders, police, etc., the method of preparation being simplicity itself. Nets catch the fish, which are dumped into canoes and paddled ashore, after which the fish are "sticked." This means that the fish are placed on long poles on which they are threaded and are then elevated upon racks out of the way of the marauding dogs. They are not gutted or cured in any way, but as the fishing takes place just prior to the freeze up very few are lost, and as a matter of fact the northern residents prefer those which are slightly "high."



Wrigley Harbor, on the Mackenzie river, from where comes the fish to feed the Indians, the missionaries, the fur traders, the Mounted Police and their dogs. On the latter depends the entire life of the north as they are the only means of locomotion once the long winter has set in.

sixty pounds and lake trout of a like dimension, while whitefish, pike and others are in countless numbers.

In the late fall the fish commence to run, and then the inhabitants of the fur posts at Fort Simpson and Fort Providence flock to the "fishery," and in a few days put up enough of the finny inhabitants to feed them and their dogs for a year, and the quantity required is enormous when it is remembered that fish is the main staple food of the north.

The missions at the various posts put up about thirty thousand fish each, while

When the fish are running they pass the point in the picture behind which the schooner is anchored, and in such numbers that the fishermen in their canoes can feel them pulsing under the light craft.

Fishing time on the Mackenzie is the most important season of the year; if the catch is good and it manages to reach the various posts before the boats are caught in the ice, well and good. If not, there is hunger in the north, and empty bellies are no novelty on the last frontier.

THE YOUNG WOMAN and HER PROBLEM

Continued from page 34

Miss Nellie Stevens was the first and only woman to send a picture by radio. Halide Edib Hanoum, poetess, educator and manipulator of Turkish politicians, is a woman who wields considerable power in Turkey.

During the past year women in Western Canada have made a success of farming. Girls have exhibited prize stock, and vital results are increasing agricultural wealth and success through the efforts of women and girls on the farms. May we have stories of their work for this page?

Every reader must know an outstanding woman or girl in her community. Write me a story of her work. We want to record on this page the stories of Canadian women and girls in any line of work that is a success.

A Canadian Woman of Courage

REFERENCE was made in our Christmas number to Judge Emily F. Murphy and her new book "The Black Candle." I wish this book were in every home in Canada. Mrs. Murphy has written this book for no other purpose than to warn our young men and young women of a great danger that lurks about everywhere and threatens our race. It required courage to gather the material as she has. Sincere patriotic duty must have been her motive. An author waves aside personal glory when she writes a book like "The Black Candle." Often I have wanted to warn young girls against this awful menace when I have seen and known the hideous effects. Even in isolated places the poisonous serpents go with their deadly business. One dose—and the person is never the same again. A universal expression of gratitude is the very least Canadians can offer Judge Murphy for her contribution, plus a move to fight to a finish the awful menace.

Her position as Judge in Edmonton arms her with authority for her facts. Following are some quotations from her book "There are more narcotic drugs in Europe at the present time than in pre-war days, and the market for these is in England, the United States and Canada, among the Anglo-Saxon races."

In Germany the use of narcotic drugs is "verboten," so that almost their entire traffic must be with other countries. It is claimed that there is a well-defined propaganda among the aliens of color to bring about the degeneration of the white race. An addict who died this year in British Columbia told how he was frequently jeered at as "a white man accounted for." This man belonged to a prominent family, and in 1917 was drawing a salary of six thousand dollars a year. He fell victim to a drug booster till he became a ragged wreck living in Chinatown.

This man used to relate how the Chinese pedlars taunted him with their superiority at being able to sell the dope without using it, and telling him how the yellow race would rule the world. "They were too wise, they urged, to attempt to win in battle but would win by wits; would strike at the white race through 'dope' and when the time was ripe would command the world."

"Some of the negroes coming to Canada have similar ideas, and one of their greatest writers has boasted how ultimately they will control the white man. Many of these negroes are law-abiding and altogether estimable, but contrariwise many are earning their livelihood as free ranging pedlars of poisonous drugs."

The "hop party," "snow party" and other parties are sapping the vitality of our youth. Judge Murphy says: "In the Canadian city in which I live, it has been calculated that several hundred persons attend 'snow parties' weekly."

Judge Murphy describes the Drug Ring whose "brains and money are concentrated in a huge organization with paid agents working in banks, stores, offices, universities, high schools, military barracks, hospital and musical colleges.—Unless the forces of civilization strangle the rings—choke them to death—the rings are going to choke civilization." In an interview given to the

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STRANGERS—Continued from page 4

and Farmer Scoones was not going to allow that. Angry words followed, and the scene ended, as such scenes usually do, in floods of tears from the woman.

That night her baby was born. In the delight of parenthood, all quarrels were forgotten. At the touch of the baby fingers, Marion ceased to care whether the people of High Hesting were friendly or not. She forgot all about the Rileys and Bessie's grievances.

"See, he has his father's jaw," she whispered to her husband as he bent fondly over the pair. "We'll have to call him Jim, he's so like you."

Jim the elder, touched the wee mite gingerly. He felt awkward and constrained but inwardly, his heart was bursting with pride. The fingers of Jim the younger closed round his big forefinger, like the tendrils of a vine.

"He's like a dog with two tails," his men said of their master that day, as he walked about the stockyard, head erect and shoulders squared. But the jaw was set as determinedly as ever and those who thought to take advantage of their master's new experience went away in a chastened mood.

Bessie Riley thought it a good opportunity to send her two eldest boys, Harry and George, along the back lane to steal eggs from the hedges. The hens at the Crossways had free range and preferred to find their own nests, instead of laying in orderly manner in their runs. Farmer Scoones caught the boys red-handed and cuffed them soundly.

Tom Riley thought it a good chance to do a little slacking on his own account. So instead of thatching a rick in a distant field, he lay down on the straw and went to sleep. He had reckoned on the farmer's keeping within call of the house, but before he had had forty winks, Scoones had appeared and treated him to the rough side of his tongue.

FROM the night that Jimmie-boy was born, the farmer made up his mind that the Rileys should go. He brooded over it, till the matter became an obsession with him. How could they be forced to leave the village? That was the question.

The conduct of the Rileys was certainly exasperating. Tom Riley, best of thatchers when at work, got lazier and lazier, till he could never be trusted alone on a job. Often he was seen reeling home from the Goat and Compasses, where all his wages appeared to be spent.

The Riley children all thieved as soon as they could walk. Eggs and fruit and vegetables were always to be found on the Riley's table, provided by the vigilance of the children in eluding capture.

When Jimmie-boy was twelve-months old, Farmer Scoones got his opportunity. It had been a bad year for the farmers.

Several of the smaller men had succumbed to hard times and all the farmers were dismissing labourers. Only the best men were being kept on. All the slow and shiftless had to take their dismissal.

When Tom received a week's notice on the Friday afternoon when he was paid his wages, he gazed at his master in a dazed fashion.

"Leave you tomorrow week?" he murmured thickly. "But I can't leave 'ee, master."

"We'll see about that," replied Farmer Scoones, with lowered brow. "If you come up to the farm after next week I'll set the dogs on you."

Tom opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, scratched his head and walked away.

That evening, Farmer Scoones coming home to a late tea heard voices in the parlour. Through the half-open door he caught the tones of Bessie Riley's voice, half-assertive, half-pleading.

He pushed the door wide. His wife was sitting in front of the fire, with Jimmie-boy gurgling and crowing in her lap. Bessie, down at heel, with a man's cap on her head, stood before her. She flashed her black eyes on the farmer as he entered.

"Here's the master!" exclaimed Marion, with evident relief. "Bessie says you have given Tom notice to go, dear. Is that right?"

"Quite right," replied the farmer doggedly, seating himself. "I've put up with too much from him. Now he'll have to go."

"Tell the master what you've told me, Bessie," urged Marion.

Bessie began to whine. For the moment, her self-confidence deserted her and she commenced a long tale of her grievances. Farmer Scoones cut her short.

"That'll do, woman. I don't want to hear any more. You live worse than pigs and the best you can do is to sell your sty for what it'll fetch. It'll never be fit for decent folk to live in, but at least we shan't see your dirt in the midst of the village any longer."

His eyes were blazing. His wife stretched out her hand with pleading gesture. For the moment, Bessie was speechless. Then she asked in a choked voice:

"But where are we to go?"

"Go to—" Farmer Scoones checked the word that was on his tongue and substituted: "the workhouse."

Then Bessie Riley turned on him with the savagery of the tigress defending her young. All the emotions engendered by her gipsy blood burst forth in a torrent of curses. There was no checking her. All the farmer could do was to seize the woman by the shoulders and endeavor to run her out of the room.

On the threshold she struggled free.

"As for your brat," she shrieked, her right hand outstretched. "May you see him die before your eyes, with none to help you! May he choke with the food you give him and deny my children! May he—"

But here, Farmer Scoones laid hands on her and literally threw her out of the house.

Then he returned to his trembling wife, who was clasping the baby to her. Jimmie-boy was whimpering at the sound of the angry voices, but when his father smiled at him, he smiled back again and held out his arms.

"Oh Jim, how dreadful!" sobbed Marion. "How she glared at Jimmie-boy! Do you think she can possibly harm him?"

"Of course not, dear," replied her husband, trying to laugh at her fears, but a little shaken himself by the encounter. "Let's try to forget all about her! The village will be a different place when they've all cleared out of it. And Tom won't be able to get work with anyone else."

"Must you really send him away?" pleaded Marion. "It seems dreadfully hard, with all those children."

"Yes, but what are they growing up like?" demanded the farmer. "A lot of little thieves and liars! The workhouse would put the fear of God into them."

THE next fortnight passed by, with out Bessie Riley again appearing at the Crossways. Farmer Scoones had secretly given order that he was to be informed at once if she came near the place. Then one evening, he came face to face with the woman on the doorstep.

It was a different Bessie Riley, though. There was none of the virago about her. She had the look of a hunted creature and at sight of the farmer burst into tears. Marion, who was passing through the hall with Jimmie-boy in her arms, appeared.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Come inside. It's too cold to stand and talk here."

"My baby," sobbed the woman. "He's ill. I think he's going to die. I thought maybe master 'ud go for the doctor in his car."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Marion, clasping Jimmie-boy closer.

"I dunno, ma'am. He's littler'n yourn an' he can't say nothin'. He just lays with his eyes wide open."

"I'll go," announced Farmer Scoones briefly. "And you'd better get back to the baby, Bessie."

He spoke sternly, though not unkindly. He was a hard man, but he didn't have feuds with babies.

Bessie went meekly away. "What did the doctor say?" asked Marion, on her husband's return.

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"Oh, not much," replied the farmer evasively. He seemed to be worried about something and at first Marion asked no more questions, thinking he was troubled at having dismissed Tom Riley. But when later in the evening, he kept on going to look at Jimmie-boy asleep and especially when he asked her if she thought the child was feverish, she turned on him.

"You're hiding something from me, Jim!" she exclaimed. "Tell me what it is! I'd rather know."

"Diphtheria," he answered, his lips dry.

MARION sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Then she rose and faced her husband, with hands clenched.

"Why couldn't you leave them alone?" she wailed. "What if they were dirty? Was it any business of yours? Don't you see that it was all the fault of the other women, leaving her alone as they did? Oh I understand, only too well, what it is to be a stranger here. But if Jimmie-boy gets diphtheria—"

Her voice failed her.

During the next three days, the anxious parents watched their baby eagerly, noting every movement, every action, every fluctuation of colour. He seemed so well, so engaging, so full of life. Almost their anxiety died down.

Then suddenly the blow fell.

Never had Jimmie-boy chuckled so loudly as in his bath that night. Never had he seemed so eager for his good-night bottle of milk. He had fallen asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. Marion's heart had almost ceased to ache when she stole away from his cot.

But two hours later, on going to look at him, she had felt his tiny hands and found them icy cold. His cheeks were flushed and his breath came quickly from between his parted lips.

To summon her husband was the work of a moment. After that, events moved swiftly.

The doctor had been and gone again. He was of the old fashioned type and refused to say definitely that it was diphtheria. But in her heart of hearts, Marion knew. As she sat by her baby's cot, with a heart wrung by anguish too deep for tears, she repeated under her breath the words of the curse.

The farmer stole in and out, the misery of the man who has no active part in the sickroom possessing his soul. A baby does not always mean much to a father, but Jimmie-boy had twined both his little hands round Farmer Scoones' heart. In his mind's eye, he had seen the boy riding on his shoulder round the fields, chasing the ducks down to the brook, bird's nesting in the hedges—

The crisis came swiftly enough. Even the fond eyes of the mother could not deceive her as she looked on the motionless baby figure.

"Jim!" she cried despairingly to her husband. "Go down to Bessie Riley's and get her to lift the curse."

Her husband thought she was raving, but when he did not move she repeated the words.

"Go and tell Tom you will take him back, or never speak to me again," she added.

"What, go against my word?" he asked, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Your word!" She laughed, a horrible mirthless laugh. "It's your word against Jimmie-boy's life."

"But don't you see—" he was beginning slowly but she pushed him towards the door.

"Oh go, go!" she implored. "Every moment makes it worse. Unless you go now, it will be too late."

Farmer Scoones stumbled blindly out of the house. Marion hung over her baby, watching the pitiless struggle for breath. The doctor had inserted a silver tube to relieve the choked throat and had said he could do nothing more. He would be here again in a few minutes, but then—

A shadow fell between the light and the cot. Bessie Riley entered and approached the baby. Uttering an exclamation, she gently put Marion aside and bent over Jimmie-boy—

When the doctor returned, he found Jimmie-boy peacefully sleeping. Marion was sobbing with excitement and relief on Bessie's ample shoulder.

"How did you know what to do, woman?" asked the doctor, when matters were explained to him.

"I done it for my own baby, unbeknownst to you, sir," explained Bessie. "As when I see the pipe was all choke up, I knowed there was only one thing to be done, an' I done it."

"Bessie," declared Marion earnestly. "I shall never forget this. My husband's gone down to Tom to tell him to come to work again. I can't thank you enough. A sister couldn't have done more for me."

"Oh don't say nothink about that, ma'am," protested Bessie, awkwardly. "I done what I could, that's all. But don't you go for to make me out no saint, 'cos I ain't one, an' what's more, never shall be. I'm just yuman, that's all."

"Bessie, you and I have both been strangers in High Hesting. But after this—"

Jimmie-boy stirred in his sleep, then opened his eyes and smiled at the two women, bending above his cot.

Logical Answers

In the nature-study examination came the demand, "Of what use are snails?" Jimmy racked his brains in despair, and then wrote: "Snails are good to compare us with when we are slow." It was he who to the question, "What are heavenly bodies?" replied, "Good dead people."—The Century.

Why Joe Jefferson Was Awakened

Joe Jefferson once played a one-night engagement as "Rip Van Winkle" in a small Indiana town. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irish porter, who, from the serious interest he took in the house, might have been the proprietor. At six o'clock the next morning Mr. Jefferson was awakened by a violent thumping on his door. He had left no "call" order, but his sleep was spoiled, so he arose and soon appeared before the clerk indignantly demanding to know why he had been called.

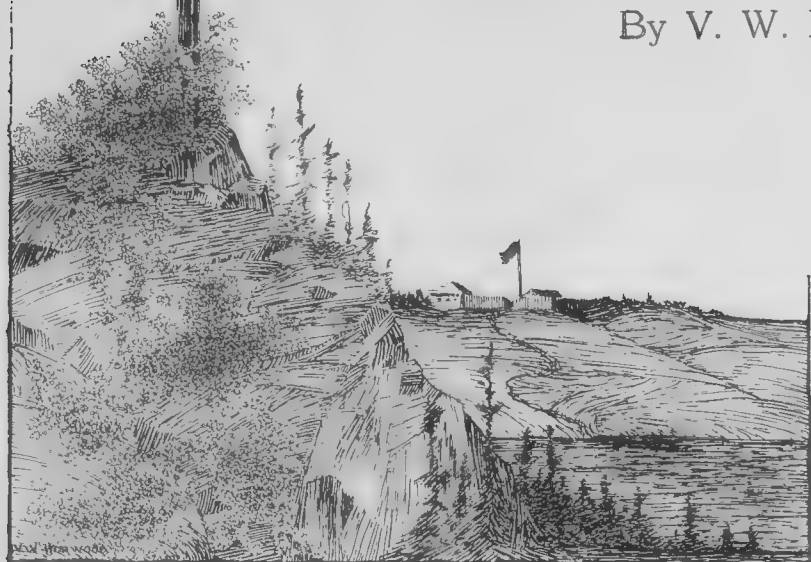
The Irishman was summoned, "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson," said the clerk. "Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the coat the Hibernian led him to one side and said, in a whisper: "He was snoring loike a horse, sor, and Oi'd heerd the b'ys say as how he were onct afther shlaping for twenty years, so Oi sez to meself: Moike, it's a cooming on to him ag'in, and it's yer duty to git him right out o' yer house."



FORT MAUREPAS

By V. W. Horwood



QUARTERING across the brown waters of Lake Winnipeg from the summer resort is the mouth of Winnipeg River draining the Lake of the Woods, picturesque, valuable for its water powers which are being developed by the much maligned capitalists, who are adventuring to supply power and its many auxiliaries to the Western Provinces. Through its mouth into the turbid waters of Traverse Bay, La Verandrye came into Lake Winnipeg, the first white man to gaze on its waters. Down its rapid came the Bois-brûles on their way to Norway House. Great Governors of the great company have tarried at Fort Alexander, situated near the site of the ancient French Fort, before continuing on their way to the annual meetings at Norway House or Stone Fort. Here Butler met Wolseley on his way to assure order at Fort Garry. Its waters were used by Cree, Sioux and Ojibway. Now the small Hudson Bay Fort is the only sign of life; the French Fort Maurepas is only a memory, and a name on old French maps. Nevertheless it marked the first settlement by white men in what is now the Province of Manitoba. La Verandrye called it after the French Minister of Colonies, and built it as a trading outpost in 1734 in his search for the Western Sea, a search which his brave soul kept up until the last, through sickness, unmerited disgrace and poverty. His son Jean Baptiste was left to supervise its construction. The information as to its size and shape is meagre but it can be surmised that it was somewhat like Fort St. Charles, on Lake of the Woods; a long square with palisades and maybe a watch tower, built of logs, the palisades put into the ground with the upper ends pointed, and provided with loopholes. Inside would be the store, houses and the Church; nearly always the Church. The history of this country is linked with the Church. Where the French explorer went, there also went the priest, always as a missionary, glorifying in the souls saved by baptism, incidentally as an explorer,—and the incidentals loom large in the geographical discoveries of the continent. La Verandrye took with him on his first trip in 1731, Father Mesaiger, who was the first priest to see the Lake discovered by De Noyon in 1688. Very vague ideas prevailed at that time of the geography of the country north-west of Lake Superior. The French Government had written concerning La Verandrye's proposed trip "that he must have accurate maps of New Mexico and California that he would not come (disembogue is the word used) out into the Gulf of Mexico." The British Admiralty later, in 1792, advises Captain Vancouver "to explore the Straits of Juan de Fuca as the discovery of a near communication between such a strait and any river running into the Lake of the Woods would prove very useful."

To the tourist who comes fresh from the United States the sudden change of names in the older or French discovered portions is rather quaint. French officers, Governors, Saints, are scattered over the map. But, the names are monuments to martyrs of knowledge and faith, and

by them is linked the historical associations of the country. Paddling down the dim reaches of Winnipeg River, the pines and forests awaken sleeping memories of the dead centuries. The stillness is broken only by the sound of a deer crashing through the underbrush, or a fish jumping. The night wind is wafted from the Lake, and the whole river seems filled with the shadows of the past. A trumpet calls through the forest aisles echoing to rocky shores. The reveille of ghostly drums beating the roll call, and the answer sounds on the ears like a blast. La Salle! Jolliet! Duluth! Marquette! La Verandrye! Henry! Hear! Simpson! MacKenzie! Franklin! and hundreds of others reverberate into the river's silence. For now mayhap these brave names may be joined as the brave souls doubtless would have them, although in that day of doubts men wore the mantle of their faith and country covering their charity.

LA Verandrye stands high in the roster. Beginning life as an ensign, fighting like a lion at Malplaquet under Marshal Villars, wounded nine times and left on the field for dead, yet recovers and adds luster to his country's name by his discoveries in the wilderness of the New World. One historian calls him an obscure trader, but his record belies this. Follow his steps, to Nepigon, then to Kaministiquia where he is Governor, then to his discovery of Lake Winnipeg and on to his adventures amongst the Mandons; building forts everywhere; throwing to the western breeze his master's flag, the Lilies of France; leaving his name nowhere, except written in the book of his achievements.

Fort Maurepas had no very stirring history. Its epic though short, was an epoch in the western discovery as it gave the traders a foothold on the lake shores. When Fort Rouge was erected it was intended to abandon Fort Maurepas, but with the erection of the Fort farther up the Assiniboine, Maurepas was considered the proper place for the link in the chain of trading posts, and Fort Rouge, incredible as it seems now, was abandoned. Here was buried the first white Christian in Manitoba, and the first emblem of Christian Faith, the Cross, erected over La Jemmeraye's grave on May the tenth, 1736, by his cousins who were fleeing from starvation. No trace of grave or Cross remains, but La Jemmeraye, although not an outstanding figure in the western picture, though dead, is curiously enough connected to the land which received his dust, by the Sisters of Charity, otherwise the Grey Nuns, who were founded by his sister Madam D'Youville in 1738. The traditions of that order preserved the association which La Jemmeraye had with his sister. She had sent supplies to the west, and as years went by this noble order followed in the shadow of La Jemmeraye's Cross.

Maurepas had a brief existence. Henry the explorer passed it in 1765 without remarking upon its site, and in 1793 a traveller found the clearing made by La Verandrye and his men upon a round knoll with traces of the old Fort's palisade, but like La Verandrye's Fort Rouge

of which no vestige remains, Fort Maurepas to-day is nothing but a stepping stone in the history of the west. To-day Fort Alexander, its successor, stands, a whitewashed settlement, dreaming of the riotous old days of the Governors and Company on their swift trips westward.

The Gleam

O Light, that leads by devious ways!
Thy spark is never failing.
We close our eyes and lose our way,
We flounder in the mire and clay,
The precious gleam unheeding.
With selfish lust we self deceive,
And strive for adulation;
The lust for power, the lust for pelf
Besets both man and nation.

And thus with husks of life and love
We try to satisfy us,
And grasp at gaudy bubbles blown,
That tempt, and then defy us;
Till, weary of the fruitless chase,
With soul heart-sick and famished,
We seek once more the Light to guide,
And by its rays, close by our side,
We find life's rarest jewels.

O Light of Love, thou Light Divine,
So steadfast, so enduring!
Thou lead'st the way to Brotherhood;
Forgetting self for other's good;
To sacrifice and serving.

O Light of Love, thou Light Divine,
Thy radiance never failing!
To Thee we turn our faltering gaze,
And though we're led by devious ways,
We'll follow on, throughout life's days,
To Joy and Peace eternal.

—Reba Ray.

Signs of the Storm

"A gale is brewing here to-night!"
The old, old fishers say;
They stand upon the wave-washed shore
And gaze out o'er the bay.
The sun set in a lurid bank;
The wind is piping wild;
And in the angry sky o'erhead
Forbidding clouds are piled.

"A rough and rocky coast is this!"
I hear the old men say;
Their weather-beaten faces scan
The swelling waters, grey;
The fishing smacks are beating in
Through sea, and flying spume,
And may the larger ocean-craft
Find plenty of sea-room.

They linger on the sea-wet beach,
Those fishers old and grey;
They tell of by-gone storms that swept
The dark and frothing Bay;
The little boats have safely reached
Their mooring grounds again,
God grant, that through the gale to-night
The cables bear the strain.

—Frances.

The Lure of the Spring

Glad was my heart for the lure of the
earth in the Spring
Glad for the singing of birds and the
scent of the pines,
Full of the longing that comes with the
birth of the flowers,
Part of the joy that exults in the pas-
sionate winds.

Glad was my heart for the chant of the
green restless waves
By the loved hills that had known the
delights of my youth,
And the glad song of the lark as it
circled in air,
Fell on my heart as if borne from the
heavens of Truth.

Yet not the delights of the Spring, or
the chant of the sea,
The lonely blue hills or the birds with
their lyrical cries,
Did so wrap my heart in a ravishing
vision of joy
As the sound of thy voice and the
love that shone in thine eyes.

—Samuel J. Locker.

THE YOUNG WOMAN and HER PROBLEM

Continued from page 36

Montreal Star, Dr. Ruth made many startling allegations and gave figures showing that the people of this continent are being drugged to death.

It is also of startling significance that most of these shipments of drugs which are finding their way into Canada through illicit channels, either originate in Germany or Japan.

Why should the comity of nations known as Anglo-Saxons become drug fields, while Europeans remain sober?

One third of the addicts are in their teens. There are girls in the world—thousands and thousands of them—who may be described as comely of countenance, nimble of body, and empty of mind. Because they have earned a pay check or two, they feel the world to be under their feet. Such girls have no fancy for restraint of any kind, being especially loth to that of the parental variety. They refuse to be either advised or admonished. For minnows like these, there are sharks in the offing. One such shark in my own city claims that he has ruined thirty of these foolish little girls. Each girl went out with a white man but, in the morning when she awoke he was there—this black man. An editor by the sea has described this opium traffic as the greatest menace to its youth which has ever confronted this nation.

Judge Murphy tells in "The Black Candle" the method used at parties for recruiting new addicts among the girls. Four hundred pages are in her book on this evil—full of facts, illustrations, experience and pleadings for our men and women and organizations to unite in firm determination to stamp out this evil menace that threatens the Anglo Saxon civilization.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

He Was Looking Too

An Ohio farmer wrote that he owned nine cows, and asked Representative Nicholas Longworth to send him a Government exterminator for flies. He got this reply:

"Sorry, but I, too, am in quest of the same thing. I have no cows, but I have a bald head."

George's Telegram

George was famous for being late at his appointments. He was engaged to be married to a young lady in a neighboring city, and when the day of the ceremony arrived George, as usual, did not appear. The bride was on the verge of nervous prostration when the following telegram was received from the missing bridegroom:

Dear Helen: Missed the early train. Will arrive on the 4:31. Don't get married until I get there. George.

A Ground For Thankfulness

One morning, after a big political rally, in which the two candidates met in an exciting debate, Jones was rambling down the street when he saw his friend Smith about to enter his place of business.

"Hello, Smithy!" he cheerfully exclaimed, "I suppose you went around to hear the candidates last night?"

"Yes," answered Smith, but without any great degree of enthusiasm. "I heard them all right."

"Thought you wouldn't miss the show," smilingly observed Jones. "What was your opinion of them?"

"Well," thoughtfully replied Smith, "the longer I stayed there and listened to them, the more thankful I became that only one of them can get the office."

What The Teacher Taught Him

The small boy had just returned home after a most tumultuous day at school.

"What lesson," asked his father, "was the most impressed on you today by the teacher?"

"Dat I need a thicker pair of pants."

THE ACE OF HEARTS

Continued from page 5

TO say that I felt a strange sense of alarm on finding that the portrait, to which recent events had attached such tragic memories, was gone, is needless.

I thought it best to tell the police all I knew. The officials at Scotland Yard to whom I unbosomed myself received my story with interest, but not with surprise. They were too well accustomed to the dark methods and deeds of the secret societies, whose members flee to London when the greater continental cities are forbidden them. Indeed, I was told that the perpetrators of these secret murders were seldom found out.

Several months passed away. The cares of business were beginning to press on me, and I had little time in which to speculate on the late mysterious events. I had my first important case in hand, and it required every moment and every thought. I was glad when the courts rose and the long vacation came to bring me a brief holiday. I had won my case, and had

He answered that I was welcome to look round, and went on to say that he had some beautiful things in the way of binocular glasses and chronometers if I was thinking of taking a long voyage. While he chattered volubly about his goods I was leaning over the little partition which separated the shop from the window, examining the portrait from a better point of vantage. I had now no doubt whatever as to its identity, and determined to buy it at whatever cost. After some haggling, I purchased the picture and a Turkish dagger for one guinea.

When I reached the hotel I went up to my room and examined the portrait carefully. It was a small canvas, stretched on a frame twelve inches by nine, and across the back, probably with the idea of keeping out dust and dirt, a stout piece of rough canvas had been tightly stretched and stitched. There was nothing to show that any extraordinary history attached to the

I went to the door and looked down at the landing. The gas still burned there, and it shone on the figure of a man who was climbing the last flight of stairs. He was a tall, well-built man of fine proportion, but something about the stoop of his shoulders suggested hardship and privation. I could see very little of his face, but I noticed that his beard, which was of unusual length, was gray almost to whiteness. He seemed to be well dressed, and I made up my mind that his intentions were peaceful.

The stranger accosted me in very good English. Somehow I had made up my mind that he was a foreigner. After he had explained his business, which was to find Alexis Vitrefsky, of 3 Parchment Passage, a light began to break in upon me. The man he was in search of was the previous tenant! Perhaps the mystery of the portrait was about to be explained.



Orchard Scene, Okanagan Valley

gained no small amount of present fame and future gain by doing so. About the second week in August I travelled down to Hull; and as I had never been there before, I spent the evening in looking round the docks and quays of that ancient port. There I came across a further link in this remarkable story. Wandering along the pavement of the quay which runs from the town to the river, I paused to look in at the window of one of those little dirty shops where marine store dealers gather together all manner of odds and ends, and what was my surprise to see the portrait which had once been hidden in my office.

I paused and looked again through the dirty window. No, there was no doubt about it; that was the portrait. The gold frame was gone, and there were marks on the edges of the picture which seemed to indicate that it had been roughly removed. The face, however, was unmistakable. I had been too much struck by it at first sight to forget its wonderful beauty.

On entering the shop a dirty-looking man, evidently a foreigner, came forward from some den in the rear, rubbing his hands and asking what he could do for me.

"Nothing particular," I answered, "I just wish to glance at your stock of curiosities. I am rather fond of picking up rare articles."

picture. I returned to London and locked up the portrait in my office safe.

Time went on, and as my practice increased, I took more rooms in the house in Parchment Passage. Some of them were much more suitable for a private office than the one in which the portrait had been hidden, but I determined to remain in the latter, and devote the others to my clerks. I had a half-superstitious feeling that if ever the mystery of the previous tenant came to be solved, it would be in that room.

It was about two years after the murder, and circumstances then required that I should stay late at the office. I was engaged in settling some difficult business with a client, and he remained with me until half-past nine o'clock. As I was about to turn out the lamp which burned on my table, I heard some one coming slowly up the staircase. I had left the private door of my office open, and could hear the sound distinctly. I turned up the light again, and waited. At first I thought the steps were those of my client, who had possibly forgotten something and was returning, but another moment told me they were not. He was a young active man, likely to come up three steps at a bound; the man now climbing the stairs was evidently neither young nor active, for he came slowly and apparently with some difficulty.

"Was the person you are in search of a Russian?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," he answered eagerly. "Certainly, a Russian. A man of about my own age, but perhaps younger in appearance. I have had things to make me look old."

"Will you come in a moment," I said, and led the way into my office. "Perhaps I can give you some information."

I gave him a chair, and he sat down. Now that the lamp-light fell full on his face, I saw that he was an extraordinarily handsome man, and that evident suffering and privation had not robbed him of his good looks.

"I shall be very grateful for any information respecting Alexis," said he, "and I thank you in anticipation. Perhaps I ought to tell you who I am. I am the Prince Z—."

He mentioned a name which made me stare with astonishment. Prince Z— was an escaped political prisoner, who, after spending many years in the Siberian mines, had escaped in a singularly daring fashion, and had recently published a narrative of his adventures and sufferings.

I sat down and told Prince Z— all that I knew of Alexis Vitrefsky; how he had suddenly left the very room in which we were then sitting, and had returned to it two years later under mysteri-

Continued on page 40

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THE ACE OF HEARTS

Continued from page 39

ous circumstances. I told him of the events of that night; how two men had watched Alexis leave my office, and how the unfortunate man had been murdered during the night, and the portrait stolen from its hiding-place. He heard me with anxiety and disturbance, and when I told him that the portrait was gone, he rose up and paced the floor in evident distress.

"Then I am indeed ruined!" said he. "Sir, that portrait meant everything to me. It was indeed the property of Alexis, but its possession meant more to me and to my children than I can tell you. But I see you do not understand me. With your permission, I will narrate to you certain passages in my sad history."

I was half-tempted, on seeing his distress, to tell him how strangely I had recovered the portrait, but I refrained, remembering that he might, after all, be an imposter, and that it would be better for me to hear his story before I told mine. I therefore begged him to proceed.

"It is not a pleasant story," said he, "that I have to tell you. As you know, I am of the new party in Russia. Since boyhood I have worked, planned, and suffered for my country, and in consequence I have been hated by those in power. Until some years ago, however, I was allowed to pursue my own course in comparative freedom. Now and then the police warned me that I was approaching too near the line in my writings; but as I happened to belong to one of the best families, and was rich and powerful, I was practically allowed to go my own way. At last, however, I found that neither my noble name nor my riches were to help me. Information reached me that I was to be arrested and severely dealt with. Fortunately I had been somewhat prepared. My wife was in Paris; my two young sons were at school in Germany. I had secured to them a moderate sum in case anything happened to me. I had never dreamt that all I had would be confiscated. Such, however, was to be the case, according to my informant's news, which had come from the highest source. I was to be stripped of

land and goods and reduced to beggary.

I hurriedly consulted with Alexis Vitrefsky, an old student-friend of mine, as to what should be done. He was then unknown to the authorities, and was about to start for a tour in England. We went to an English banker in St. Petersburg, and by his advice I turned all my negotiable securities into English notes. The good banker gave me fifty English notes of a thousand pounds each for my papers. These I handed to Alexis. He was to carry them to England and preserve them until I could join him. I was watched, but I hoped to escape.

ALEXIS was puzzled how to carry the notes. If he had them about his person he might be searched, and awkward questions as to his right to them put to him. People bound on a three months European tour do not usually carry fifty thousand pound's worth of English notes with them. Alexis, however, quickly solved the difficulty. It was his practice to carry with him wherever he went the portrait of his dead sister, whom he regarded with feelings of absolute veneration. She, like myself, had engaged in the new movement, and she had suffered. Alexis brought his cherished portrait, handsomely mounted in gold, to my house. We placed the notes behind the canvas and stitched a strong piece of coarse cloth across the frame, so that none could see where the notes lay hid. Knowing that Vitrefsky was my true friend, and that he would take care of the portrait, I felt my little to be safe.

Alexis left for England, and within a few days of his departure I was arrested. I spent some weary years in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul; subsequently I was sent to the mines. But before I left the fortress I had news of Alexis. By means of those trusted messengers who are to be met with even amongst the government officials, he contrived to send me a cipher letter telling me that he was living in London, and giving this house as his address. Whenever I was free I was to come here to receive the sum I had entrusted to him.

I have now told you all. I am free, and have come here, only to find that Alexis is murdered and the portrait gone."

I was so convinced that the prince was telling me the truth, that I no longer hesitated about handing the portrait over to him. Before doing so, however, I asked him one more question.

"Pardon me," I said, "but what of your wife and boys?"

He shook his head.

"My wife died during my imprisonment," he answered. "My boys are living in London. Poor lads, they had met with indifferent treatment in Germany, and I fear they will find life hard, now that I have no means of helping them."

"Then your estates were confiscated?"

"Everything I had was confiscated. When I finally escaped I was absolutely penniless."

I went to my safe and took the portrait from the drawer in which I had placed it on my return from Hull. Without saying a word, I handed it to the prince, who received it with an expression of the utmost astonishment.

"See if your money is still there," said I.

"I have no doubt of it," he answered, as he cut away the stitches from the canvas back. "But how did the picture come into your possession? You told me it had been stolen."

I told him how I had found the portrait in the shop at Hull, and had recognized it again. While I talked, he turned back the canvas and discovered the bank-notes securely wrapped in folds of paper, exactly as he had described. His delight at finding himself once more wealthy was wonderful to witness. "Poor Alexis!" he said, suddenly remembering the friend to whom he had trusted his sole resources. "I have my own theory as to his death. I have heard that he became closely connected with one of the more determined secret societies, and had the ill-fortune to break with certain of its most powerful members. These people never forget. Alexis was probably tracked down to the very last."

"But the portrait?" I said. "Why should the murderers steal that?"

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah," said he; "probably while Alexis was conversing with you in here and showing you the portrait and its valuable frame, the two men told off to kill him were watching you. Of course they stole the portrait for the sake of the frame."

The explanation seemed a likely one. I remembered that there had been nothing to prevent Vitrefsky's assassin's from following him up the stairs that night, or from listening at the open door while he conversed with me.

Prince Z— carried his bank-notes away with him. He wished to reward me, saying that but for me the money would have been lost to him. The only reward I could consent to take, however, was the picture. That I kept, and still possess, a memento of what I think a remarkable romance.

Prince Z— now resides permanently in London, prematurely aged by the trials of his past life, but undisturbed so far as I know, by government spies or the emissaries of secret societies.

ABOUT THE FARM

Continued from page 19

water, but care should be taken that water intended for horses is not exposed for too long in troughs, etc., in extremely cold weather.

When a horse is very warm from work it is considered a good plan to allow him to have about half a dozen swallows and then let him have some hay; this will aid in cooling him off and after about an hour (if he came in at first very much heated and fatigued) the balance of the water he needs may be given.

In reference to the purity of water, spring water, deep well water and upland surface water are each considered wholesome, while stored rain water and surface water from cultivated land should be looked upon as suspicious. River water that is receiving sewage is dangerous; shallow well water also comes under this latter classification. Where there has been an artificial reservoir made for stock by hollowing out a large basin in the pasture, this hollow being of clay subsoil, and the rains having filled this basin, the clay subsoil being almost impervious acts as a jug and there is no escape for the water except by evaporation. This water becomes undesirable for various reasons. The natural tendency of such water is to become stagnant though subsequent rains would tend to keep it fresh but for the fact that much organic matter is carried to it by each rainfall.

The matter thus carried into the water soon undergoes decomposition and the water becomes an agent for disease. It must be understood that water in a slough may become contaminated through the contact of one diseased animal, while running water would be far safer. In the former case the rest of the herd using the slough after the infected animal had used it for drinking from, are right in the line of taking the disease. It pays to give the available water in the farm an inspection covering clearness, taste and smell.

His Half

When her divorce was granted a woman said to the man who had been her husband:

"Now, dear, I want to be generous. I am willing to let you have the baby half of the time."

"Good!" said he. "Splendid!"

"Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

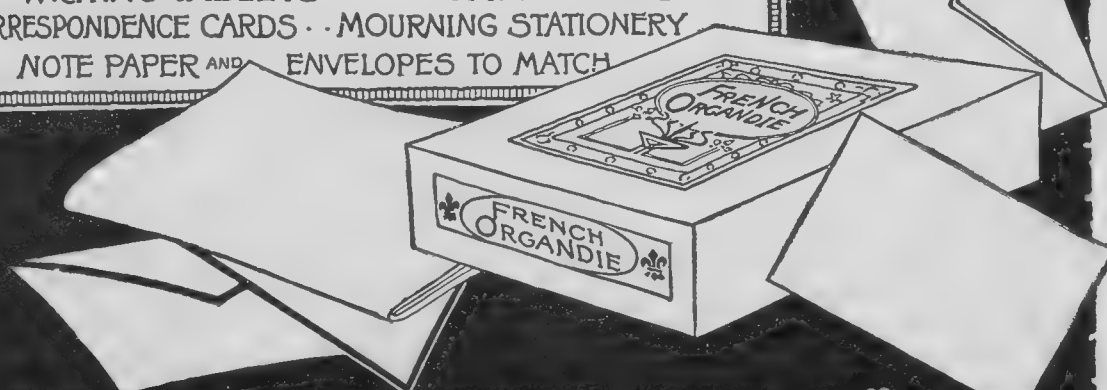
The Patient Clerk

Clerk (shrugging his shoulders). "Well, if you don't know either the name or the composer of the music you want, I can be of no assistance to you."

Customer. "Yes, but I should recognize the tune if I heard it. Can't you sing a few songs over to me?"

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THE GREAT TRUCE—Continued from page 8

their erstwhile foe, and behind them the promiscuous rabble of hares and deer and squirrels and weasels, likewise following—readily following anyone who seemed at least to know one way when no other way suggested itself—they slowly but surely left behind that raging inferno though about them, the deep waters now on every side, the atmosphere still quivered with heat, lit by the singing fireflies of the unnatural night.

For perhaps half a mile they swam, then Berwick felt the welcome boulders under his feet, and next moment one of those pine-capped, rocky islands opened out ahead.

Berwick saw the panther climb ashore, still carrying her cub, then, at last leaving the old cow, he too climbed out. Part of the island was already on fire, and Berwick, dazed with cold, drew the axe from his belt, ready enough to work his numbed muscles after the immersion. So he set to work to clear the timber, then he fired it up wind, taking again to the water while it burnt. In a few minutes the island was cleared, and here, at last, was safety!

cleave her skull by one quick stroke. His hand, indeed, was all but raised for the act, when shame came to him—shame, and a sense of pity and remorse. What if, in a moment's thoughtlessness, he had done the thing? For she, the wild cat, had saved his life, and had saved the lives of all the shuddering, wretched things on that never-to-be-forgotten island. No, do what she might after this, he would never harm her.

Then the cougar turned her head and looked into his eyes with her own fierce, yellow orbs.

There was no fear, no malice in that look, yet as their eyes met it would seem that the wild cat realized what Berwick already knew—that they were going to live. She caught up her cub, savagely, bounded to the other side of the island, and disappeared, with a splash into the water.

So the truce came to an end. The wolf also looked at Berwick with a cunning, sidelong glance and slunk away, while the deer clustered at the other end, watching him big-eyed and doubtfully.



BEREAVED MOTHER SPANIEL ADOPTS BABY RACOONS

One of the most remarkable examples of the power of the maternal instinct is shown in the accompanying photograph of a spaniel dog nursing raccoons. Recently at a lonely logging camp on the same day upon which a mother spaniel dog's litter of puppies died, the dog's owner, C. Salmon by name, felled a big fir tree in which a mother coon had made her nest. When the tree fell the little raccoons were stunned momentarily and the logger captured them. When the two little raccoons were brought into camp and set down the mother dog at once adopted them, and was as promptly accepted by the orphans. So through the power of maternal love is seen animals naturally enemies brought together.—FRANCIS DICKIE.

And there, in the swinging blackness, man and beasts huddled among the ashes. It was a crowded island, not more than twenty feet across, and following in the wake of the cow which had followed the panther, came all the other strange woodland folk in an unending string, many of them so exhausted as they landed that they crouched where their feet touched. So hare was pushed aside by weasel, deer by fox, and once a lank, lean timber wolf crawled wearily out, his coat singed in a way which bore evidence to the fact that more than once he had passed clean through the fire belt. He glared into Berwick's face, his eyes closed to the merest slits, his tongue lolling, then he sat himself down at Berwick's side, while a wood hare sought sanctuary between his forepaws. And all the time it did not occur to Berwick that there was anything strange in this weird nightmare—such are the stunning forces of heaven and earth when the woods are scourged by the fire fiend.

For three hours they existed there, then, to the man first came the knowledge that they were going to live. He looked about him and saw the mountain lion lying with her back to him, her nose between her forepaws, her cub tucked away under her breast. His axe was in his hand, and for one moment the man, which may be lower than the beast, rose up within him, bidding him

"Well, old girl," said Berwick, addressing his cow, which, conscious of her hulk, had wisely never left the water. "we've got our singeing all right, but thank goodness we're alive, which is really all that matters. What about breakfast?"

But Berwick that day had seen something which left him a wiser and a gentler man. He had seen the Great Truce, and it had not been for him, who belonged to the highest of living creatures, to break it.

Shown Up

"Ignorance," says Dr. John Grier Hibben, "is quick to betray itself. A young woman met a young man in a library, and in the course of their conversation the man remarked that he was a great reader."

"I am reading Shakespeare now," said the girl. "Did you ever read Romeo and Juliet?"

"I've read Romeo," said the young man."

His Toast

At the close of the wedding breakfast a gentleman noted for his lack of tact arose, causing keen anxiety to the bridegroom who knew his failing.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried genially, "I propose the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this."

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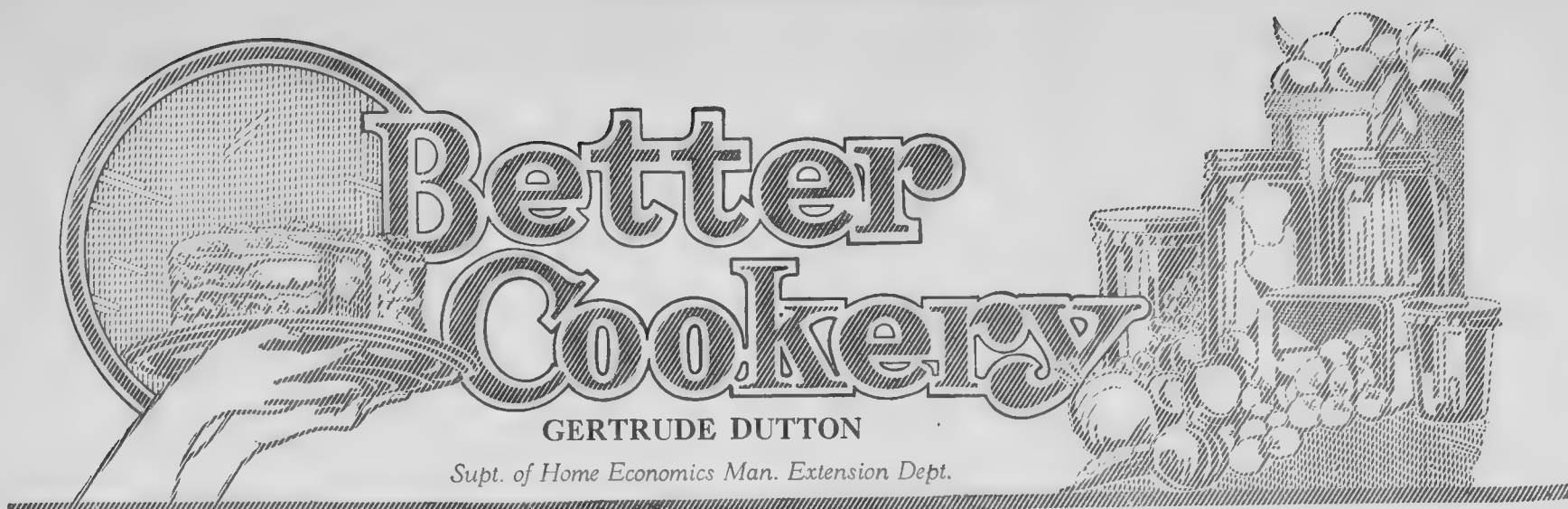
The manufacturer who backs up his product with his trademark and the reputation of his firm, must first of all be sure that his product is right, before he can safely tell the world about it through the medium of advertising. Advertised goods are made to please the buyer for all time. That is why the manufacturers of nationally advertised goods continue to live and grow, while the manufacturers of inferior products are unsuccessful.

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SUPPERS FOR PROFIT

When your church, or Women's Institute, or U. F. M. Local serves a supper, do people come from a sense of duty, or because you always serve such a good supper that they would not miss it for anything?

The method employed for raising money for any organization, is usually the serving of a supper. It is often done in a rather haphazard way, with the burden falling on a faithful few, who are apt to be, the good workers in several organizations.

Frequently all, or most of the food is donated. This custom has been a real financial burden to many families during the present hard times. With careful planning and estimating the amounts of food required, it is quite possible to make a good profit when all the food is bought. A fair price to charge is twice the cost of the meal, including overhead, which will perhaps be little besides fuel, as the work is usually voluntary and rent of room and dishes, etc., does not often require to be paid.

Planning the menu is the first consideration after selecting committees. The usual supper is a table loaded with platters of cold meat, salads, pickles, jellies, maybe hot potatoes or beans, and an infinite variety of cakes and pies, with tea and coffee—such a meal makes it impossible to estimate the amounts required, or the cost. The menu will be determined by—

1. The facilities for serving the meal.
2. The season of the year.
3. The type of people who are expected to attend.
4. The financial standing of the majority of the people who will be present.

Very much depends on the kitchen arrangements where the meal will be served. The space may be so crowded that it is impractical to serve anything hot but tea or coffee, or on the other hand it may be possible to serve a very satisfactory hot meal. A fireless cooker or two would be a great help. Hot, substantial meals draw bigger crowds in cold weather, while cool, crisp foods are more appealing on hot days. Cold ham with potato salad does not sound alluring in December—However, if preceded by steaming hot soup, and accompanied by good rolls or biscuits, and hot coffee with pie for dessert, even in the coldest weather they are acceptable.

Out of season foods are extravagant and are not their best either. Imported tomatoes at a supper would consume all the profits.

The appetites of the prospective guests should be a determining factor in choosing the menu in estimating the amounts required. Townspeople, whose lives are spent chiefly indoors will not be nearly

as hungry as the farmer husbands or sons, or the boys of the hockey teams who are having a banquet after the league games are finished. The delegates to the Women's Institute district Convention, of the Presbyterial will appreciate a dainty well-served meal.

In a community where crops have failed, nobody can pay as high a price for a supper ticket as the prosperous members of some big organization.

Usually the waitresses are young girls, or the members of the society giving the supper. The most important member of the supper committee is the tactful woman who supervises the serving, seeing that it is smoothly, quickly done, without confusion.

Attractive appearance is quite as important as quality of food.

Avoid serving foods of the same texture or consistency. Creamed chicken and scalloped potatoes are too much alike both in texture and in color—neither should colors clash, such as pickled beets and a food with tomato sauce—if a soft food is served, it should be accompanied by something crisp—celery, radishes, pickles, etc.

The size of portions is important. They should not be so large as to cause waste, nor yet small enough to make people grouchy.

There are three methods of serving:

1. Everything is placed on the table for each guest to help himself. This saves work but lowers the profits.
2. Servings are put on plates in the kitchen and passed by waitresses.
3. The cafeteria style of serving, where each guest helps himself, and pays for what he eats.

Many churches, or societies have made themselves famous for certain things.

A few suitable menus:

1
Hot meat loaf - Scalloped potatoes
Beet pickles - Cabbage salad
Bread and butter
Apple Pie - Coffee

2
Chicken Pie - Mashed potatoes
Jellied Cranberries
Cucumber pickles
Bread and butter
Ice cream - cake - tea - coffee

3
Baked Ham - Creamed Potatoes
Vegetable salad
Hot biscuits - bread - butter
Pie - tea - coffee

4
Chicken salad
Buttered new potatoes
Rolls, or biscuits, butter
Ice cream - Cake
Tea - Coffee

5
Chicken a - la - king
Mashed potatoes
Cranberry jelly - celery
Bread and butter
Pompadour Rice - Tea - coffee

6
Home baked pork and beans
Boston Brown Bread
Chili Sauce
Crisp sweet pickles
Bread and butter
Ice cream - cake - Tea - coffee

7
Cream of Tomato Soup
Cold meat (one kind or assorted)
Vegetable salad
Sweet pickles
Hot rolls - bread and butter
Apple Pie - Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

8
Chicken Shortcake
Mashed Potato - Peas
Rolls or bread - butter
Celery - Coffee - Cake

9
Escalloped oysters
Celery - Pickles
Mashed potatoes
Rolls - bread - butter
Lemon sherbet - Cake
Tea - Coffee

Amounts of food required to serve 50 people.

10 to 12 quarts soup.
25 to 30 pounds before cooking for roast chicken, turkey, etc.
20 pounds, before cooking, beef for roasting.
3 fresh or corned tongues.
20 pounds ham for baking or boiling.
10 pounds link sausages.
12 quarts creamed meat, fish or chicken.
4 pounds macaroni (for macaroni and cheese)
10 to 12 quarts creamed vegetables
8 quarts mashed potatoes
9 quarts creamed potatoes
10 quarts salad
4 quarts white sauce (for vegetables, meat, etc.)
1 3/4 pounds butter
100 small rolls, or biscuits, or muffins.
1 pound coffee
1/2 pound tea
1 gallon of ice cream serves 30.

Recipes in Quantities for 50 Persons

Abbreviations: t. - teaspoon - tb: tablespoon - c: cup

Apple Sauce: (to serve with pork)
Tart apples - 12 pounds
Sugar - 1 1/2 quarts
Water - 2 quarts
Salt - 1 t.
Cinnamon (if desired) 1 1/2 t.

Wash, quarter, and core the apples—add the water and cook till soft. Put through a strainer—add the sugar, salt and cinnamon—serve either hot or cold.

Cranberry Mold

Cranberries: 6 quarts - Water: 1 1/2 qts.
Sugar: 3 qts.

Pick over and wash the cranberries—add the sugar and cold water. Heat slowly without stirring. Boil till tender, and the juice jellies. Turn into mold—dipped in cold water and let stand till firm.

Boston Baked Bread

Corn meal, 1 qt. Molasses, 2 c.
Graham flour, 1 qt. Salt, 4 t.
Whole wheat or rye. Sour milk, 2 qts.
Flour, 1 qt. Soda, 2 t.
Raisins, if desired.

If sweet milk is used, add 2 2/3 tb. cream of tartar. Mix and soft the dry ingredients, add milk and molasses and raisins if used. Beat thoroughly. Fill greased molds 2/3 full. Cover and steam 3 1/2 hours. Baking Powder cans make good molds. If not used at once, steam to reheat. To cut, use a piece of strong cotton thread instead of a knife.

Macaroni and Cheese

2 qts. macaroni broken in pieces.
Butter, 1 1/2 c. Salt, 4 t.
Flour, 1 1/2 c. Paprika, 1/2 t.
Milk, 4 qts. Chopped cheese, 6 c.

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water, using 10 quarts or more of water, and 5 tb. salt. Drain in a colander, pouring cold water through the macaroni to prevent packing. Make a white sauce of the milk, butter, flour, and seasonings. Melt the cheese in the sauce. Put the macaroni in baking dishes, pour the sauce over it, lifting the macaroni with a fork to distribute it evenly. Cover with a layer of buttered crumbs using 3 cups crumbs and 1/2 c. butter. Bake till hot and the crumbs are brown.

Cream of Tomato Soup

Canned tomatoes, 6 qts. Soda, 3 t.
Peppercorns, 1 t. Milk, 6 qts.
Onion, large, 1. Butter, 1 1/2 c.
Parsley, 3 sprigs. Flour, 1 1/2 c.
Sugar, 2 lbs. Salt, pepper.

Method: Stew the first five ingredients 20 minutes, strain, add the soda. Make a sauce of the milk, butter, flour, and cook well. Add the strained tomato mixture, just before serving. Both mixtures may be kept hot for any length of time before combining them.

Oyster Stew

Milk, 8 qts. Butter, 2 c.
Oysters, 4 qts. Pepper, 1 t.
Salt, 3 1/2 tb. Crackers.

Pick over oysters, removing any bits of shell. Pour over four cups of cold water, after placing oysters in colander.

Heat oyster liquor, and strain through cheese cloth. Heat milk in double boiler.





You Will Like This!

A COX Gelatine dessert which is exceptionally good, easy to prepare and economical as well, is called Spanish Cream.

SPANISH CREAM

(Eight to ten persons)

- 1 envelope Cox's Gelatine
- 4 cups (1 quart) milk
- 3 eggs, separated
- ½ cup (¼ lb.) sugar
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Chopped sweet jelly

Sprinkle Gelatine into milk and leave ten minutes. Place on fire in double boiler; stir until dissolved. Add yolks of eggs beaten with one-half of sugar; cook until slightly thickened. Take from fire, add whites of eggs beaten to stiff froth and mixed with rest of sugar. Stir briskly until thoroughly mixed; add vanilla and salt. Pour into wet mold. Place in refrigerator over night. Turn out and decorate with chopped sweet jelly.

If desired, a few crushed macaroons may be added with a little almond flavor instead of vanilla.

If coffee Spanish Cream is wanted, substitute three cups milk and one cup strong coffee for four cups milk.

Keep Cox's Gelatine always on hand. Use it for desserts and jellies of all kinds, for soups, savories and salads as well. It is pure, unflavored and unsweetened. Send now for a copy of Cox's Gelatine Recipes. It is free.

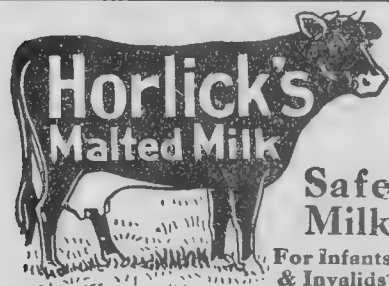
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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 42

Add oysters and cook till edges curl and add liquor and seasonings and serve at once.

Corn Chowder

- Diced potatoes, 5 qts. Corn, 5 cans.
- Salt pork, 5 slices. Flour, ½ c.
- Medium onions, 5. Salt, 6 tb.
- Boiling water, 3 qts. Pepper, 1 t.
- Milk, 7 qts. Butter, ¾ c.

Cut pork in ½ inch cubes. Cook slowly till light brown; add onion and cook slowly 5 minutes. Put potatoes, pork cubes, onion and boiling water in kettle and cook till potatoes are soft. Stir flour into fat which fried out from pork, and add to milk which has been heated in double boiler. Cook 20 minutes. Add corn to potatoes, heat, add milk, seasonings and split crackers.

Bean Stew

- Kidney Beans, 2 qts. Tomatoes, 4 qts.
- Celery, cut in pieces, 1 qt.
- Onions chopped, 2 c. Water, 4 qts.
- Butter, 1 c. Diced potatoes, 4 qts.
- Salt and pepper to taste.

Soak beans overnight, drain. Cut celery in ½ inch pieces, chop onions. Cook beans, tomatoes, celery, onion and water slowly for four or five hours, about 45 minutes before serving, add potatoes, butter and seasonings. Canned beans may be used.

Escalloped Oysters

- Oysters, 4 qts. Melted butter, 3 c.
- Cooked celery, 2 qts. Salt & Pepper.
- Oyster liquor, 1½ c. Milk, ¾ c.
- Stale bread crumbs, 3 c. Cracker crumbs, 6 c.

Mix bread and cracker crumbs and stir in melted butter. Put a thin layer in bottom of baking dish, cover with cleaned oysters and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Repeat. Dip oyster liquor and milk over top. Cover with crumbs - bake 30 minutes in a hot oven. Do not have more than 2 layers of oysters in a dish.

Irish Stew

(For a St. Patrick's Supper)

- Mutton, 16 lbs. Diced carrots, 1 qt.
- Potatoes, 6 qts. Diced turnips, 1 qt.
- Onions, 6. Salt & Pepper to taste.

Wipe and cut the mutton in small pieces. Brown half of it in beef or pork drippings. Put all the meat in a large kettle, add 3 qts. boiling water, bring to boiling point, then cook slowly for 3 hours. At end of first hour add sliced onion, turnip and carrot. An hour later add potatoes cut in 1/3 inch slices. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Before serving, thicken with 2 c. flour stirred to a smooth paste with cold water. Boil 2 minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Serve with dumplings or baking powder biscuits.

Veal Loaf

- Veal, 10 pounds. Pepper, 1 t.
- Bacon, 1 pound. Onions, 3.
- Salt to taste.

Cook the onions and veal in boiling water till tender. Remove meat and cool it. Chop veal and bacon—season well, and moisten with enough stock to pack. Put in brick shaped pans, set in a larger one containing water and bake an hour in a moderate oven. Let loaves get perfectly cold before taking from pans.

Cranberry Frappe

- 1 quart cranberries
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups sugar
- Juice of 2 lemons

Pick over and wash the cranberries. Cook them with the water eight minutes. Rub through a sieve, add the sugar and lemon juice, stir till the sugar is dissolved. Freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and salt. Serve in sherbet cups with turkey or chicken, in place of cranberry sauce or jelly.

Mock Cherry Pie

Mix 1 cup of cranberries cut in halves, ½ cup of raisins cut in pieces, ½ cup sugar and 1 tb. flour. Dot the fruit after putting it in the lower crust with 1 t. butter. Bake between two crusts, or cover the top with strips of pie crust.

Continued on page 44



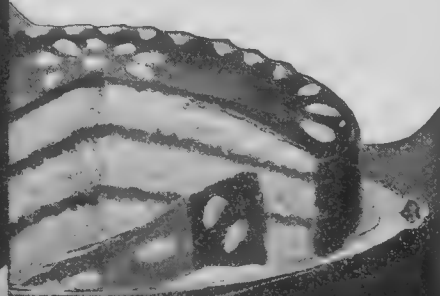
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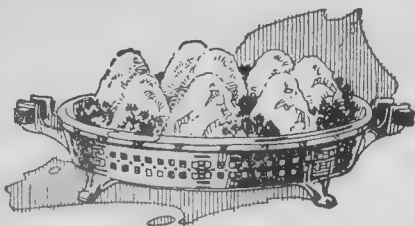
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Potato Puff with Cheese

By Miss Ada Wells.
(From the Ingersoll Recipe Book)

2 cups hot mashed potato
4 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 egg well beaten [Cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Ingersoll Cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Beat all together until thoroughly mixed and very light. Form into small pyramids and drop onto a buttered tin or pyrex plate, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.

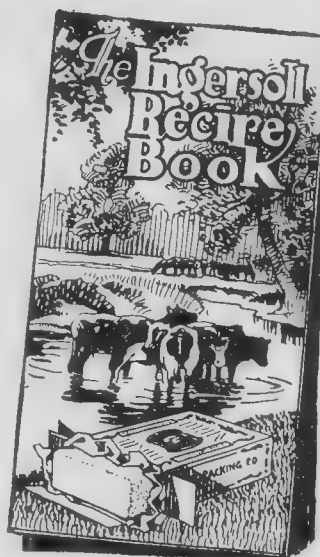
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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 43

Cold Weather Breakfast

TIME was when breakfast was a very hearty meal. Many people have now gone to the other extreme, and eat too light a breakfast to enable them to do a satisfactory morning's work. A cup of coffee with a slice of toast is not enough to supply an adequate amount of energy. No child should ever be permitted to go to school without first eating a reasonable amount of breakfast.

The first food to consider is a cooked cereal. Nothing can take its place. There are now so many on the market that it is not necessary to serve any one often enough to tire the family. The prepared, ready-to-eat breakfast foods cannot take the place of the cooked "porridge," unless it might be on two or three of the very hottest summer mornings.

Wheatena)			
Farina) 1 c	4 c	1 t	
Cream of Wheat			
Malt			
Cracked Wheat	1 c	4 c	1 t
Corn Meal			
Oat meal			
Rice	1 c	3 c	1 t
Hominy	1 c	4 c	

Two cereals may often be combined with satisfactory results.

If it can be forwarded, fruit in some form should be served for breakfast every day. It may be any raw fruit or berries available, or stewed dried fruits; apples, raw or cooked, are valuable. But the body will not suffer from the lack of fruit if fresh vegetables are served at another meal each day.

Many people feel the need of another course for breakfast—which might be of eggs, etc.

French Toast

2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt
1 c. milk
6 slices bread

Beat the eggs, add salt and milk, dip the slices of bread in the mixture. Cook on a hot, well-greased griddle till brown on one side, turn and brown the other side. Serve at once.

Eggs Scrambled With Tomato

4 eggs
1 c. tomato, pulp and juice
3 tb. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. pepper

Melt the butter, add the tomato, slightly beaten eggs, and seasonings. Stir till the eggs are cooked. Serve on white or brown bread toasted.

Minced Meat on Toast

Remove the skin and gristle from left over roast meat, or steak. Chop the meat. Heat in a frying pan, moisten with gravy, hot water or stock. Thicken if necessary. Serve on buttered toast.

Chipped Beef in Brown Gravy

Shred chipped beef—add to left over gravy, warmed in a pan, and stir over the fire till hot—or, if there is no gravy at hand, a sauce may be made by melting 2 tb. butter, adding 2 tb. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. water, 1 t. beef extract, or 1 bouillon cube, and seasonings to taste.

Sausages With Fried Apples

Cook small sausages till partly done. Cut apples in eighths after paring, or in rings, unpared, core and put in the pan with the sausages. Cover and cook till the apples are tender. Arrange on a platter.

Crapple

Boil fresh pork till it will fall to pieces, using about 1 pint of water to a pound of meat, adding more if necessary. Chop the meat till quite fine; return to the kettle of liquid, bring to the boiling point. Stir in enough corn meal to make it as thick as corn meal mush. Cook for several hours in the fireless cooker, or in the double boiler. Pour into a square pan to mold. Cut in half inch slices, and cook on a well-greased pan till brown and crisp on both sides.

Creamed Ham and Eggs

Chop left-over ham and hard-cooked eggs. Reheat in white sauce. Season to taste.

Creamed Finnan Haddie

Reheat baked or boiled finnan haddie or other left over fish in white sauce. Serve on toast or with baked potatoes.

Cranberry Meringue Pie

May be made as mock cherry pie, using only a lower crust. After baking pie pile a meringue on top, using the whites of 2 eggs, beaten till stiff and dry, a pinch of salt and a tb. of sugar. Return to a slow oven to brown slightly.

Unreasonable Demands

"Before we were married, Henry," said the young wife reproachfully, "you always gave me the most beautiful Christmas presents. Do you remember?" "Sure," said Henry cheerfully; "but, my dear, did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish after he had caught it?"—Ladies' Home Journal.



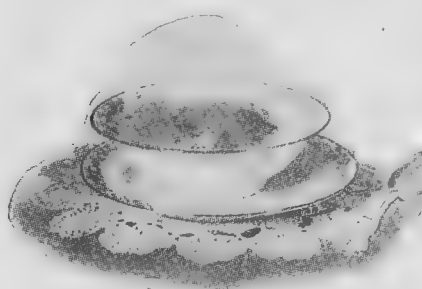
A cereal for breakfast

If the family does not like cereals, there must be a reason and that reason, doubtless, lies in the cooking. Long slow cooking is necessary to develop the flavor, in spite of what many advertisers say. A fireless cooker is ideal for slow cooking. If it is not available, a double boiler gives good satisfaction. Fuel may be saved by cooking the cereal in a saucepan placed in the steamer over a pot of soup, meat, vegetables, etc., then reheated next morning.

The salting or rather the lack of it is often the cause of dislike of cereals. It should be put in the boiling water, that it may be evenly distributed.

The right consistency is another important matter. The quantities of water and of cereals should be measured, if the finished product is to be neither too thick nor too thin. To avoid lumps, have the water bubbling vigorously, add the meal slowly enough to keep the water bubbling.

There are several ways of varying the cereal dishes. Shortly before serving, add seeded raisins, chopped dates or figs, or stewed well-drained chopped prunes, or place a generous spoonful of stewed fruit on each dish of porridge.



Cereals may be served with raisins, prunes, etc.

One reason for so many people tiring of porridge, is the custom of eating it with sugar. If children would be taught to eat it without sugar, they would eat it every day as readily as they do potatoes or bread.

The entire breakfast should not consist of porridge, or a feeling of hunger will develop an hour or two later. The servings should be small enough to permit of eating some toast or bread.

Table for cooking cereals

Kind	Quantity	Water	Salt
Rolled Oats	1 c	$2\frac{1}{4}$ c	1 t
Pettijohn's	1 c	$1\frac{1}{2}$ c	1 t

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

A CHEERY WORD AND A HAND TO HELP

By A. A. P. McDonald

IT was along the headlands of a Canadian waterfront, one that is frequented by many who live near and as many visitors from afar, because of the magnificent view and the invigorating air; but many a man and some of the women and children, who live near enough, often seek to help out a scanty income by gathering driftwood or bark from the beach.

A man of middle age, evidently not accustomed to muscular work, was trying to get a heavy piece of driftwood up the headland, which was high and abrupt, the path both faint and steep and the day was warm. By dint of many pullings and pushings, repeated resting and renewed efforts, more than half of the ascent was made, but the most difficult was just ahead. Shall he give it up? Not without another effort, anyway! He secures as firm a footing as is possible in the gravelly and shifting soil and makes some progress, but he still wonders if the effort needed is worth while.

Just then a calm but cheery voice is heard from the top of the bank, where a well-dressed young lady had suddenly appeared, and the few words spoken carried with them hopefulness and encouragement, at once relieving the severe tension under which the man was laboring. He cautioned her not to take any risk, but without a moment's hesitation she made sure of her footing and reaching over the bank, managed to get hold of the top end of the wood and in a few moments it was atop the headland.

It was only a little thing, and, possibly, the young lady met with criticism from others of her party, near by, but it was done in such a splendid way, that the incident could not help be other than helpful, both to the lady for having graciously performed a kindly deed, and to the man for the kindness bestowed. Because of the cheery word and the helping hand held out to him, he will be the more ready to help another whom he may find in need.

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on!

'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on!

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

'Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on!"

"Salary"

"Salary" comes from a word meaning salt. The ancients held salt in high esteem, and always set it before a stranger whom they wished to honor. When the Israelites were rebuilding their temple, Artaxerxes, the Persian king, bestowed on them certain treasures, "and salt, without prescribing how much." The word salarium, from which salary comes, meant, originally, the money paid to soldiers to buy salt. This gives an additional point to the common saying, "to earn your salt."—Advocate.

The person without influence does not exist, and cannot even be imagined. Everybody has influence somewhere and somewhat, in the daily contacts and companionships of life. Each one helps or hurts somebody else every day of every year.

Know thou, my heart, if thou art not happy today thou shalt never be happy. Today is given thee to be patient, unselfish, purposed; to be strong, eager and to work mightily. If thou doest these things, and doest them with a faithful heart, thou shalt be as happy as it is given man to be on earth. —Havergal.

A man's very best is the truest part of him.

Great men and women become great by taking hold of some mighty truth, living for it, working for it, praying for it. They may not live to see it conquer, but they die conquerors just the same, and the world acclaims them in the end.

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ON MONDAYS

By Bess

I wonder why it is that Monday always seem to be much less cheerful than the rest of the week? Everyone seems to be under the influence more or less—the school boy, trudging along to school, slinging his satchel of books discontentedly over his shoulder, seems to feel the world a much less pleasant place than it was yesterday and the day before. See the maid of all work, too, as she starts the day's work, a yawn spoiling her face, and a tired look in her eyes. It ought not to be so with her, yesterday she had her "afternoon off."

The shop-girl that serves us on a Monday is as free from suavity and graciousness as she dares be, with the eyes of the manager upon her. She does not seem to have the fund of patience and resourceful helpfulness, she had when you visited the store on Friday. Even the manager, himself, has but a half-hearted aloofness behind the hand that hardly hides his yawn.

Wasn't there a day in history called "Black Monday?"

Yes, there, is a depressing influence about Monday all right, a depression that seems to be felt more or less by everyone. It is a fact that executions are more often made on Monday than on any other day. Perhaps we sometimes

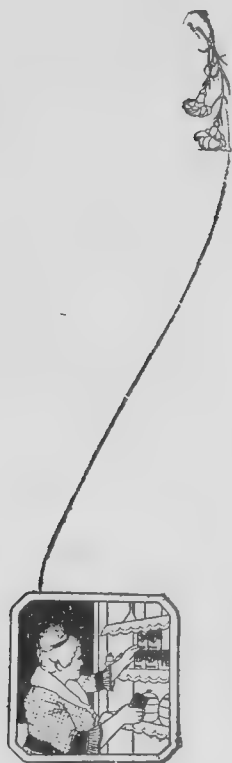
feel on a Monday like the condemned criminal who was to be executed on a Monday and was visited that morning by the chaplain. He remarked dolefully to the chaplain that he was afraid "he was beginning the week badly." We often feel that we too are beginning the week badly, we have been short and grumpy when there was no occasion "for sich" (like Mrs. Gamp) and have done what we had to do with a grudge.

It is strange! Monday comes after Sunday which is with most people a day of rest and relaxation. We ought to come back to our work like a giant refreshed, but do we? The reason is that it is the first day of the working week (and every one has to work to a greater or lesser degree). We come to it fresh and unwilling as it were. We have a sort of sickening feeling against beginning a whole fresh six days of work facing us. By Tuesday, the blackness of Monday has gone, we have once again settled into harness and into routine. Once more we look at our work with interest, and fall into routine with old time alacrity, Black Monday has been and gone!

The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism.

"Every bone in my body aches," he complained.

"You ought to be glad you are not a herring," said the optimist.

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Meringue—3 egg whites, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract. Beat eggs until stiff, add sugar slowly, beating all the time. Flavor.

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The Nor'-West Farmer
WINNIPEG

LAND'S END—Continued from page 12

"Now you'll be all right, won't you?" he asked, anxious to talk to her about herself.

She nodded, and pushed herself into a sitting position.

"Where am I?" It cost her an effort to speak.

"You're on the west coast of Vancouver Island. I am Stephen Adam, a prospector."

"Oh, yes, I remember." She shuddered, and pulled her blankets closer about her shoulders. "I floated such a long way on the raft, Mr. ah—Adams, is it? There was no food here, and it was so cold and wet. Do you live here?"

"No, I don't think anybody lives here. But it is a good mineral country, and I come here to prospect for ore. I don't want to bother you unduly, but would you mind telling me your name?"

"Anita Westgate. My home is in Montreal. How soon can you get in touch with my people?"

"Now, that's the difficulty. You mustn't worry about it, but it may take some time."

"How so? I know Vancouver Island isn't very large. It can't be far to

"I thought all the young ladies were bobbing their hair nowadays."

"If you notice carefully, you'll find that it's only the ones with the struggling locks who visit the barber."

"It's a becoming and sensible custom," remarked Adam sagely. "That and short skirts have been the physical salvation of women. If you had had long dragging skirts, tight corsets, and all the rest of it, I bet you wouldn't have thrown off that pneumonia so quickly."

"There's something in that," she replied. "But I'll try to comb my hair anyway. It will be something to do. Do hurry with my breakfast. Don't I get something better than soup? I would love a grapefruit and grilled bacon!"

Adam whistled.

"You're certainly coming on. But if you can sit up and take notice like that you shall certainly have the bacon. But the grapefruit is far away."

She ate bacon, and biscuit softened in broth, and two mugs of steaming coffee, but Adam stopped her.

"Go easy. You're not getting the right kind of grub for a convalescent



WORLD'S STRANGEST ISLAND. VERY MISBEHAVED

The strangest island on the face of the globe is the ever changing bit of land called "Falcon Island" in the Haapai Group of the Tongan Islands in the South Seas. When first seen in 1865 from H.M.S. "Falcon" it was a breaking reef. In 1877 nothing was left of it, but smoke was seen breaking from where it had submerged. It appeared again in 1885, and stayed long enough to permit it being surveyed by the "Egeria." The island was then found to be one and a quarter miles long, by a mile wide, being wedge shaped, with the highest part of the southern edge being 153 feet above sea level. Its formation then consisted of loose volcanic ashes and cinders, which constantly slipped down into the sea as the action of the waves undermined the coast. In 1894 it had washed away to such an extent it had the appearance of a long black rock. In December 1894 volcanic action was found to have quite recently taken place again by which a new crater had been formed raising the land to fifty feet in height, three miles long and a mile and a half broad, the surface still being quite hot. In 1898 Falcon Island had again become a thing of the past, nothing remaining but a shoal of rock 100 yards in length over which the sea broke heavily. In 1900 it however again came into existence by the shoal to which it had been reduced rising slightly above the water at the northern end. Since then it has undergone many changes too numerous to permit continual observation by the survey ships. But it now has the appearance of an ordinary small island like hundreds of others in the South Pacific. How long it will remain no one can say. The photo taken recently from the deck of a passing steamer gives a view of the island on its best behaviour. Perhaps it has decided to settle down and be a respectable island. But no one so far has sufficient confidence to settle upon it.—FRANK BURNETT.

Victoria, and there are settlements throughout the island."

"It is two hundred miles to Victoria, and from here fifty miles to the nearest fishing village. Between here and the settlement lies a pathless country. I came in from there two years ago, and used as I am to the wilderness, I had to take a guide. You are just over a bad spell of pneumonia, and I take it are not used to hardship. I don't think you could walk that distance."

"Couldn't we go in a boat?"

"There's no boat, and even if there were, that would be as hard as the inland route, on account of the dangerous coast. When you are able to walk, I'll take you to the headland out yonder, and then you'll understand better what I mean. Now you hadn't better talk any more tonight. Don't worry, we'll find some way."

Adam had little sleep that night. His few blankets were over the sick girl. He spent most of the time seated in the shelter, with his knees drawn up under his chin, Rip across his feet. At times he rose to replenish the fire.

Next morning the girl was stronger. Adam wondered at her power of recuperation. She asked him for a comb, and began to smooth out her matted hair.

"Why don't you cut it off," he asked, as he busied himself preparing breakfast. "Here's my pocket comb, if you don't mind using it."

"Cut it off? I wouldn't do that for the world!"

anyway. I'll give you some more coffee at noon."

"Oh, I'm all right," said she, chasing the last crumb of biscuit around her bowl. "Now, how soon do we start for civilization again?"

"Try to get up and walk."

It was a rough argument, but she was convinced. She struggled to a standing posture, then fell back into the blankets, and was unable to raise her head for an hour. Presently she fell again into a heavy sleep, without further argument.

Stephen Adam sat beside her and smoked a pipe while he considered their position. Westgate's daughter, the most prominent passenger on the Ocean Empress, whose name and suspected death had given paragraph headings to every paper on the continent. Going to China, said the news, "travelling with friends," and now old Westgate was spending thousands chartering tugs and launches to search the inlets of Juan de Fuca strait for the body of his daughter.

"Bet you he'll never think of the little old Jap current," mused the prospector.

For the following week, the girl spent her days between eating and sleeping, while Adam marked time. The inaction began to tell on him. Nights when he was insufficiently covered lowered his vitality, and he contracted a cold. Finally, however, the air cleared, and the sick girl walked unsteadily out of her shelter.

LAND'S END—Continued from page 46

When Adam brought her food, she again demanded of him when he would take her to Victoria.

"Just as soon as I can," he replied. "But we must find you some warm and whole clothes, first of all."

"Is there a shop near by?" she asked, mockingly.

"No, but I found some sailors' clothes a half mile up the beach. I washed them, and hung them to dry. If you care to try a walk, we'll pick them up, and see how they fit."

He was very thankful that she did not question him too closely about the clothes. She nodded acquiescence, and said:

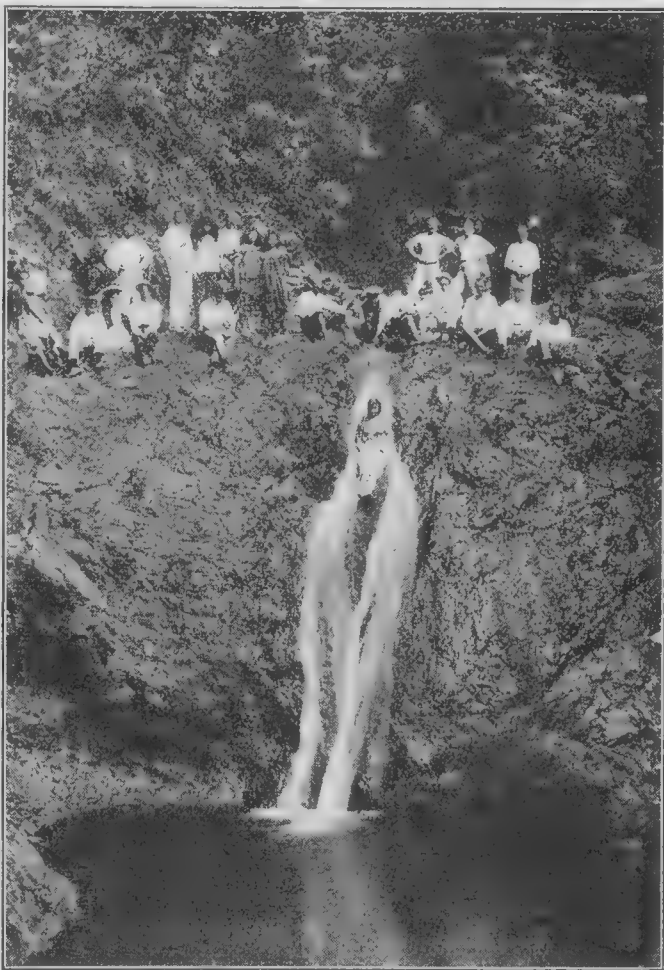
"These rags I have on scarcely cover me, though I have tied them in twenty places. But really, Mr. Adam, you've been awfully good to me. I suppose I

on the ground. Saves time, you see, and the expense and labor of going back and forth."

"But it wouldn't take you long to help me to the settlements?"

"To be frank, I might, but you will not be ready for the trip for a couple of months. The road is almost inaccessible, and the least sickness or breakdown on your part would mean disaster for us both. It is late June now, and by the time you could get to the nearest settlement, and I return, the autumn rains would be on us. After October a white man can't live on this coast. Now, my advice is to wait until the whaler comes for me, and go out on her. It will be dull, but that is better than running fatal risks."

"I think you're making rather a strange proposal," said Anita, coldly.



UNIQUE SOUTH SEA ISLAND SPORT

Not having the snowfall and icy weather of northern climes the people of the South Seas know nothing of the thrills of toboggan sliding, of skiing jumping, skating or hockey. But they have, however, surfboard riding, and one other unique sport in at least one place. This is shooting down a small waterfall into a deep pool. The rock shown in the photograph is at Papasea, near Apia, Samoan Islands. The sport is in great favor and large numbers of tourists as well as the natives gather to go shooting down the smooth lava rock, carried by the force of the water.—FRANCIS DICKIE.

should have died if you hadn't found me. Oh, what a dear dog! I thought there was a dog about."

"He has kept watch beside you for many an hour, while I have been away."

"Did you leave me when I was so sick?"

"Had to," replied Adam, shortly. "Had to get wood and water. The wind kept blowing our shelters about, too. Anyway, I couldn't sit still for a fortnight. Got to move about, you see, I'm used to work."

"How did you happen to come here?"

"I am prospecting for ores for a firm on the mainland, and came in here from a whaling ship which was going north. The regular steamers keep away from this coast on account of the reefs, and I didn't want to pack in from the settlements. This same whaler will call for me about the beginning of October. I had a heap of technical stuff, anyway, so the boat was the only way for me this trip."

"But you don't need all those appliances for mere prospecting?"

"No," replied Adam, hesitatingly, but I want to do some analysis right

"You tell me that Victoria is only two hundred miles away, and the nearest village fifty. Then in the same breath you tell me that it will take me a month to walk that distance. I have walked twenty miles—nearly half the distance—in a day."

"I don't doubt it—on a pavement, or a smooth country road. But you have to make your own road here, over muskeg, through a dense forest, over mountains. There are bear and panthers in the hills. There is one place between here and the settlement where you must literally ascend and descend a mountain. See those two headlands that form this bay? They are two long arms of mountains that rise gradually into a rocky rim in which this valley behind us lies like a cup. If you ask me, I think this ravine is part of an old worn-down crater."

He discovered his words were falling on empty air, for the girl had risen and walked into the shelter.

"Good-night," thought he, "I hope she isn't one of the weepy kind. A hysterical girl on my hands would be my finish."

Continued in February issue

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USE IT IN ALL YOUR BAKING

ATLANTIC SALMON AT LAST FOUND IN PACIFIC COAST WATERS

By Francis Dickie

For the first time in the history of the Pacific coast, Atlantic salmon have been taken in Pacific waters, two adult specimens of the species *salmo salar* (true Atlantic salmon) were taken a few weeks ago in the Cowichan river, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, by Major L. C. Rattray, a well known fisherman, who has devoted a good many years to fishing in these waters. The capture is of great importance in view of the fact that for thirty years efforts have been unsuccessfully made to establish the Atlantic salmon in Pacific waters. The state of California tried to acclimatize them by planting the young hatched from eggs sent from hatcheries in Maine. Plants of fry were also made in Oregon and Washington.

The two fish weighed nine and seven pounds according to Major Rattray, and these are the first authentic evidence as far as can be learned of any Atlantic salmon in these waters. It is believed they developed from fry put out by the Cowichan hatchery.

The Atlantic salmon is one of, if not the gamest sporting fish in the world, and its readiness to take a fly, which is uncommon to the Pacific salmon, makes it a fish greatly to be desired. The different varieties of fish found upon the Pacific coast which go today by the name of salmon are not really salmon, but they so resemble the Atlantic salmon at a casual glance that when the first settlers arrived on the Pacific coast they gave them the name salmon. Due to the enormous amount of these fish which has been canned, the name has now come to be accepted. But they really belong to another family, and are scientifically known as *oncorhynchus*. However, there is a marked difference between the true salmon of the Atlantic and the fish so called of the Pacific. The Pacific salmon have an increased number of rays, 12 to 14, in the anal fin. They have an increased number of folds between the gill covers, and an increased number of gill-rakers, and a much larger number of pancreatic glands attached behind the stomach. The Pacific salmon also do not return to fresh water until full grown and ready to spawn, and all die after spawning. The Atlantic salmon, on the other hand, do return to fresh water before mature. They do not die after first spawning, and

have been known to spawn several times. In fact very few die after the first spawning.

With proof to hand at last that the Atlantic species can be brought to maturity in Pacific waters, the Department of Fisheries and Game and Fishing Associations will endeavor to propagate the species in large numbers.

The Lure of the North

The fast drawing shadows of Autumn remind me

Of haunts that I loved in the glorious North;

The joys that I knew, but are long left behind me

Return once again, and I long to set forth.

Away to the Northland the rapids are calling;

At eve comes the voice of the whispering pine;

The call of the grey wolf when night shades are falling—

Rings out, and I yearn for the land that was mine.

Aurora's bright streamers—now gleaming, now fading—

I watch in the steely-grey, ruby set sky,

I see in the midst of the mauve tinted shading,

Reflected—my home, in that mirror on high.

A picturesque dale where the red fawn is browsing,

Secure on the shore of an emerald lake,

On whose placid waters, in comfort are drowsing—

The wild swan, the wavey, and green mallard drake.

Ere long, will the valleys, now robbed of their flowers

Be floored with a carpet of feathery snow;

No more will the rainbow gleam bright thro' the showers;

The chattering creeks will be hushed in their flow.

When the Moon is aglow, and the night wind is wailing,

When frost fiends are leaping, and pine timbers crack;

There's a voice in the air and its charm never failing—

Is calling me Northward; yes luring me back.

—Harold F. Cruickshank.

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Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Simple French Embroidery Stitches

By Marie Jacques

"I WISH I could do lovely embroidery!" people often sigh. "But, you see, it is far too difficult for me."

Why should it be? The loveliness of embroidery does not at all depend on the complicatedness of the stitches. It depends, firstly, on the choice of a good design, and secondly on the selection of the right colors: the actual stitches themselves need only be quite simple. Let me tell you a few very effective ones, which will do either for real embroidery, or for dress trimmings.

little leaf look so light, doesn't it? The vein up the middle is just plain back stitch.

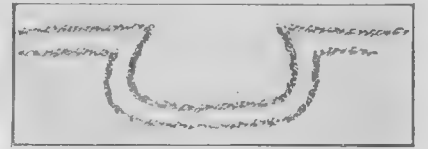


Fig. 3

Turn your single Feather Stitch inwards instead of outwards, and make the "forks" so long that they meet down the centre of a leaf. And you get at once the quaint and pretty filling shown in Figure 6. Any sort of a space can be filled in this way—a scroll in a conventional design, for instance, just as well as a leaf or flower.

Figure 7 is Basket Stitch, and looks a great deal more elaborate than any of the others. But, as a matter of fact, Basket Stitch is neither more or less than an arrangement of the herring-boning, which you have done hundreds of times when sewing flannel. It is closed up very close, you see, so that one stitch crosses another: but it is herring-boning, for all that.

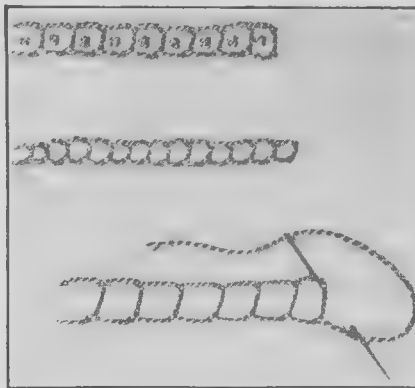


Fig. 1

For instance, the Roman Stitch, shown in Figure 1, is the most effective bordering that anyone could wish to see. Yet, as the diagram shows you, it is simplicity itself. If you want to make the little knot in the middle, just do a couple of stitches, one on top of the other: there is no need for a real French knot. If your eye is accurate, you will be able to keep the Roman Stitch straight by the threads; but, if you are not quite sure of your eye, you had better draw out a couple of threads, in order to be on the safe side.

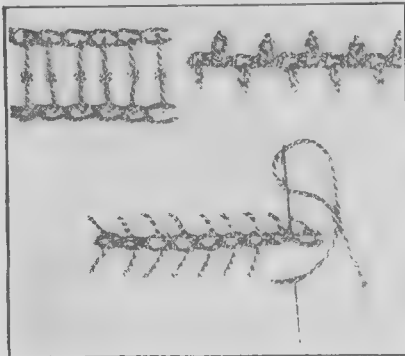


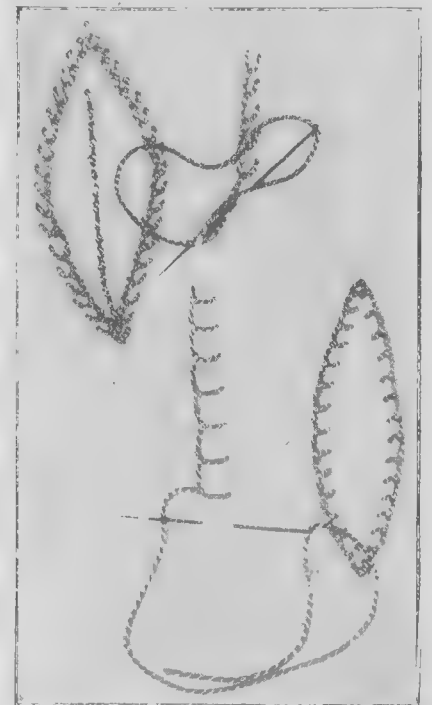
Fig. 2

Figure 2 shows three varieties of Chain Stitch. The one at the left consists of 2 rows of chain, with a straight stitch just thrown across. You can catch it down at the middle by a little cross stitch, if you think that the distance is so great that the bar will not keep neatly in place. The lower one is just a straight row of chain, with a slightly slanting stitch going off at each side. The one at the right is a row of chain going straight downwards, with single chain stitches starting out in alternate directions at each side.

Figure 3 is a variation of the well-known Outline Stitch. When you are doing it, put your thread to the left of the needle for the first stitch, and to the right for the second and so on. This gives the stitch a sort of corded effect, which is much better than that produced by the plain outline.

Figure 4 is nothing but buttonholing, very much spaced out. It does nicely, as you see, for a simple leaf or flower finish: it is also one of the prettiest stitches that could be found for finishing hems, tucks, etc. on children's clothes.

EVERYONE knows how to do Feather Stitch, but few, I think, have realized how light and pretty single Feather Stitch can be in embroidery. It makes the



Figs. 4 and 5

Figure 8 is the stitch known as Fish Bone filling, and is just exactly the opposite of Basket Stitch, for the straight stitches cross only in the middle, and all their points stand apart. Take great care not to pull either of these very tightly, as they are more effective when no strain is put on the thread, and remember that a fairly thick embroidery thread or mercerised silk is better for them than anything too thin and dainty.

No. 9 looks quite elaborate, but, when you come to take it to pieces, you will find it just as simple as the others. First of all, throw long, straight stitches right across the space to be filled, then hold them down with little cross stitches,

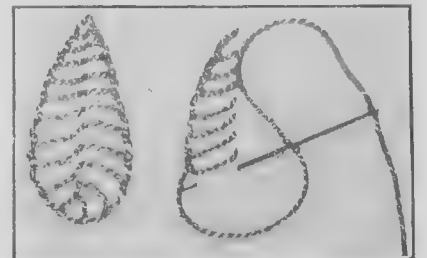


Fig. 6

which need not be too regular. The ones in the picture are very regularly placed; but I have seen the same filling done with

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The Western Home Monthly.

WORK for BUSY FINGERS

Continued from page 48

just an odd cross stitch here and there, and it looked just as well, if not better.

The edge is done with a double row of what is known as the Knotted Stitch. The little diagram shows you quite clearly how to do it. Don't pull too tight in making the knot, or it will hardly be noticeable at all. This stitch is ever so effective if you do it in two threads of different colors, threading them both into the same needle, and knotting them together.



Fig. 7

In all embroideries, I think it is a safe rule to start on a little bit of spare stuff, and practise your stitch there, till you are perfectly sure that you have mastered it, and that both your thread and needle are exactly right. A little precaution of this kind often saves much trouble in picking out afterwards a start that was not quite up to the standard of the main body of the work.

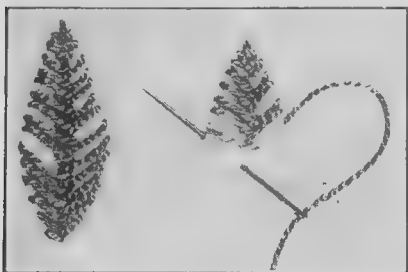


Fig. 8

Never use a very long thread. Silk gets roughened if it is too long, mercerised cotton loses its shine, while flourishing thread wears up into lumps by means of continual passing through the stuff.

When selecting a design, remember that suitability is the first and greatest of qualities. Don't try, for instance, to put fine dainty little designs on coarse,

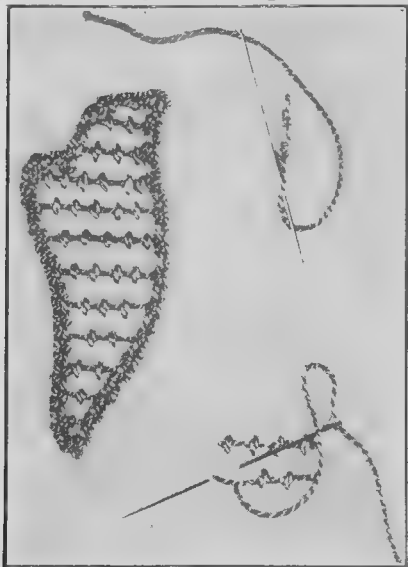


Fig. 9

bold stuff, where they would be lost altogether; but realize that something which is less pretty in itself will, nevertheless, give a better effect, because it suits to perfection the foundation on which it is to be worked.

Explained

The rapid disappearance of coal from his bin alarmed Major Higgins, and he determined to trace it. He questioned the man who tended the furnace.

"Rastus," he asked, "where do you reckon my coal has disappeared to?"

Rastus scratched his head thoughtfully. "Wall, suh," he replied, "Ah—Ah—Ah reckon dem squirhels took it. Yas-sir, squirhels, Major Higgins. Dat was nut coal, suh."

HOW TO GROW COLORED WOODS

By Clara Cooke

Neither the process of melting wood nor that of hardening soft timber prove half so interesting to the casual observer as watching Nature produce trees with coloured wood. In growing coloured timber so that stain, varnish, and paint are unnecessary, the trees are usually operated upon in the spring. This is because the sap and mineral matter is then more readily absorbed by the tissues of the trunk and branches. After the various tints and colorings are decided upon, a slanting hole is bored through each tree about a foot from the ground. In the lower end of the hole a short wooden plug is driven.

Before the air has time to dry up the sap in the newly made hole, a concentrated solution of aniline dye is forced through by means of a rubber hose and a hand pump. The result is that the dye on mixing with the sap, circulates throughout the tree and colours the wood.

With the exception of a few trees, a pumpful of the dye every two or three hours is sufficient. Some of the larger trees will soak up a gallon a day. Others need little more than a pint a day. In every case the amount of dye standing in the slanting hole serves as a guide.

As might be expected, the first part of the tree to stain is the outer layer of wood. This becomes nicely coloured in about three days. The remaining time is taken up by the dye spreading to the tree center.

To determine if the colouring is effectual throughout, augers are driven into the branches at different heights, and microscopic examinations made of the sawdust.

Variations in the shades of the sawdust reveal if the process of colouring is incomplete. For example, too much white indicates streaks. This is due to insufficient dye.

When Day Returns to Night

The twilight comes, the hour when tired day returns to night,
And in the dusk, your face appears,
Your eyes are shining bright.
I feel your spirit near me, and your arms that clasp me tight,
When twilight comes, my darling, and day returns to night.

Oh, beautiful, dusky twilight, that brings your spirit near,
As I sit alone in the fading light, I feel that you love me dear,
Oh, to be held in your arms love, with never a thought of fear,
But its only down in my heart, you can live,
And the twilight that brings you here.

The twilight has gone, my darling, and the day has again begun,
So with it I pick up my burdens, with the rising of the sun,
But still in my heart I shall keep you through all the hours of light,
Awaiting your spirit at twilight, when day is returning to night.

—Harriet T. Nye.

Stolen

An advance agent of a musical show, having hired a hall in a Kentucky town, asked the proprietor of the building: "How are the acoustics of your hall?" "The which?" said the Kentuckian. "The acoustics." "Well, I'll tell you," said the proprietor, looking a little puzzled. "Thar was a minstrel comp'ny 'long here 'bout two weeks ago that stole 'bout everything they could lay their hands on, so mebbe they're missin'."

It Wasn't Like Sargent After All

Once when John S. Sargent, the famous painter, was at a banquet a young lady whom he knew very well said to him: "Oh, Mr. Sargent, I saw your latest painting and kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why no."

"Then," said Mr. Sargent, "it was not like me."



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A Stylish Frock with New Features, 4219.—Broadcloth or satin could be used for this model, with braiding or embroidery for decoration. The cascade drapery may be omitted. The sleeve is a new close fitting model in two pieces.

This Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot without lapped part of front is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Style for the Growing Girl, 4202.—Broad cloth in a new shade of brown with bands of satin would be attractive for this design. It is nice also for serge, and kasha cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material. The closing is under the panel at the left side.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Tot, 4200.—One may have this without sleeves and without the bertha, or as illustrated. The development with bertha and without sleeves could be in batiste or voile with hemstitching and embroidery. With sleeves and without bertha the dress is nice also for percale, crepe and gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of two Lengths, 4204.—Plaid suiting was used for this design, with ruffles of tulle. Inserted pockets are a pleasing feature of this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Frock with Pleasing Style Features, 4217.—Circular skirt sections are set low over a panel front and long waist sections, on this desirable model. The square-cut neck is especially becoming to stout figures. The sleeve is new and attractive. Broad cloth, with bands braided with soutache was used in this instance. Panné velvet or serge would be equally pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards (with plaits extended).

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Up-to-Date Costume, Nos. 3956-4221.—Knicker and bloomer suits appeal to the active girl as much as to "grown ups." This model is ever so serviceable and pleasing. It may be worn with or without a skirt. Serge, flannel, jersey cloth and other knitted materials, as well as linen, khaki and gingham are good for its development.

The Blouse Pattern 3956 is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The Knickers Pattern 4221 is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make the costume for a 14 year size will require 5 yards of 32 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Set of Pleasing Toys for the Nursery, 2970.

—Here is a comfortable roly poly doll and a cunning cat. Toweling stuffed with cork would make these models floating toys. Plush, felt, flannel, outing flannel, velvet, drill and crash could also be used. The doll could be made of different material below the arms.

The Pattern is cut in one size. Either style requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Charming Apron Model, 4213.—Always seasonable and never out of fashion is the apron—and there is no version of this popular garment more practical and simple than the "one piece" style here portrayed. Cretone with a finish of rick rack braid was used in this instance. Satene and percale also are desirable materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable House or Porch Dress.—Pattern 3622 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 7 yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Gingham with pique for chemisette, collar and cuffs would be nice for this. It is attractive also for chambray, linen, percale, albatross, crepe, crepe mohair or flannelette.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty "Draped" Gown, 4212.—Figured silk is here portrayed, with crepe for collar and cuffs, trimmed with bands of metal ribbon. This model is in slip on style. Waist and skirt portions are draped in soft folds. The sleeve is a new model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. To make collar and cuffs of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide. The width of the dress at the foot is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

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A New Apron, 4022.—The shaped bib, and pockets are novel and unique. This style is nice for all apron materials. It may be finished without the tie ends. Figured percale is used in this instance, with a trimming of rick rack braid.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Very Unique Style, 4211.—Navy serge or twill with braid trimming would be attractive for this model. The collar may be omitted and the neck finished in round outline.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Happiest Moment of My Married Life

By MRS. M—— C——

The intimate, personal story of a woman who solved one of the most perplexing "after-marriage" problems.

"THE other day I attended the wedding of two young friends of mine—a sweet, winsome girl of 18 and a boy (he was hardly more) of 20.

"They were very happy—one could see that in their laughing, eager faces.

"Yet as they went away, amid the usual shower of rice and confetti, I wondered how long it would last.

"At the end of five years—what then? Would they still be the same eager sweethearts? Or would they have settled down into the rut which is the grave of so many gay young dreams?

"Frankly—I didn't know.

"For somehow, my thoughts went back to the day—just three years ago—when Jack and I said good-bye amid the same shower of rice and confetti and started out on our Great Adventure.

"We were gloriously happy, too, but our married life came so near being a tragedy that I am going to tell about it here in the hope that my experience may be of some help to other women just like myself.

"I can pass rather hurriedly over the first six months. It was like a wonderful dream—just one happy day after another. Jack—my husband—wasn't earning a large salary, but he had saved a few hundred dollars before our marriage—we were young—we rather imagined the future would take care of itself.

"But futures don't do that any more. And inevitably—a few months later—came our first quarrel. It started, as most quarrels do, over money.

"MY trousseau had been fairly complete, but it was beginning to show signs of wear. But what was I to do? I couldn't sew. I didn't have any money of my own. And I couldn't save anything out of the house allowance. So one night I asked Jack for \$40 to buy a new dress.

"'Forty dollars!' he exclaimed. 'Forty dollars for one dress! You know I can't afford that. Can't you make one of your old ones do another season?'

"'I—I saw a lovely dress down at Morton's to-day, and I'd like to get it,' I said, the tears springing to my eyes. 'But if you say we can't afford it, why we can't, that's all.'

"Then Jack said something about my being extravagant and I said something about the smallness of his salary, and by the time we were through we were both feeling miserable and tired of it all. But I didn't get the dress.

"So that season and the next I tried to make my old things do, or purchased some cheap, ill-fitting dress at the store. But it was a mistake—an almost tragic mistake.

"As I look back now, I can see that I was so busy with the baby and the housework that I wasn't giving as much thought to my clothes and myself as I did when I was single. And I don't care what the poets say—no man is going to continue to love a woman with the same old fervor of the sweetheart days unless she keeps herself attractive.

"It took me nearly two years to find it out. Two long years, and there were a good many nights when I cried myself to sleep worrying about it. Not that there was any other woman or anything like that, for there wasn't. But I could feel that Jack and I were getting farther and farther apart—that sometimes, when friends came, he was more than half ashamed of me. And that hurt worst of all.

"Then one day I read of a woman just like myself who had learned at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make pretty, becoming clothes.

"Of course, I had heard of the Woman's Institute before—every woman has, I guess—but somehow I had never thought of it as meaning anything to me.

"But this time I saw with startling clearness that here might be the solution of my own clothes problem—that if I could really learn to make my own clothes it would be easy to get the pretty things I had been needing so badly. For the cost would be small if I had to pay only for materials.

"SO I sat right down and wrote the Woman's Institute for full particulars. And just three days later the postman brought me a letter and a delightful book explaining the courses in detail and telling of the experiences of thousands of successful students.

"When I read of all these women and girls who had learned dressmaking and millinery at home I felt confident that I could learn, too. So I enrolled.

"I thought there might be some tedious preliminaries or long weeks of practice work. But there weren't. I started right in making actual garments.

"Jack knew I was working on the lessons. But I didn't say anything to him about my rapid progress.

"The big surprise came the evening he brought some business friends home for dinner. Other times I might have dreaded such an occasion. But not now. It was the opportunity for which I had been waiting. You should have seen Jack's face when I came into



"You've come back, Mary," he said tenderly. "You've come back—the Mary of the sweetheart days. You've never looked so wonderful as you do to-night."

the room in my new dress. And the pride in his voice as he introduced me to the men! I wouldn't exchange that moment for a thousand dollars.

"And that night, after our guests had gone, Jack came over and put his hands on my shoulders. 'You've come back, Mary,' he said tenderly. 'You've come back—the Mary of the sweetheart days. You've never looked so wonderful as you do to-night.'

"Soon the neighbors began noticing my clothes and asking who made them. And when I told them I was making them myself, they just couldn't believe it.

"Then a happy thought came to me. If I could make such pretty, becoming dresses for myself at such great savings, why not make them for other people, too, and thus add something to the family income? It certainly seemed like a good idea, so I determined to try, anyway.

"And do you know, it seemed as if every woman I knew wanted me to make something for her.

"In the last six months I have earned more than \$300 in my spare time, in addition to making all my own clothes and those for the baby.

"When I think how different everything might be if I hadn't enrolled with the Woman's Institute just when I did—do you wonder that I want to tell you about my experience?"

WHAT Mrs. M—— C—— did, you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. For among the 150,000 members of the Woman's Institute are housewives, mothers, business women, school teachers, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking and millinery at home as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

Most important of all, you learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors, lines, and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women; how to design and create original dresses; how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines; how to put in those little touches that make dresses distinctively becoming.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

The Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 16-N, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing so much happiness to women and girls all over the world.

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- ☐ How to Make Children's Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Plan and Design Becoming Clothes
- ☐ How to Make My Own Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Farm Home

Dear Editor and Readers,—

For a long time I have been an interested reader of the correspondence page of the W.H.M. I saw the alleged picture of the Editor in the February issue, and I feel sure that a club that could boast such a fine-looking Editor would certainly be worth belonging to. And I have read the various letters with much pleasure and interest. I am sure they reflect many charming personalities. I would like very much to join this jolly circle, if I may, and if possible gain a few correspondents.

I live on a farm in Saskatchewan and like farm life very much, only it gets pretty lonesome out here at times. We are living ten miles from town, so there is a good reason for the lonesomeness. Up till three years ago we lived on a farm a half mile from town, and we have spent three years in town, so it was quite a change to come up here and settle down ten miles from a town.

Still I prefer country-life to city-life; tho' I am not narrow-minded enough to utterly condemn city life, because it certainly has its advantages as has country life. And I believe it is merely a matter of personal opinion which is best. Some are partial to the country, others prefer the city; and it all has its place in the scheme of things, for we would have no country if all flocked to the city, and vice versa.

I dance, play cards and used to skate when we lived near a rink. Music and fancy work are my two hobbies since I left school three years ago. They have helped while away many a lonely hour. And reading, while it cannot be termed a hobby has brightened my life greatly and has claimed many an hour of my attention. I like modern fiction, but do not devote my time to it alone. I have read many of Scott's novels, enjoyed much of his poetry, am fairly conversant with Shakespeare, and have enjoyed Dickens' books and "Bobby" Burns' poetry.

The poor bachelors! I don't wonder that some of them find little success in the culinary line. I have worked in the field to help out at times and I must say that one doesn't feel much like rustling a meal after a hard day's work. One is not then in a condition, mental or physical, to be particular about such things, and anyone who has prepared meals knows how necessary the element of painstaking is to the development of an appetizing meal. I think my letter is quite long enough for a beginner, so I will close now. Trusting to hear from some of the members, I will sign myself,

Pollyanna.

Hints on Duck Raising

Dear Editor and Readers,

This is just to let you know that I still read the W.H.M. and enjoy every issue.

Why don't the teachers write to this page and give us their views concerning teaching just as they used to do some time ago. I would not like to see our teachers become quitters of this circle and I am sure that the editor would be only too glad to welcome and publish their letters so that we may all hear of their noble work.

I would like to tell you something of my summer holidays. I must say I had a rather enjoyable time as well as interesting raising ducks. Out of two settings of eggs (sixteen I was allowed) I had fourteen ducklings and such a happy bunch of bright birds. They were all black and yellow except one little fellow who was all yellow. This was my pet. In the first place I knew practically nothing about feeding the little birds, but before long I knew of a kind of chopped feed to start them on. Then some more information was added to my knowledge on feeding them, "Plenty of Water" says every duck's mother. After a time when the birds grew older they absolutely refused to take my chopped feed and navigated the barn yard and found things to eat to their own satisfaction. Some time later when the ducks were big and fat, each weighing ten pounds I sent them to

fourteen of my best friends for their thanksgiving dinner.

Thanking the editor for space and wishing to see more teachers take part in our Correspondence Page, I am as before, Steve.

Fond of Outdoor Sports

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been reading the letters of the Correspondence Page for a decade or so and have written before but my letter must have been devoured by the W.P.B., so I hope this one will have the luck to pass it by. I am a resident in a little town not very far from Winnipeg and am engaged by the C.N. Railway. I came from Nottingham, England, sixteen years ago. At times I get a bit lonesome so you see it would be nice if some of your readers would write to me. I am very fond of skating and horse riding, but do not dance. I hope some of you girl readers will take pity on a poor lonesome fellow and write me. I promise to answer all letters.

With best wishes to the W. H. M., I am, Lonesome 28.

Rides 80 miles to Old Farm

Dear Editor and Readers,

It is a long time since I wrote to the Correspondence Page and now that the cold weather is here there is not much work for a bachelor to do. I have been in this part of Saskatchewan just about a year. It is a much better farming district than I was in before. There are not so many hills and stones and it is not so windy, but thistles are as bad. I had a pretty fair crop here this year and got a little off my place where I came from and have a nice big fallow to crop next year which I hope will help.

My sister and I rode to my old farm, over eighty miles distant. We took only one day to go, but two days to come back.

This letter is getting long so must close and hope to hear from some of the fair sex. My name and address is with the editor.

Happy-go Lucky.

Happy Readers

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for the past year. I enjoy every page very much, especially the Correspondence page. I always read it first.

The writers all seem to be so happy and sociable, that I finally summoned courage enough to write too, hoping this, my first, may miss that dreadful monster, the W. P. B.

I have lived in the country for the past couple of years, and like it fine. Before I came I really could not believe that the cows and chickens could be so interesting. I like dancing, skating, etc., and have lots of fun here in the country in the Winter time. When a bunch of boys and girls get together in a sleigh-load going to a party, the funniest and most exciting part of it is when the driver drives over a snow bank and upsets. Oh boy!

I am twenty-four years of age, and am five feet eight inches in height. I like to go to the city once in a while as I get lonesome at times out here in the country. I would like very much to have some of the fair sex write me. I promise to answer all letters.

Well, as this is my first attempt at writing to your page, I will close now, wishing the Editor and members every success.

Sunny Jim.

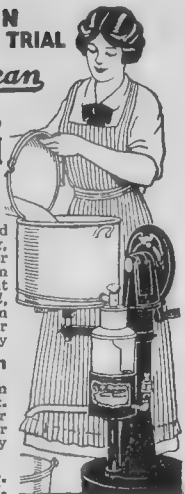
It Wouldn't Work

"I've been reading an article on electricity, John," said the wife, as she laid down a copy of a technical magazine which she had been perusing, "and it appears before long we'll be able to get pretty nearly everything we want just by touching a button."

"It will never pay here," growled the husband. "You would never be able to get anything in that way."

"Why not, John?"
"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

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Lovely switches made from your combings.
New hair added if desired.
\$3.00 for making. With new hair, add from \$2.00 upwards.

Elite Hair Store
283 Smith Street,
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We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Latest styles, colorings and materials.

Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

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STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Winter Streams

Now the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow.

And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams.

While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,

Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing once again.

Sweeping softly from the Sound
Over ridge and meadow ground!

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near,—

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.
Bliss Carman.

SOMETHING SENT IN



Sven Norgren of Dubuc, Sask., and his dog Belle

Box 137,
Moosomin, Sask.

Dear Bobby Burke,—

I received your pretty gold Cosy Corner Button and was very pleased with it. I think they are very pretty. How many of you other people who read the Cosy Corner have got one? I wrote an essay on "Bird Neighbors" but some one else did it better than I was able to. However, I received a pin and thank you for it, Bobby Burke.

Today is Thanksgiving Day, and a very stormy one it is. I live in Moosomin and go to the Collegiate Institute. I am studying second part of my third. My home is on a farm in Manitoba (right on the boundary) which is eleven miles from Moosomin. I go home every week-end which is fine. I went home Friday and had Monday also for a holiday. It started to snow Sunday night so when we got up Monday to come back to town, there was snow all over. We drove several miles to our nearest station and came the rest of the way by train. The roads were very bad and our horses stumbled in the snowdrifts several times.

How many of you have heard Radio? We have one at school and have given several public concerts with it.

We have a large Collegiate with six classes in it. We have very good teachers and very enjoyable times at school. We have commencement exercises every year, an annual "At Home," annual Field Day and concerts at school every two weeks during the winter.

How many of you make your own Christmas presents? I make most of mine and enjoy doing it. I have nearly all mine ready for this Christmas.

I am taking part in a debate at school on Wednesday. The subject is "Resolved that promotions should be based on the year's work rather than on written exams." I have the affirmative side. Don't most of you agree with me?

Well, I must close now and leave room for other letters.
Wishing Bobby Burke and his corner every success,

I remain,
Alice E. Feader (14).

Dear Bobby Burke,—

I am going to tell you about my pet horse, her name is lady.

I ride horseback and drive her.

My horse is very old, and I love her very much.

She has had a lot of colts.

I am nine years old, and am in grade four at school.

I have a nice teacher and like her.

I go to school at Moosomin, and my aunt is a teacher in the same school.

The school is big. It has eight rooms in it.

All the teachers are ladies except the principal.

I am going to tell you about my pet dog, his name is Tommy.

I like him, but not as well as my horse.

In winter holidays he pulls me on my sled. I have harness for him. I should like to see this letter in print.

Madge Feader,
Moosomin, Sask.

Oct. 30th, 1922.

Dear Mr. Bobby Burke,—

I am writing to thank you for the camera and gold button as a prize in "Our Feathered Friends" contest that I received to-day. I am very much pleased with them both. If I get some good pictures with the camera I will send some to the corner.

I sent some pictures not very long ago to the corner. In the picture with the horns is my brother and I am the largest with the Auto.

I think the Western Home Monthly very interesting.

Yours truly,
Orlin R. Hagaman,
Mervin, Sask.



A feathered imitator of the old lady who lived in a shoe

Any Old Shoe Will Do

Here is the little bird that lives in a shoe. Like the robin, says a contributor to Country Life, the flycatcher sometimes builds its nest in odd corners, but it is not often that you can obtain a photograph of one in an old shoe. The shoe was hanging on a nail close under the eaves of a pigsty roof in the village of North Baddesley, Hants; it seemed possible that some bird might build in it. This particular flycatcher had its first nest in the ivy that covered a dwelling house near by.

When I heard that the shoe was occupied I decided to photograph the bird; so one day I removed the shoe to a nail lower in the wall. For a few minutes the flycatcher and her mate were greatly alarmed; but they soon became reconciled to the new position of their home, as the photograph proves.

THE STRANGEST THING I KNOW

About ninety or a hundred miles south of where I live is a place called Kingsville, where lives Jack Miner, who is a tamer of wild geese. I fancy most people have heard of Jack Miner and the wonderful place he has where he lives, and

Continued on page 54

Free Trial First

HERE is the opportunity you have been waiting for—the chance to try a musical instrument in your own home for one week. No obligation to buy. Select your own instrument. Only three are illustrated here, but you can tell us in the coupon if you'd like to try another instrument. Act at once while this great special Free Trial Offer lasts.

Easy Monthly Payments

You do not have to pay all cash to get our rock-bottom prices. We have arranged an easy-payment plan that amounts to only a few cents a day. Select an outfit and pay us in easy payments as you use it. Remember, there is no obligation to buy until you have completed the Free Trial.

Complete Outfits

Every instrument we sell comes in a complete outfit with beautiful substantial carrying case with lock and key. All necessary accessories and instruction books are included Free. You can learn as you pay. By our plan you get a complete outfit for the price of a single instrument.

Send the Coupon Today!

Our illustrated literature shows all kinds of musical instruments with full description and prices and details of our easy payment plan. We are prepared to furnish the best musical instrument values on the market at rock-bottom direct-to-you prices. Send now.

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62 Albert Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your illustrated literature with full description of complete outfits and details of your Free Trial and easy payment plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

State any other instrument in which you are especially interested.

FREE PRIZES

\$1,000.00 ALREADY
GIVEN AWAY

\$200.00 MORE IN
CASH NOW OFFERED

1st PRIZE \$75.00 2nd PRIZE \$50.00 3rd PRIZE \$25.00
4th PRIZE \$15.00 5th PRIZE \$10.00, and Five Prizes of \$5.00 each.

HOW MANY OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE CAN YOU FIND BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER "H."

There is Horse, Hog, Hoop — how many more can you find?

Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is. Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort and perseverance will win.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

If you send in your list of "H" words and the Judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "H," then they will award you the first Prize.

DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY.

You need not expend one cent in order to enter this Contest. As soon as we receive your list we will write you with reference to a simple condition that must be fulfilled in order to qualify in the Contest. The simple condition suggested does not involve the spending of one cent of your money.

We have already given away over \$1,000.00 in Cash Prizes for Advertising Purposes, but not one cent of that amount has ever been paid to anyone personally known to us.

We will send the names and addresses of recent prize winners to anyone who answers this advertisement.

OBSERVE THESE RULES.

1. All replies must reach this office by mail.
2. Only English words will be counted.
3. Compound words will not be counted.
4. Only the singular or plural of a word may be given, but both the singular and plural will not count.
5. Each article or object can be given only one name.
6. In the event of ties, writing and neatness will be considered factors in determining the final result of the competition.
7. The Judging will be done by two gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection whatever with this concern.

DO NOT DELAY. SEND IN YOUR ANSWER AT ONCE. DELAYS ARE ALWAYS DANGEROUS. Address plainly:—

HOME MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 31 165 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.



"Sally"



Sally was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a wall-flower at parties. When the men were asked why they didn't dance with her, they just said, "Sally don't dress like the other girls. When I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for my clothes." Then, one day, a married sister told her of this. Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally was so prettily dressed and so attractive that she danced every dance and received several invitations. When asked what she had done, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why, I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks'

fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother."

Over 13,000 women and girls have, like Sally, learned Dress Designing and making at home, and are much better dressed at one-third the former cost. Sign and mail the following coupon—at once. This two cent stamp may save you hundreds of Dollars and make you better dressed than ever.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. M 654 Rochester, N.Y.

Send me free sample lessons and full information about your Dress Designing, Dressmaking Course.

Name _____
Address _____

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Tenacious Coughs

Most everybody knows how troublesome some coughs are, and thousands have realized the power of rich, nourishing

Scott's Emulsion

to improve the body tone and increase the powers of resistance. If you are troubled with a cough, build up strength—take Scott's Emulsion regularly!



Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 22-45

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 53

where the geese alight and rest for a few days in the spring and fall. Mr. Miner fastens aluminum tags to the legs of hundreds of ducks and geese. Each tag has his name and address on it. Many of these have been returned to him by hunters who have shot the geese or ducks.

But what seems the strangest to me is—How do those geese and ducks flying through the air without a compass know where to alight each time, and always come back to the same place each spring and fall?

My answer to the Limerick in May W.H.M. is:

"Do you always read all through our corner.

If not, well its you are the mourner.

You should read every word and you'll feel like a bird,

And as happy as little "Jack Horner."

—Sent by Isabel MacLaren, 544 Confederation St., Sarnia, Ont.

"Tisn't that, sir," said the youthful satirist; "but I hadn't the heart to see you standin' there by yourself!"

Now Don't Get Excited!

Persons sometimes do strange and amusing things in the excitement of a fire. This account, which a contributor sends us, tells what happened during a small fire on a farm in the Catskill Mountains.

I was just a bit of a boy then, he says, and to my great delight had been taken to my uncle's to spend two or three weeks on the farm. One day after a snowfall we were spending a quiet evening in the sitting room of the old house; my uncle was reading the paper at the table; my aunt, sitting near a side window with an old-fashioned wooden bowl in her lap, was chopping mince meat. Happening to look up, she saw a dancing light on the snow outside. "My land!" she cried, jumping to her feet. "The house is on fire!"

My uncle, a very excitable man, rushed out into the well room and, seizing two pails, ran upstairs. My aunt, hurrying outdoors to see just where the fire was, left the door open; the wind straightway blew the lamp out. My uncle, coming downstairs, set his pails in front of the door of the dining room.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

A New Note from 'Omer's Lyre

Not all book salesmen, says a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, profess to be literary. A customer stepped into a London bookshop and asked for Omar Khayyam. The man shook his intelligent-looking head.



It shall not want

"No," he said. "Is Iliad we 'ave, and 'is Odyssey we 'ave, but we 'ave not 'is Khayyam."

"Now," thundered the school teacher on a morning of unusual density on the part of his scholars, "you are all block-heads, but there must be one among you who excels in something, even if only in crass ignorance. Let the biggest dunce in school stand up."

The invitation was more in the nature of "bluff" than anything else; but, to the teacher's surprise, one stolid-visaged lad rose to his feet.

"Oh," purred the master, "I am glad to see that one of you has the honesty to admit his ignorance."

By that time my aunt had seen that the chimney was burning out, and, since there was snow on the roof, she knew that there was no special danger of the house's catching fire. Coming inside, she fell over the empty pails. "Ab," she said, "did you go and throw water all over upstairs?"

"No," he replied, "I couldn't find any fire."

"Well, you must have thrown water somewhere; there's none in the pails."

My aunt lighted the lamp and went upstairs as fast as she could go, but she could find no traces of water. "Ab," she said when she came down, "did you go upstairs to put the fire out with two empty pails?"

NEW LAMP BURNS 94 % AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 579 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.



BEAUTY OF THE SKIN

Is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema disappear, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

NO READY MONEY NEEDED TO GET "MOVIE" MACHINE

By our new plan, every school, church and club can own a Victor Safety Cinema. It will make money for you. 52

Write To-Day for Particulars

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156 KING ST. W. Toronto.



THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg



Why Try To Treat Piles From The Outside

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

LET ME PROVE THIS FREE

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now. TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
330C Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

Celery King is the thing

to stimulate the liver, cleanse the bowels, purify the blood, banish headaches and make you feel the joy of better health and strength. Nature's own laxative and tonic roots and herbs in Celery King. 30c and 60c packages.

Are You Coughing?

Why not cure it this very day? A few drops of Shiloh relieves that tickling in the throat that maddens you. A few doses heal up the sore and inflamed tissues in the throat and really banish that cough. 30c, 60c and \$1.20. All druggists.

SHILOH FOR COUGHS

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 54

That is just what he had done. We returned to the sitting room again, and my aunt went to get her wooden bowl. But in her excitement she had set it on the floor, and the dog had eaten all the mincemeat!

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

Carpets

WE take it as a matter of course today that in a well furnished house there should be carpets on the floors of the principal rooms.

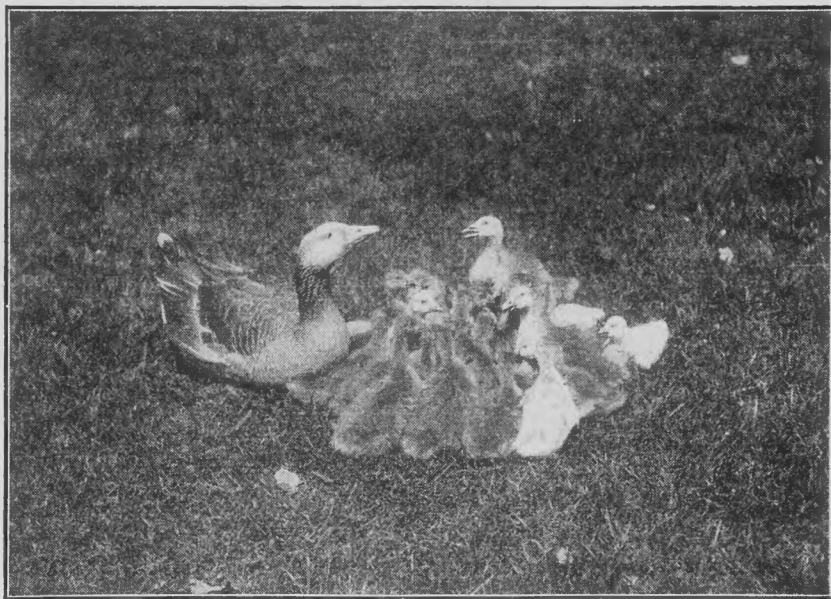
But it is only 175 years ago when the meaning of the word "carpet" was given in an English dictionary as "a covering for a table" and the rich carpets that come from foreign lands were too costly to spread on the floors.

The floors in those times, and in earlier days were covered with hair, straw, or rushes with which sweet herbs were mixed; and on festive occasions flowers were also strewn on the ground, as all readers of Shakespeare will know.

Carpets were made in the East from the days of old—so long ago indeed that we can find no date for their beginning. We know the palaces of the Pharaohs were adorned with carpets, and that such a covering was spread over the grave of Cyrus the founder of the Persian Monarchy. Merchants from the great Italian cities of the Middle Ages traded

and in rugs of this design you may see the tree with its roots, a stream flowing at its foot, fish in the water, birds and fruit and flowers on the tree. There are the prayer rugs which often have sacred symbols woven in them and there are many others which would make a fascinating study for any one. Carpets are made in England and America by machinery, and the designs are nearly all symmetrical and consist of conventionalized trees, flowers and birds. Western carpets are not made of the same beautiful wools as Eastern carpets, nor are they so carefully dyed and woven. They are often good carpets but they will not last for generations improving with age as Eastern carpets do. Some of the best known Eastern rugs are called Kazaks, Baluchistans, Bokharas, Casabas, Kurdish and Saraband, and the best known Western rugs are Brussels, Axminsters and Wiltons.

Speaking of using rushes and herbs as a floor covering it may interest you to know that in the Guildhall in London where the council meets herbs are to this day spread over the table when a meeting is held. This is a survival of the days when sweet herbs were supposed to keep off the plague, and by doing this people thought they were disinfecting the rooms.



In family council

in these Eastern carpets and thus they found their way into all the countries of Europe.

Carpets are used quite differently in the East than they are in the West. In Persia a man never walks or stands on a carpet in his shoes; hence a carpet may remain in one family for generations, and be ever fresh and beautiful to look upon. All Persian and Turkish carpets are woven by hand, and the same colors and much the same designs are used always. Sometimes the pattern on opposite ends of a carpet varies because one end is woven by a man and the other end by his wife, or perhaps two men weave the same rug. Nearly every symbol has a meaning of its own if we studied it. There is one famous pattern known as The Tree of Life,

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO DO

Try your hand at being an artist this month—make a spring calendar of March, with spring, birds and flowers, or whatever you think symbolizes spring. You may do this in pencil and trace it over with ink (but it must be done with ink). Do your best work and win a gold button!

Get your pictures in before January 25th.

A Poser

Teacher. "Now, children, remember that whatever you sow, that shall you reap. If you sow turnip seed you'll get turnips, and if you sow—"

Small Janet. (interrupting). "Please, teacher if I sow bird-seed will I get birdies?"



Anaemia

Thin, watery blood is no more nourishing than thin, watery milk—skim milk.

But you can soon enrich thin blood, overcome the anaemic condition and build up the whole system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. F. G. Simmons, 42 Curtis St., Brantford, Ont., writes:

"For about eight years I suffered from anaemia. My circulation was poor, my gums and lips were pale, and my hands and feet were always cold. I was nervous and unable to sleep well. I had frequent headaches, seemed restless and easily worried or irritated. There was a buzzing sound in my ears. Indigestion was also one of my complaints, and I often was attacked by weak spells. I went to a doctor, who told me I was anaemic, but as I did not get any better I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after the first box I felt brighter and my headaches completely disappeared. I continued using the Nerve Food for quite a while. I am quite well now, and cheerfully and gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to people suffering as I did before I used this splendid medicine."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Don't Wear a Truss

BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope. BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 1611 State St., Marshall, Mich.



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Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gough. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. Farmer Burns School, 551 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg





WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Mr. and Mrs. William Hohenzollern

She calls herself Kaiserin; he is Kaiser out.—Saskatoon Star.

In Regard to That Earthquake

No. It isn't because the country is Chile that it shook.—Calgary Herald.

A Comparison with Norway

This is a fine country, but Norway has a law that requires girls to cook before they marry.—Milwaukee Herald.

Ottawa in a Fog

Throughout the week-end a heavy fog enveloped Ottawa. And it was nature, not the politicians, left us in that.—Ottawa Journal.

Literary Note

For its thickness, paper is a tough product. It has to be to stand some of the modern novels printed on it.—Montreal Gazette.

Travel in Russia

Travelling by train in Russia is free to all citizens. The government can afford to do this because there are no trains.—Chicago Tribune.

The Way of Humanity

Sarnia Indians have had a windfall from the sale of lands, and are spending some of it on motor cars and gramophones. Just like white folks.—Guelph Herald.

Consequences of Forest Destruction

Ten-million-dollar dams are being built in Quebec to hold back waters which used to be held back by the forests which have been destroyed.—Vancouver Province.

An Abandoned Idea

Every war has its myths. One of the myths about the last one was the idea that the Kaiser was going to be hanged.—St. John Telegraph.

The Hope of the World

The life of one generation is but a span in the up-building of a nation. After the father the children. And a world without children would be a world without hope.—London Advertiser.

The Only Canadian Earthquakes

The only earthquakes of any account that we have in Canada occur when the people decide to make a noise at the ballot box.—Hamilton Herald.

What Country is Better off than Canada

Those people who say that everything is wrong in this country would have a hard time expressing themselves if they lived in three or four countries one might name.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Remark by a New York Paper

The number of horses in New York city decreased during the past four years by 75,000. And it seems sometimes as though there has been quite as great a decrease in horse sense.—New York American.

They are Outsiders

Though five new tribes of Eskimos have been found in the Arctic circle, there is no present likelihood of them being incorporated with the League of Nations.—Lethbridge Herald.

Its Old Position Recovered

There may be differences of opinion as to how it has happened, but it is a fact that the Canadian dollar can now look the American dollar straight in the eye.—Journal of Commerce.

Not Wanted by Russia's Rulers

The Moscow Government has just expelled 100 intellectuals from Russia because they are dangerous—to the Soviet regime. If they are really intellectual the reason is a good one.—Omaha World-Herald.

He is Now in a Position to Know

Henry Ford says a man does not amount to much until he is forty. Henry is now over forty.—Stratford Herald.

The Pegs Must Fit the Holes

One of the difficulties that have to be faced in getting new settlers for Canada is the trouble one experiences when an attempt is made to put square pegs in round holes.—Montreal Standard.

A Conviction in Cleveland

The conviction in Cleveland of a woman on a manslaughter charge is, it seems, one of those things that will sometimes happen under the jury system.—Indianapolis News.

Of Course

Edward Johnson, the Canadian tenor, having earned a triumph with the Metropolitan Opera Company, is now acclaimed as a great "American" singer. Our neighbors are quick to appropriate success.—Halifax Chronicle.

Products of the West

Sixty-five per cent of Western Canada's wheat this year is up to No. 1 Northern. Manitoba butter wins first place in an All-Canadian show at Toronto. That's the kind of country that's west of Lake Superior.—Fort William Times-Journal.

It Flew Off the Handle

The editor of a Montreal weekly paper called the Axe has been sent to jail for a year for publishing a libellous statement. Apparently his Axe must have been loose around the head.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Poor Argument

The New York Herald's latest argument against the League of Nations—that she would have to fight a demand from Canada for the State of Maine—is no more absurd than many others used by the opponents of the League.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Principle vs. Practice

Leaders of Russia Soviet government are abandoning communistic theories and devoting themselves to whatever principles will help them to keep office. These birds will yet prove to the world they're human.—Halifax Herald.

Wheat

Canada produced 388 million and the United States 810 million bushels of wheat in 1922. With one thirteenth of the population of the United States, Canada grew nearly half as much wheat.—Canadian Finance.

Quite Likely They Do

A report says the natives of Zanzibar and Indo-China learn a great deal about the manners and customs of the other people from the motion picture plays. They must think we are a rare lot of chumps.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Canny ex-Kaiser

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm doubtless anticipated the storm of criticism following the publication of his memoirs. The substantial sum received for them, however, would prove an effective salve for his feelings.—Providence Journal.

The Editor Gets Bouquets and Bricks

No editor expects to please all the people all the time. It can't be done! But if every individual who has been helped, either directly or indirectly, by the newspapers will realize the extent of his obligation, the editor will receive more bouquets and fewer bricks.—Wainwright Star.

Revision of the Bank Act

The revision of the Bank act begins to loom up as one of the big political questions of the future. The interest already displayed in it by the Western Farmers is by no means academic. With respect to the Bank act they will require to be "shown" several things.—Moose Jaw Times.

Two Kinds of Poverty

There are two kinds of poverty—the poverty of idleness and squalor and waste, dwarfing both soul and body; and that proud poverty which is the nurse of economy and temperance, of diligence and exemplary ambition.—Toronto Telegram.

Income Taxation and Truthfulness

The income tax has made America a nation of liars, says a Harvard professor. He is plagiarizing an ancient attack on the British income tax system by Gladstone, but Gladstone recalled his words, and nobody today believes them.—Minneapolis Journal.

Paper Rubles Are Not Real Money

The United States bureau of engraving and printing turned out 315,265,000 stamps in a day recently. While this is not to be compared in quantity with the ruble making machinery of the Soviet government, every one of Uncle Sam's stamps is worth real money.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Where the Money Must Come From

The country is full of citizens who think that the government should do this and the government should do that, apparently overlooking the fact that the government cannot do this and that without spending money and that the money comes out of the people in taxes in one form or another.—Edmonton Journal.

A Debt It Will Take Long to Collect

Roumania's debt to Canada for food and clothing supplied at the close of the war will not be entirely liquidated until 1967, it is announced. And Canada may have to wait longer than that to have the Roumanian debt paid in full, if there are before 1967 a few more such elaborate and costly coronations as the one Roumania had recently.—Brantford Expositor.

Wild Men in Civilization

The scientists who left San Francisco recently to study wild men in the Malay Peninsula might have obtained valuable information much nearer home. An hour spent in the tax collector's office when citizens are paying their income tax would make the South Sea savages look as tame as rabbits.—Seattle Argus.

Scots to the Fore

The British Labor party has a Scotsman as leader. So has the Conservative party in Great Britain. Lloyd George is a Welshman; and Mr. Asquith is a Yorkshireman, who sits in the house of Commons for a constituency in Scotland. Yet there are reports that there is a movement in Scotland for Home Rule. Some day there will be a movement like that in England, too, perhaps.—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Need to Despair of Progress

Those who feel discouraged over the progress made towards world peace in the four years which have elapsed since the armistice would do well to bear in mind that in the perspective of history and the chronicles of great international movements four years is in reality a very short space of time. There is no reason to despair.—Ottawa Citizen.

Italy's Senate and Ours

"The Italian Senate," says a cable despatch, "resembles somewhat the British House of Lords; the members, however, are not elected, but are appointed for life by the king, on the advice of the Premier." It will be seen from this that the Italian Senate does not resemble the House of Lords in Great Britain, but does resemble the Senate of Canada, which sits in the Red Chamber at Ottawa.—Stratford Beacon.

Rubber Horseshoes

At a blacksmiths' convention in Michigan one of the delegates predicted that the trade would be a lost art in twenty-five years and that horses will be shod with a sort of a slip-on rubber pad. The kick of a mule shod with rubber shock absorbers would lose much of its effectiveness.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Suspicious More Dangerous than Armaments

It appears now that the nations have been in no hurry to comply with the decisions reached at the Washington conference regarding the scrapping of warships. Perhaps what is needed is some kind of a conference where the nations could be disarmed of their suspicions. These are more trouble than warships.—Kingston Whig.

"Perilous to the Public Safety"

What shall we do about it? Trial by jury in criminal cases can neither be abolished nor should be. In a sound state of public opinion such a method is not a serious obstacle to a firm and certain enforcement of the law. In Great Britain it has not been found so. Somehow or other we must convince the great mass of the people, from whom our jurors come, that it is perilous to the public safety and the general welfare to trifle with the law.—New York Globe.

Is Truth Becoming More Prevalent?

We are drifting into the age of truth. A public man in United States has defied public opinion by saying in public what most people knew, that George Washington had his faults, and many of them, like other persons. An Alberta professor has quite properly protested against our Canadian habit of senseless exaggeration of the merits of our own authors. The age of hero worshipping is passing away.—Calgary Albertan.

A Few of Victoria's Troubles

Too much reliance on others, too many grinding their own axes, too much dogmatism about methods to promote progress, too many cliques, too much self-seeking; not enough co-operative enterprise, not enough belief in our fundamental resources, not enough hard work to make those resources productive, not enough concentrated optimism, not enough toleration of the other man's ideas; that's all that's wrong with Victoria.—Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.

The Whirligig of Greek Politics

It is only about six months since Gounaris, then prime minister of Greece, contributed an article to an American magazine in which he recited the Greek triumphs in Asia Minor and declared that the Turks had been finally humbled and defeated. The other day the Greeks shot Gounaris to "encourage the others." The wheel of fortune goes round with tragic swiftness in Eastern lands.—Winnipeg Free Press.

When to Marry

The Winnipeg ministerial association has been addressed by a social service secretary who says he "wants to make it hard to get married," as there will always be poor people so long as marriage is easy. But there are worse ills than poverty. While there may be young people who wed too hastily, there are many older ones who keep postponing matrimony until they can afford things that they could easily do without.—Toronto Star.